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Preface.

THE compilation of this book has been a pleasant task. The authors hope that what they have put together may, in the hands of Christian workers, prove to be a power for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ.

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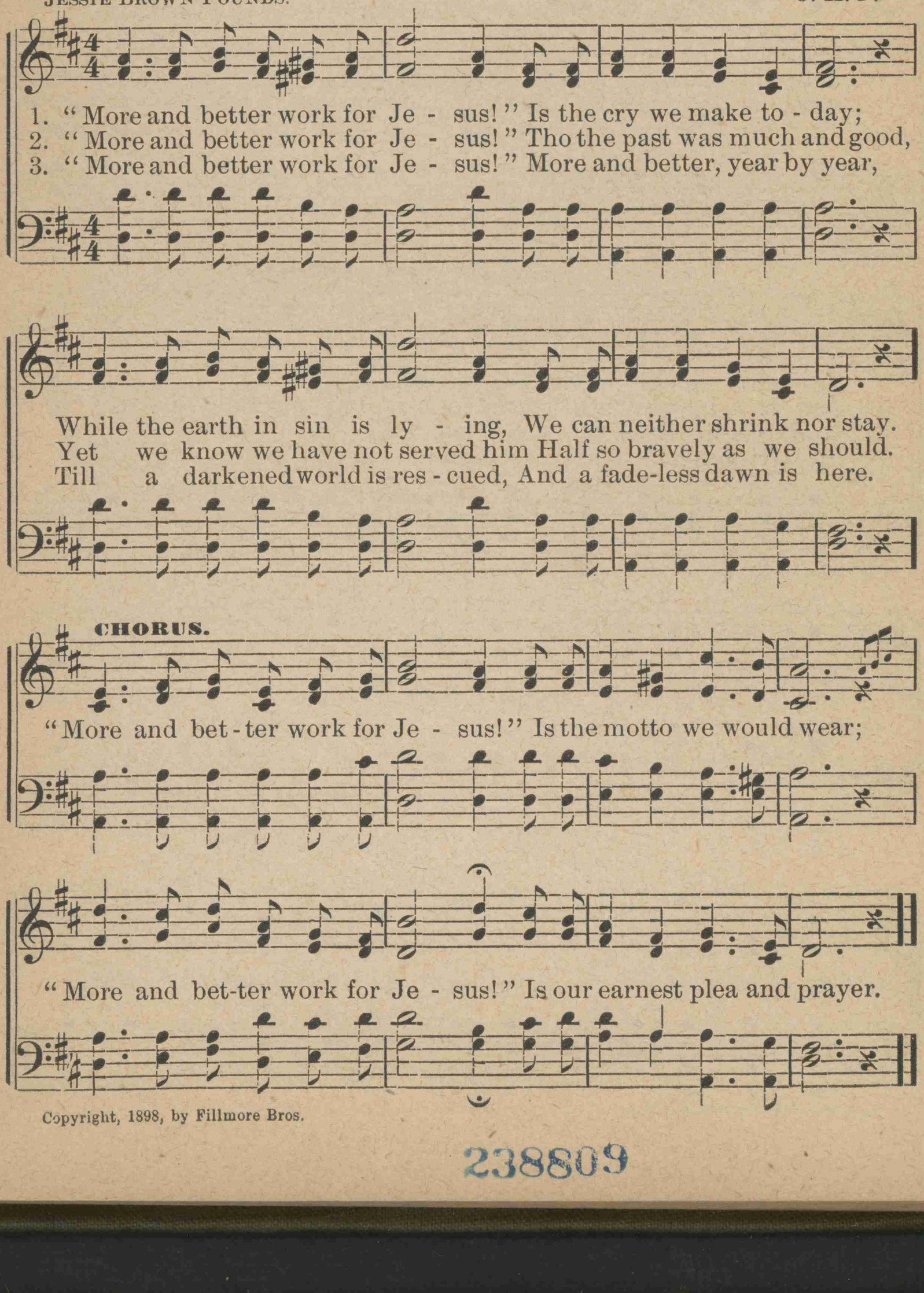
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FILLMORES'

GOSPEL SONGS.

1 More and Better Work for Jesus.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.



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238809

2 Put on the Whole Armor.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Put on the whole ar-mor, the ar - mor of God, And fight the good
2. Put on the whole ar-mor, the ar - mor of God, For pow - ers of
3. Put on the whole ar-mor, the ar - mor of God, And ta-king his
4. Put on the whole ar-mor, the ar - mor of God, And hardness thro

fight of faith, For Je - sus is Captain, and you doth he call
hell op - pose, And dead-ly and dark at each un-guard-ed step,
word in hand, Be in-stant and ear-nest in watching and prayer,
all en - dure, Look up to the prize of your call - ing so high,

CHORUS.

To stand in his name till death.
Are ly - ing in wait your foes. Put on the ar - mor of
And, hav-ing done all, to stand.
The tri-umph at last so sure.

God, Fight ye the good fight of faith, Go forth for

The good fight of faith,

Je - sus your Lord, And stand in his name till death.

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3 Every Day for Jesus.

MRS. ANNA W. CANTRALL. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Every day to live for Je - sus, Bringing oth - ers to his feet; Teaching them to love and serve him, Tell - ing them the sto - ry sweet.
2. Every day to live for Je - sus, Counting ev - ery loss a gain; Giv - ing, spend-ing with - out meas - ure, Do - ing all in his dear name.
3. Every day to live for Je - sus, Oh, how sweet that life would be; Giv - ing him my days and serv - ice Who has given so much to me.
4. Every day to live for Je - sus, Help me, Lord, that this may be; Teach me, that in lov - ing serv - ice I may spend each day for thee.

CHORUS.

Ev-ery day . . . to live for Je - sus, Ev-ery day to live for Ev-ery day . . his praise to sing, to sing, Every day re - flect his im - age, Every day new gifts to bring.

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4

Oh, Sing of the Love.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Oh, sing of the love of the Lord, The love of our Saviour and King,
2. Like sheep we had wandered away, The desert was darksome and drear,
3. He sought us, the Shepherd so good, He came and he lift-ed us up,

Who stooped from the heavens, adored, And came our salvation to bring.
All famished and fainting we lay, Night came and no helper was near.
He fed us with heaven-ly food, He gave us the life-giv-ing cup.

CHORUS.

The great love that sought us When no one could save, The

strong arm that brought us From sin and the grave, Oh, list all ye

an - gels, in bliss, No song can be sweet - er than this.

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5 Come to the Lord in Prayer.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Come to the Lord in prayer, Soft - ly the tones are fall - ing,
2. Come to the Lord in prayer, Come when the morn is brightest,
3. Come to the Lord in prayer, Come when the noontide gloweth,
4. Come to the Lord in prayer, Come when the day de-clin - eth,

in prayer,

Je - sus is wait - ing there, Ten-der-ly now he's call - ing;
Come when the skies are fair, Come when the heart is light-est;
Faint with thy toil and care, Come where the river flow - eth;
Come, for a glo - ry there Beams where the last ray shineth;

Come, come to the place so sweet, Come, come to the mer - cy-seat,
Come, come, it is sweet to pray, Come, strength will we need to-day,
Come, come where the feast is spread, Come, come to the living bread,
Come, come, for the day is o'er, Night fall-eth for ev - er-more,

Come, come to the Saviour's feet, Come to the Lord in prayer.
Come, blessings we'll bear a-way, Come to the Lord in prayer.
Come, come, that thy soul be fed, Come to the Lord in prayer.
Light breaks from the golden shore, Come to the Lord in prayer.

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Sing to Jehovah.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Sing to Je - ho - vah, sing ye with gladness, Highest in glo - ry,
2. We are his peo - ple, led by his coun - sel, Kept by his pow - er,
3. Ev - er we'll serve him, Master all bless-ed, Ev - er we'll trust him,

Ancient of Days, Throng ye his tem - ples, bow ye be-fore him,
blest in his ways, We are his chil - dren, heirs of his prom-ise,
God of all grace, Ev - er we'll love him, Fa-ther all glo-rious,

CHORUS.

Fill ye his courts with anthems of praise.
Sing then with gladness, sing ye his praise. God the Creat - or, God the up-
Ev - er to him be glo-ry and praise.

hold - er, God the pro-vid - er, boundless in store, Ru - ling the

heav-ens, caring for mor-tals, Sing to Je - ho - vah praise evermore.

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7 Lord's Day Worship.

P. H. J. H. F.

Moderato.

1. Oft as re - turns . . . the ho - ly day, . . . The
2. The Lord is good, . . . his mer - cy shines, . . Thro-
3. Here, bless the Lord; . . . here, praise his name, . . And
4. Lord, in thy praise shall more and more . . Be

day of sa - cred rest, Thy house, O God, . . thy peo-ple
out all na - ture fair, His churches shall . . with joy re-
here his triumphs sing; Here, ye his saints, . . your homage
fixed our high - est love, Till with the blest our songs shall

CHORUS.

throng, . . With hearts divine-ly blest.
sound, . . While we his works declare. How beautiful his courts, How
pay, . . . And glo - ri - fy your King.
fill . . . Thy tem-ple bright a-bove.

excellent his truth, How merciful and just his ways; All ye, his
saints, . . to Zi - on haste. . . And swell the notes of praise.

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Blessed Truth.

P. H. J. H. F.

Moderato.

1. When the shades of night are darkest, And the world is lost in sleep,
2. I was lost in sin and fol - ly, And was groping in the night,
3. Oh, there is no path so pleasant As the footsteps of my Lord,

Comes a ray of light so feeble, Climbing slow the eastern steep;
When the "Follow me" of Jesus, Faint-ly rose be-fore my sight;
And there is no light so love-ly, As the pa - ges of his word;

And it gath-ers, and it brightens, Till the darkness all is gone,
And I turned me, and I followed, And the rays of truth di-vine
And the precious lines I pon-der Till they brighten as the sun,

And behold, in strength and beauty, Shines full-orbed the golden sun.
Grew till all the beams of morning, Seemed about my path to shine.
And my heart is filled with gladness, As I meek-ly fol-low on.

CHORUS.

So the truth, . . the bless-ed truth, Drives the
So the truth, bless-ed truth,

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Blessed Truth.

clouds of doubt a - way, Clear-er still, . .
clouds, the clouds of doubt and fear away, all away, Clearer still,

and brighter still, Shining to the per - fect day.
brighter still, Shining brighter to the per - fect day.

9 Praise Ye the Lord.

P. H. J. H. F.

Con spirito.

1. { Joy - ful we come to Zion's fair gates, Praise ye the Lord; }
   { Here in his courts Je - ho-vah a-waits, Praise ye the Lord; }
2. { Saints of the Lord, your of-ferings bring, Praise ye the Lord; }
   { Chil-dren of God, your grat - i-tude sing, Praise ye the Lord; }
3. { Kindreds and tribes of ev - ery tongue, Praise ye the Lord; }
   { Thro all the earth his goodness be sung, Praise ye the Lord; }

He is the glo - ri - ous One, He is the mer - ci - ful One,
He is the glo - ri - ous One, He is the mer - ci - ful One,
He is the glo - ri - ous One, He is the mer - ci - ful One,

Here in his courts Je - ho-vah awaits, Praise ye the Lord.
Chil-dren of God, your grat-i-tude sing, Praise ye the Lord.
Thro all the earth his goodness be sung, Praise ye the Lord.

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10 My Sun and Shield.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I will nev-er be afraid when foes of God assail, The Lord is my
2. Grace and glory he will give, e'en when the way is dim—The Lord is my
3. No good thing will he withhold from those who walk aright, The Lord is my

sun and shield! He has promised me his aid—His word shall never fail,
sun and shield! I will serve him while I live and fully trust in him,
sun and shield! They who follow in his ways are precious in his sight,
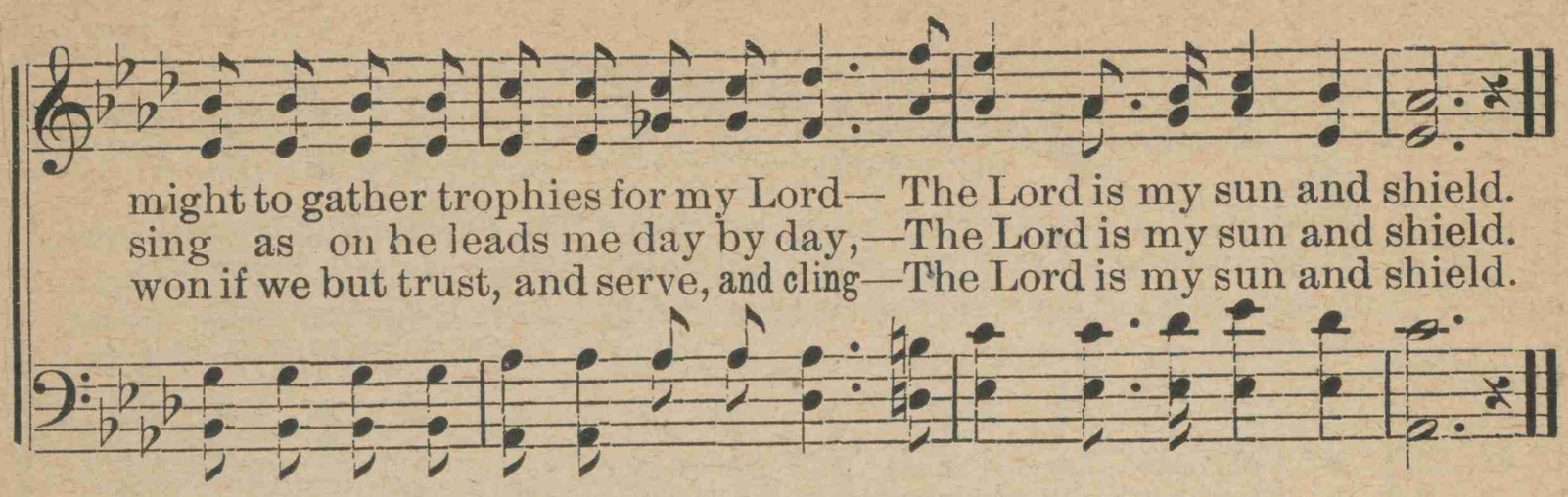
The Lord is my sun and shield! I will bat-tle for the right,
The Lord is my sun and shield! He's my Saviour and my King,
The Lord is my sun and shield! Tru-ly bless-ed ev-ery one

trust-ing ev-er in his word; In the thick-est of the fight
ma-king clear the on-ward way; While I'm sheltered by his wing
who shall trust and serve the King; Every giv-en du-ty done

brave-ly wield the Spir-it's sword; On-ward ev-er in his
I can nev-er go a-stray, And his prais-es I will
doth a spe-cial blessing bring, And the hav-en will be

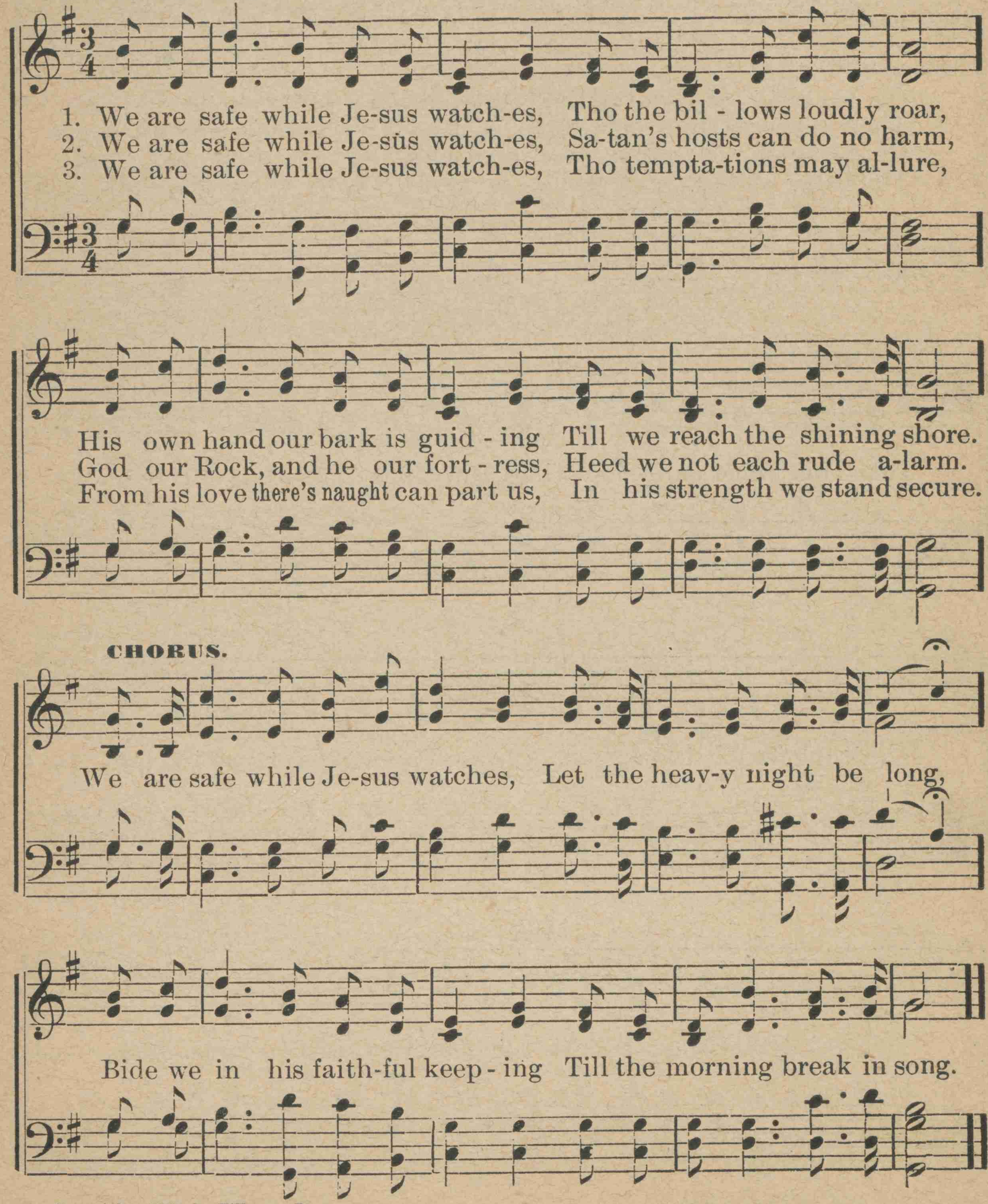
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My Sun and Shield.



11 Safe While Jesus Watches.

M. WARNER. Alt. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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12

Hear His Voice.

P. H.

FINLEY LYON.

1. To-day if ye will hear his voice, Hard-en not your heart,
2. To-day peal out the gos - pel chime, Oh, so sweet and clear,
3. To-day the sil - ver trumpet's call, Bids thee to the feast,
4. To-day! its hours will soon be o'er, Soon the night will fall,

Oh, make his pleasant paths your choice, From him ne'er de-part.
Then lose not this ac - cept - ed time While the sound we hear.
Oh, has - ten to his ban - quet hall, Be his hon-ored guest.
The calls of mer - cy come no more, Death will si-lence all.

CHORUS.

Hear his voice call - ing thee, Oh, come, come to-day, Ten-der - ly

call-ing thee, Oh, turn not a - way; Passing sweet, passing fair Is

Rit.

his bless-ed home, Hear his voice calling thee, Oh, come, come, come.

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13 Come and Be Blest.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Sweet on the ear falls a heav-en-ly voice, Hear it, oh, hear it, each
2. Sweet on the ear falls the accent so pure, Why should earth's follies the
3. There in that land where the golden harps ring, There in that land where the

heart, and rejoice, Come unto me and make heav - en your choice,
spir - it al - lure? Why not the bless-ings e - ter - nal se - cure?
glo - ri-fied sing, There in that pal - ace where Je - sus is King,

CHORUS.

Come, and your souls shall find rest. Je - - sus in-
Choos-ing the things that are best.
There may you be a glad guest. Je - sus in-vites you, in-

vites you to-day, Why . . will you long - er de - lay,
vites you to-day, Why will you longer, why long - er de - lay,

This . . is the beau-ti-ful way, Come, and forever be blest.
This is the beautiful, beauti-ful way,

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14 My Shepherd, Guard and Guide.

REV. J. M. ORROCK. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, my guard and my guide, Whatev - er I need he is pledged to pro-vide; Where pastures are green and the fresh wa-ter flows, He makes me to rest, tho in presence of foes.
2. My foes may be man - y and mighty and bold, Yet I am se- cure in the field or the fold; He guards me by day, and pro- tects me by night, And not for a mo-ment I pass from his sight.
3. No shepherd is like him—so care - ful and kind; No guardian so might - y we ev - er shall find; No guide is so lov - ing, so ten - der and true, And this precious one I commend un - to you.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! I will praise him a - gain, The Fa - ther all-glo-rious and Je - sus the Son;
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! I will praise him a - gain, When glo - ry has finished what (*Omit . . . .*) grace has be - gun.

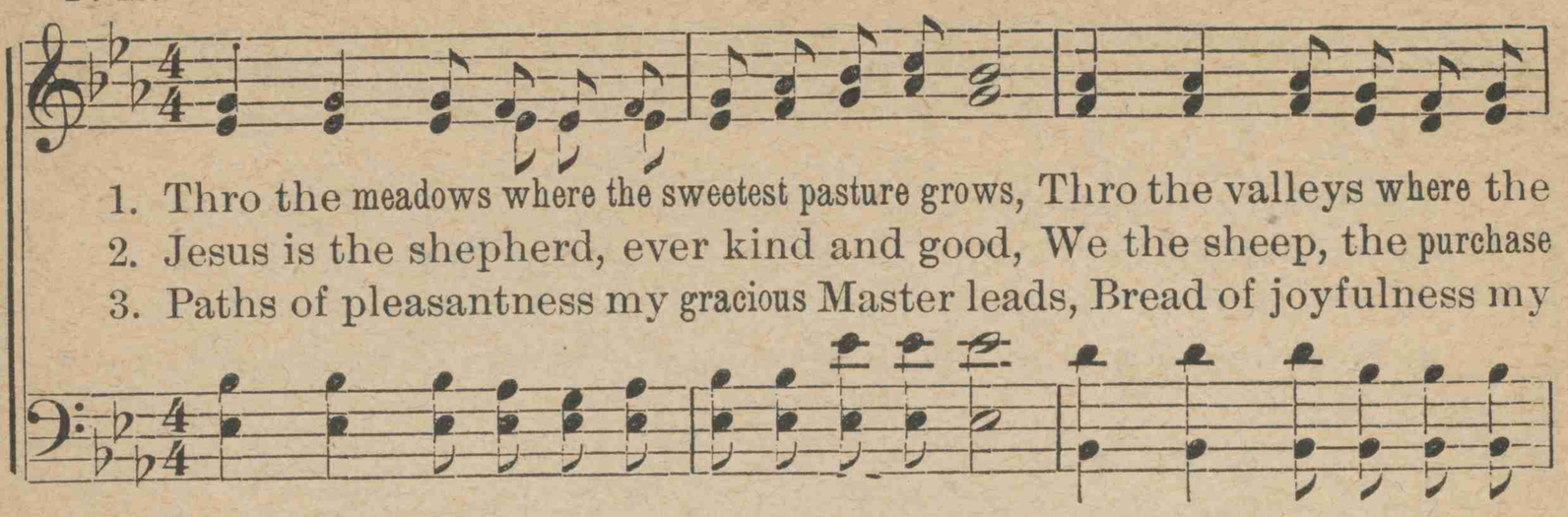
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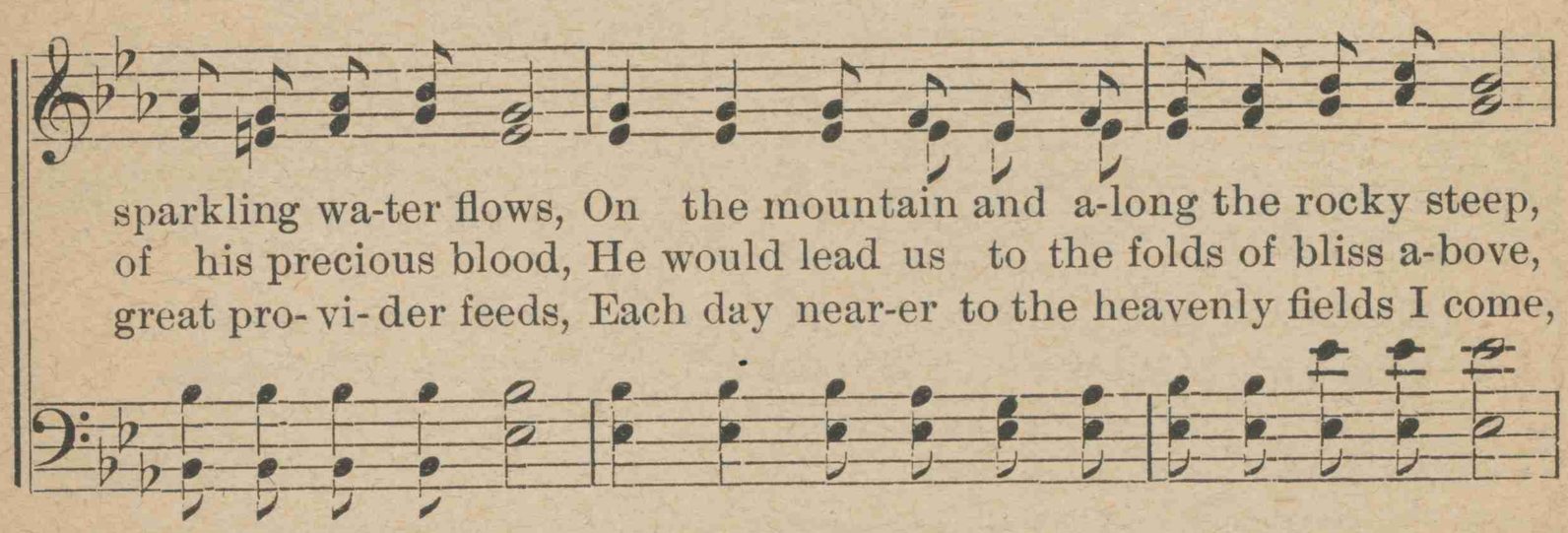
I Will Follow.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Thro the meadows where the sweetest pasture grows, Thro the valleys where the
2. Jesus is the shepherd, ever kind and good, We the sheep, the purchase
3. Paths of pleasantness my gracious Master leads, Bread of joyfulness my

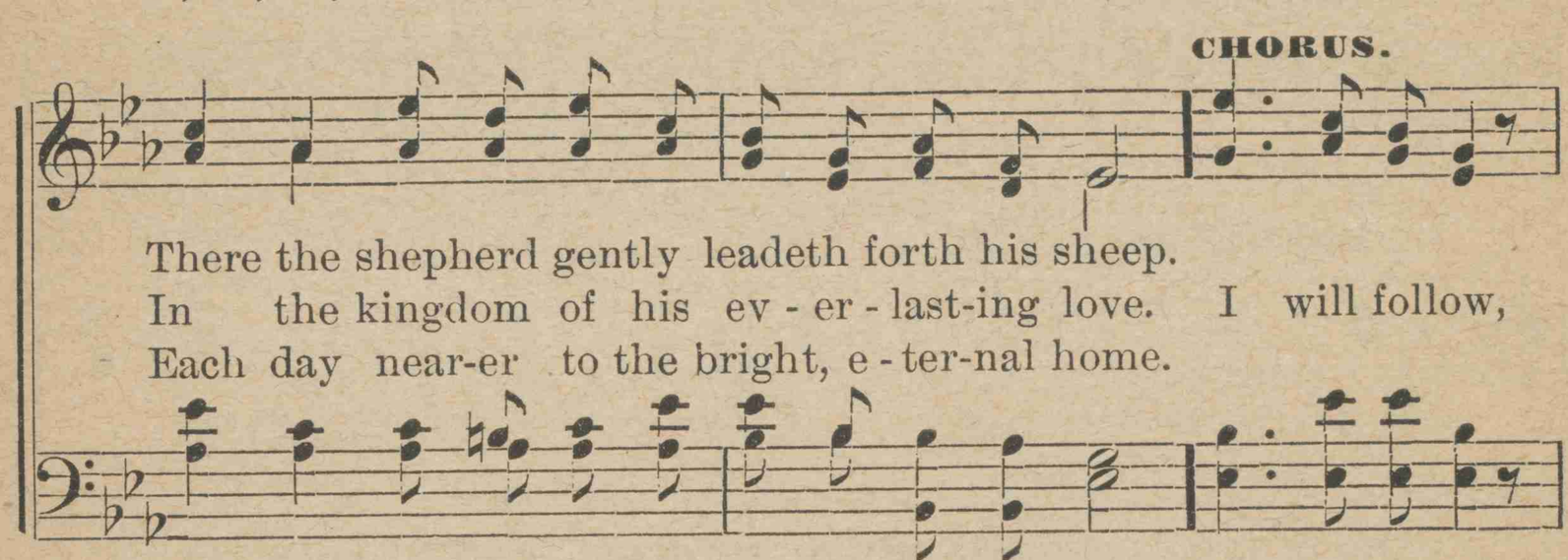


sparkling wa-ter flows, On the mountain and a-long the rocky steep,
of his precious blood, He would lead us to the folds of bliss a-bove,
great pro- vi- der feeds, Each day near-er to the heavenly fields I come,

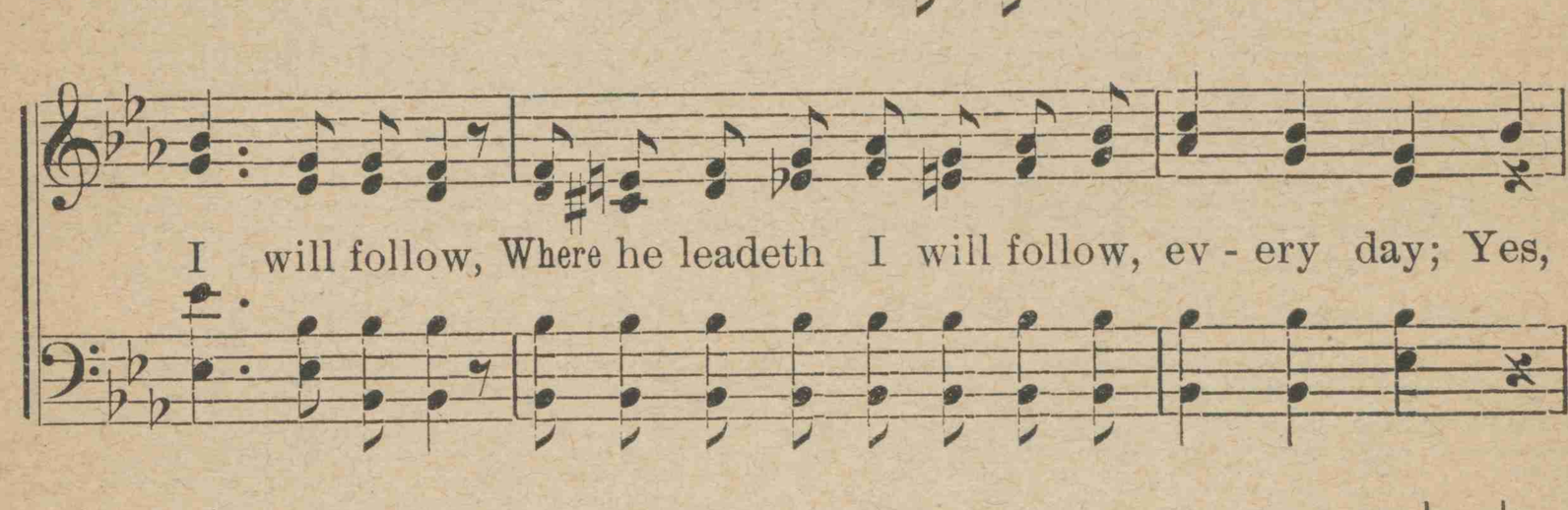


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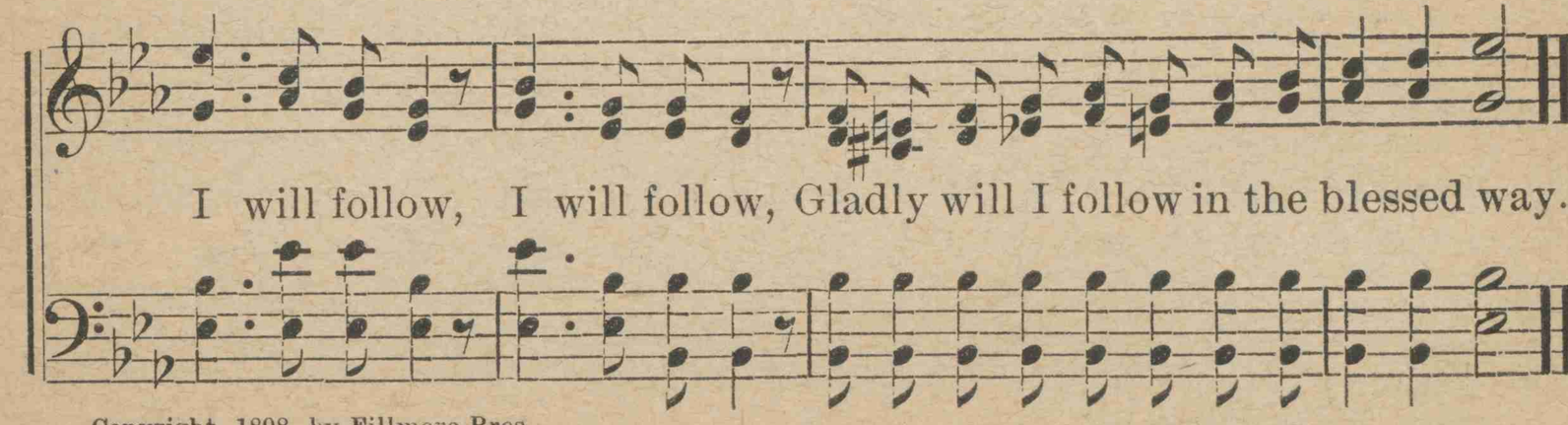
There the shepherd gently leadeth forth his sheep.
In the kingdom of his ev - er - last-ing love. I will follow,
Each day near-er to the bright, e - ter-nal home.



I will follow, Where he leadeth I will follow, ev - ery day; Yes,



I will follow, I will follow, Gladly will I follow in the blessed way.



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16

Only Jesus.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Nothing but the love of Je - sus Can sup-ply my inmost need;
2. Nothing but the love of Je - sus Can my longing sat - is - fy;
3. Nothing but the love of Je - sus Doth my wandering heart recall;
4. Nothing but the love of Je - sus Lights the way thro sorrow's gloom,

Earthly treasures all will fail me, He a - lone my soul can feed.
From the fount of liv - ing wa-ters, If I drink not, I must die.
Noth-ing but his grace ex-tend-ed, Can re-store me when I fall.
Fills the barren waste with singing, Makes the desert-place to bloom.

REFRAIN.

On - ly Je - sus can sup-ply my in - most need, On - ly
On - ly Je - sus can my long - ing sat - is - fy, On - ly
On - ly Je - sus doth my wand'ring heart re-call, On - ly
On - ly Je - sus lights the way thro sorrow's gloom, On - ly

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus thro the
Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus hears the
Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus loves me
Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus breaks the

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Only Jesus.

wil - der-ness can lead, On - ly Je - sus Christ my Lord.
faint-ing spir - it's cry, On - ly Je - sus Christ my Lord.
not - withstand-ing all, On - ly Je - sus Christ my Lord.
si - lence of the tomb, On - ly Je - sus Christ my Lord.

17 We Need Thee.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Andante.

1. We need thy presence, Lord, With-in our hearts to - day,
2. We need thy help, O Lord, In ev - ery try - ing hour,
3. We need thy guidance, Lord, So prone are we to stray,
4. We need thy com-fort, Lord, When troubles whelm the soul,

Come, now, and en - ter in, And ev - er with us stay.
So ver - y weak are we, Without thy strengthening power.
From vir-tue's nar - row path, In er - ror's de - vious way.
Thou on - ly can'st sus - tain, And thou a - lone con - sole.

CHORUS.

We need thee ev - ery day, We need thee all the way,
No time nor place, but that thy grace, Must be our strength and stay.

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18 Sing to the Lord.

P. H. J. H. F.

Con spirito.

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, ye thankful people,

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, all ye his saints.

1. All thy hills he clothed with fattling, All thy vales he spread with harvest,
2. We will haste un - to his temple, We will come with glad thanksgiving,

All thy barns he filled with plen - ty, He, the bounteous Giv - er.
We will show ourselves most joy - ful, In his gra-cious pres-ence.

He hath crowned the year with goodness, He hath set for thee a table,
We will talk of all his goodness, We will tell of all his kindness,

He hath filled thy heart with gladness, Praise ye him for - ev - er.
We will sing of all his mer-cies, Sure and ev - er - last - ing.

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H. F.

people,

saints.

arvest,
giving,

- er.
ence.

able,
dness,

er.
ing.

Sing to the Lord.

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, ye thankful

oh, on,

people, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Praise ye his holy name.

oh, oh,

19 Saviour, Listen while we Sing.

GODFREY THRING. Treasury.

1. Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voices
2. Farther, ev - er farth - er, from thy wounded side, Heedless-ly we
3. Near-er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad - o-
4. Great and ev - er great - er are thy mer-cies here, True and ev - er-

rais - ing prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer; all we
wandered, wandered far and wide; Till thou cam'st in mercy, seeking
ra - tion bending low the knee: Thou for our redemption cam'st on
last - ing are the glo-ries there Where no pain or sor-row, toil or

hope to be; Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, all we yield to thee.
young and old, Lov-ing - ly to bear them, Sav-iour, to thy fold.
earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.
care is known, Where the angel le - gions cir-cle round thy throne.

20 Wonderful Saving Power.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Wonderful sav - ing power of Je-sus, Wounded and sick and sore,
2. Wonderful sav - ing power of Je-sus, Sinking in deep de - spair,
3. Wonderful sav - ing power of Je-sus, Vic - to - ry o - ver sin,
4. Wonderful sav - ing power of Je-sus, Vic - to - ry o - ver death,

Sad - ly to him my eyes I turned, He did my soul re - store.
He did lay hold and drew me forth, I will his praise de - clare.
For e'en the weakest of his flock He doth so sure - ly win.
All of his faith-ful fol-lowers lisp With their expir - ing breath.

CHORUS.
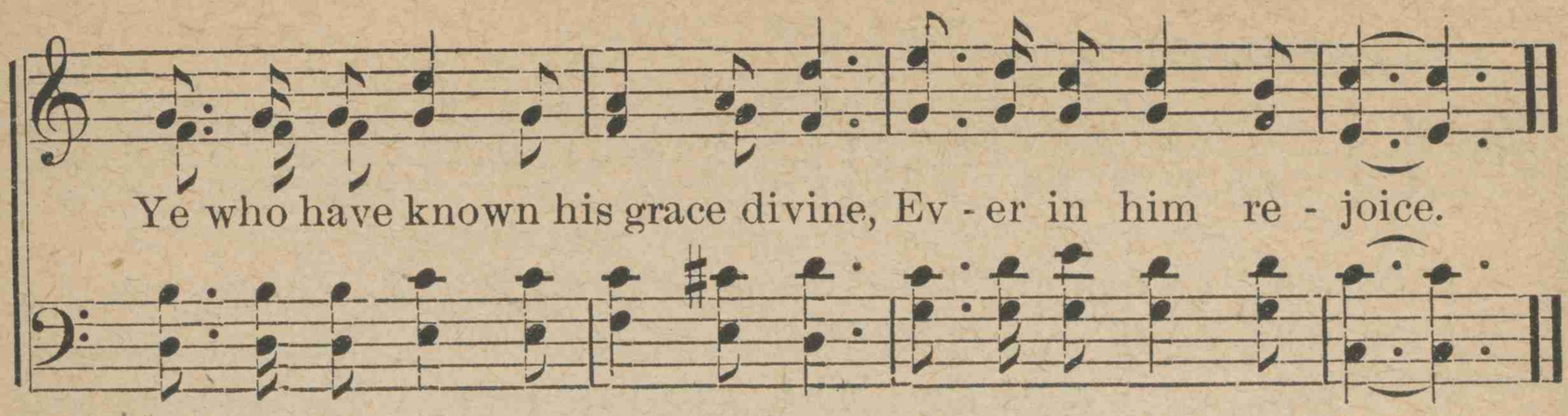
Won - der-ful power of Je - sus, Sav - iour, Redeem-er, Friend,

Won-derful power that saves us, Keeps us un - to the end;

Wonder-ful sav - ing power of Je-sus, Tell it with gladsome voice,

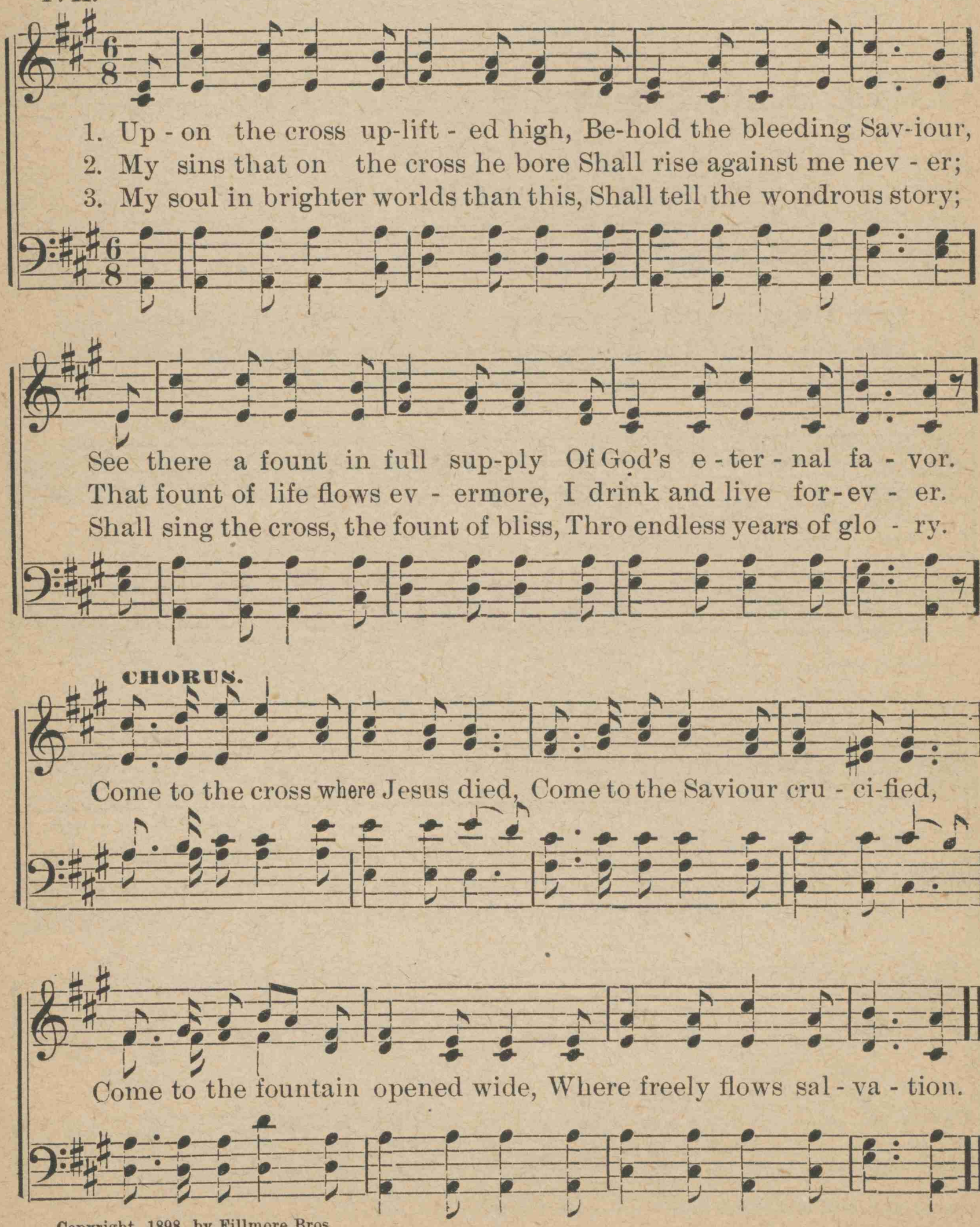
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Wonderful Saving Power.



21 The Cross and the Fountain.

P. H. J. H. F.
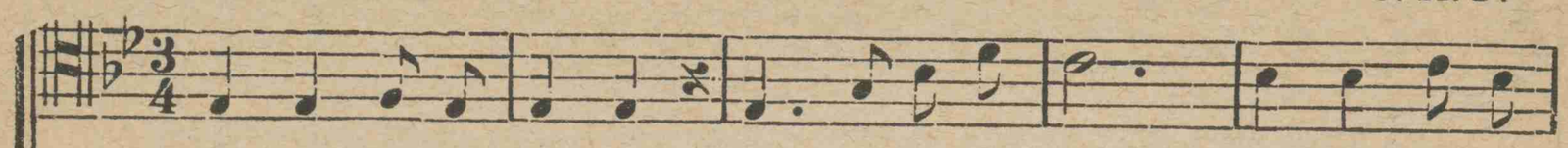


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22 Saviour, I Will Praise Thee.

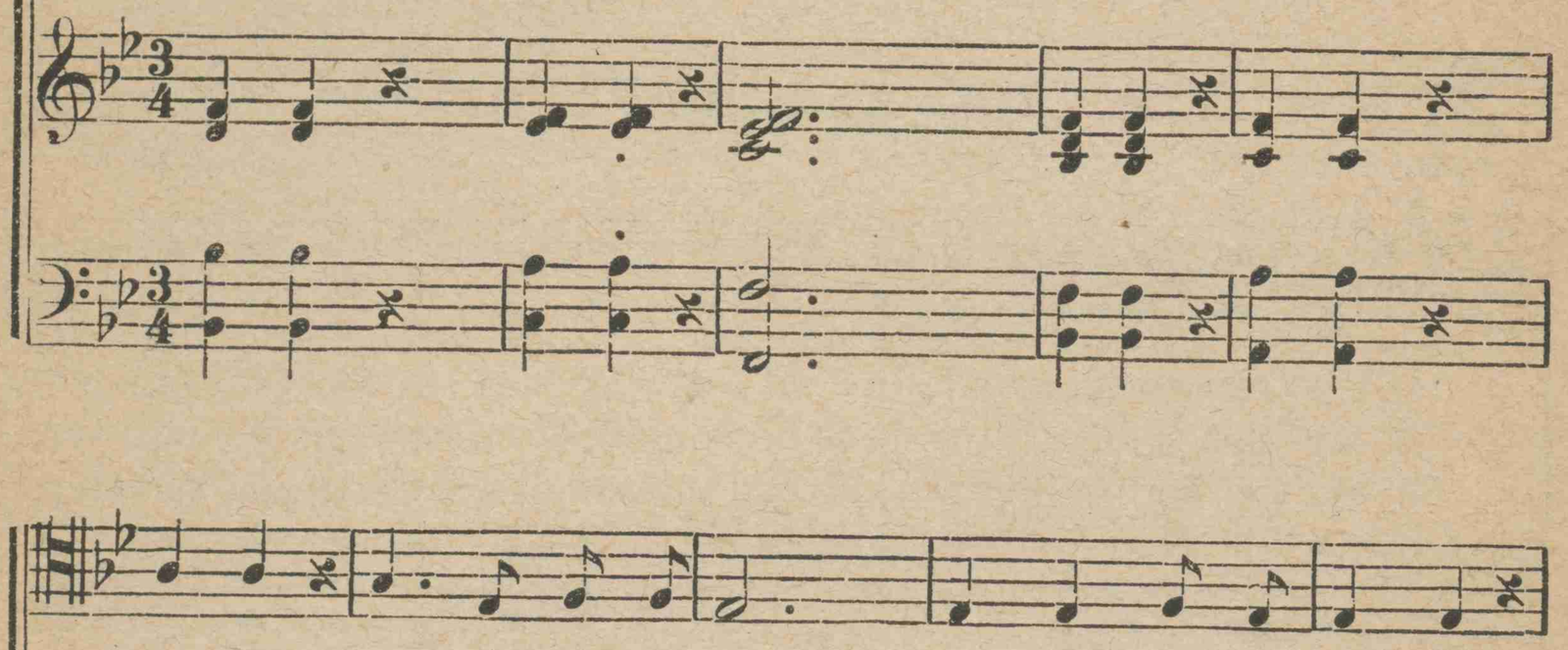
SOLO AND CHORUS.

E. E. HEWITT.
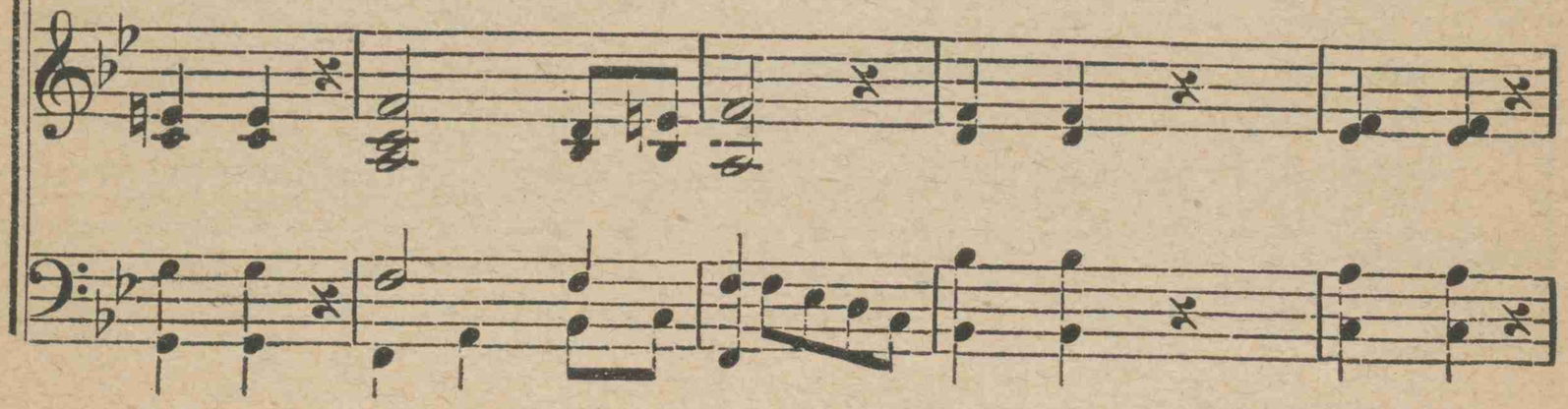
J. H. F.



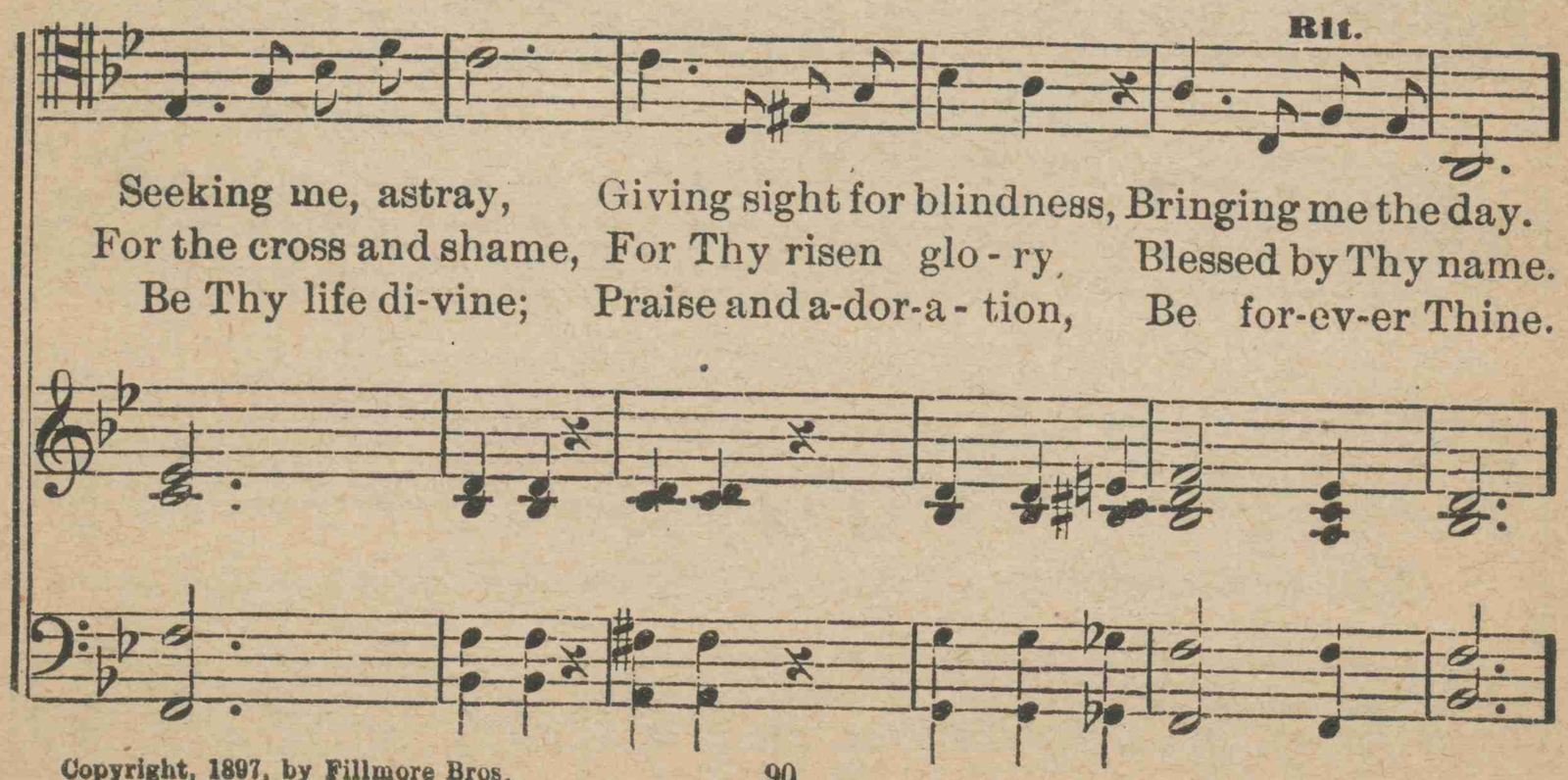
1. Saviour, I will praise Thee, Je-sus, heav'nly Friend; Gladly will I raise Thee Songs that nev-er end.
2. Saviour, I will love Thee, Hope and refuge still; Thy soft wings a-bove me, Guarding me from ill.
3. Saviour, I will serve Thee With a trustful heart; Let no tempting swerve me From the bet-ter part.



For Thy tender mer - cy,
For redemption's sto - ry,
Let my in - spi - ra - tion
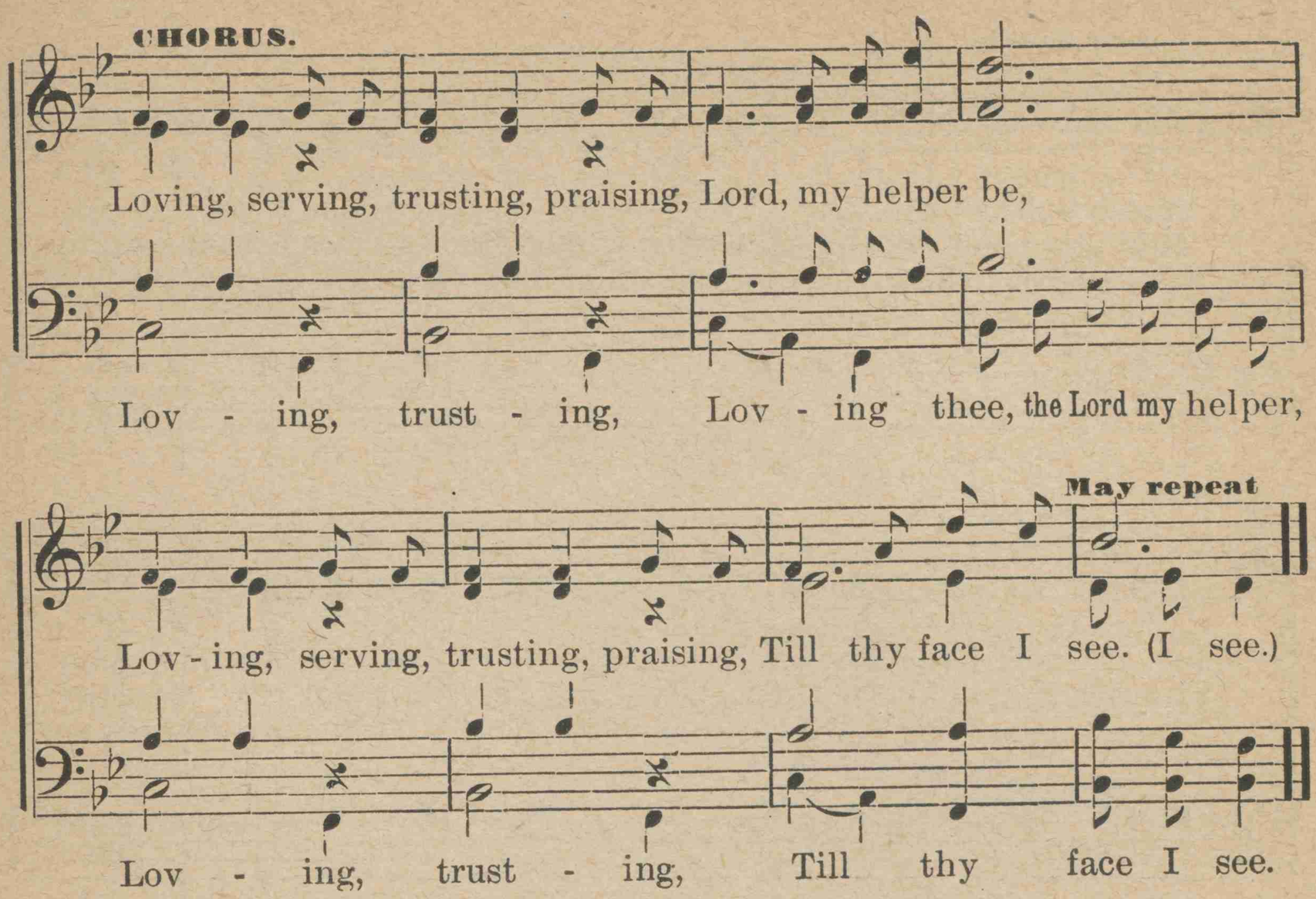


Seeking me, astray, Giving sight for blindness, Bringing me the day.
For the cross and shame, For Thy risen glo - ry, Blessed by Thy name.
Be Thy life di-vine; Praise and a-dor-a - tion, Be for-ev-er Thine.

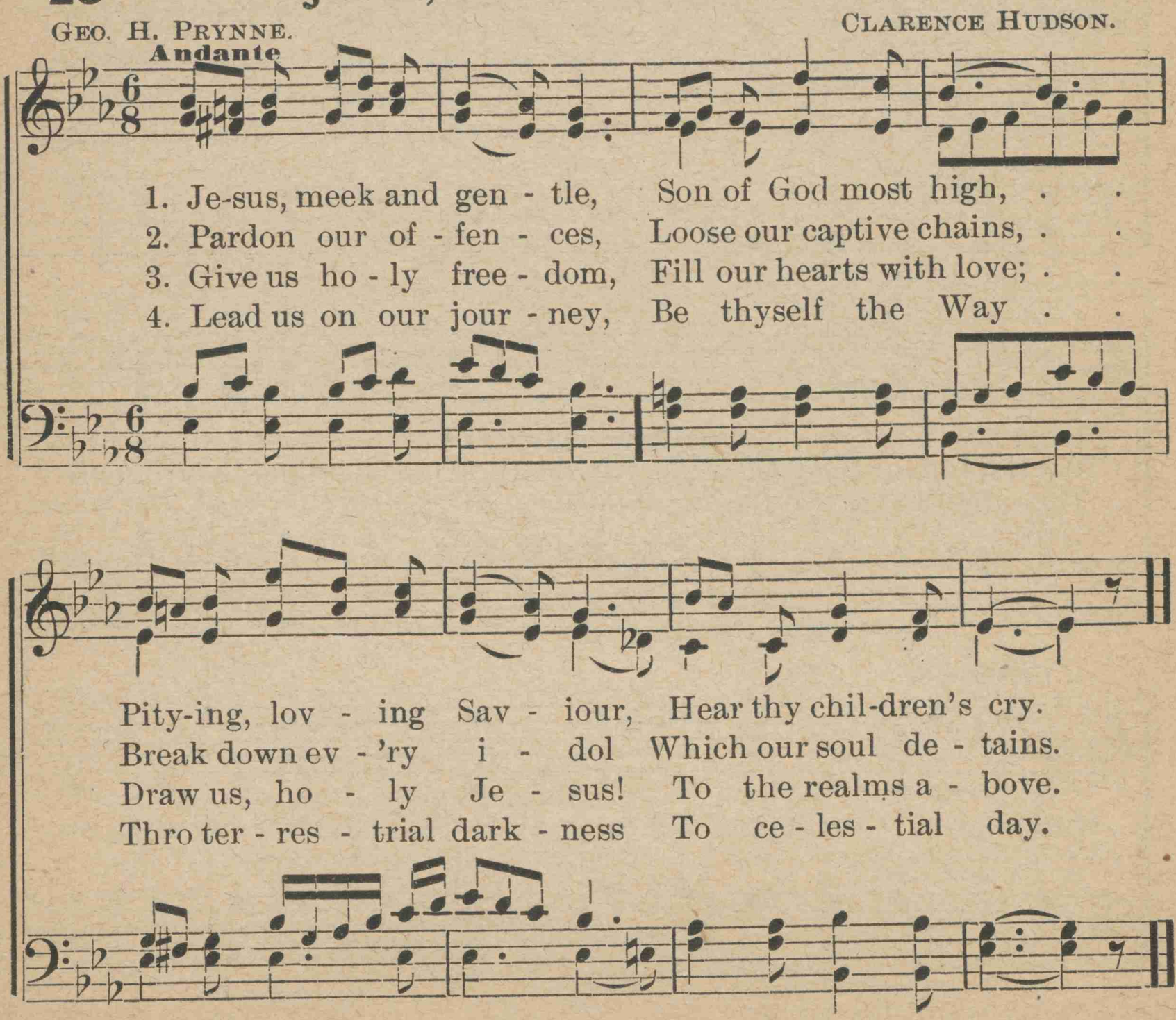


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Saviour, I Will Praise Thee.



23 Jesus, Meek and Gentle.



24 March Boldly On.

P. H. J. H. F.

Con fuoco.

1. March boldly on, march boldly on And smite the powers of sin,
2. This glo-rious war a-gainst the wrong Shall all our powers employ,
3. One might-y shout, a wondrous shout Shall rend the heavenly dome,

In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name Go forth thy crown to win;
The towering holds of sin so strong, Our Lord will yet de-stroy;
When battles fought, the vic - t'ry won, God calls his ar - mies home;

A sol - dier true go take thy stand, And bat - tle for the right,
All ar-mored with the shield of faith, And gird - ed with his sword,
Then, when his blest "Well done" we hear, In that re-splendent scene,
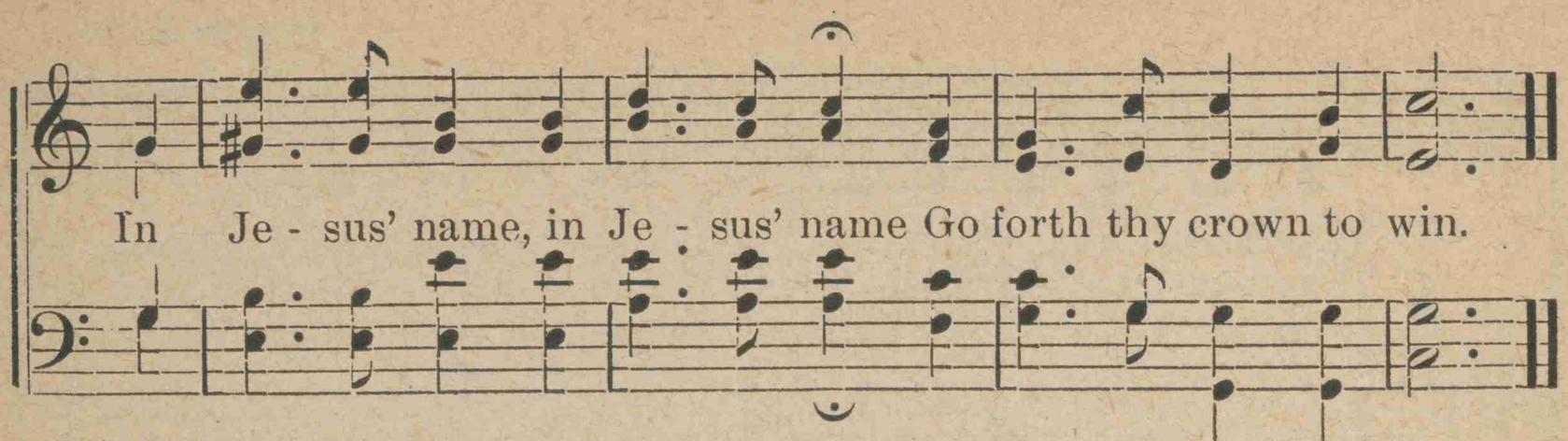
Hear now thy Cap - tain's blest command, Go con - quer in his might.
We'll stand in life, ex - ult in death, And con - quer thro his word.
These hardships will but small ap-pear, These suf - fer-ings but mean.

CHORUS.

March bold-ly on, march boldly on And smite the powers of sin,

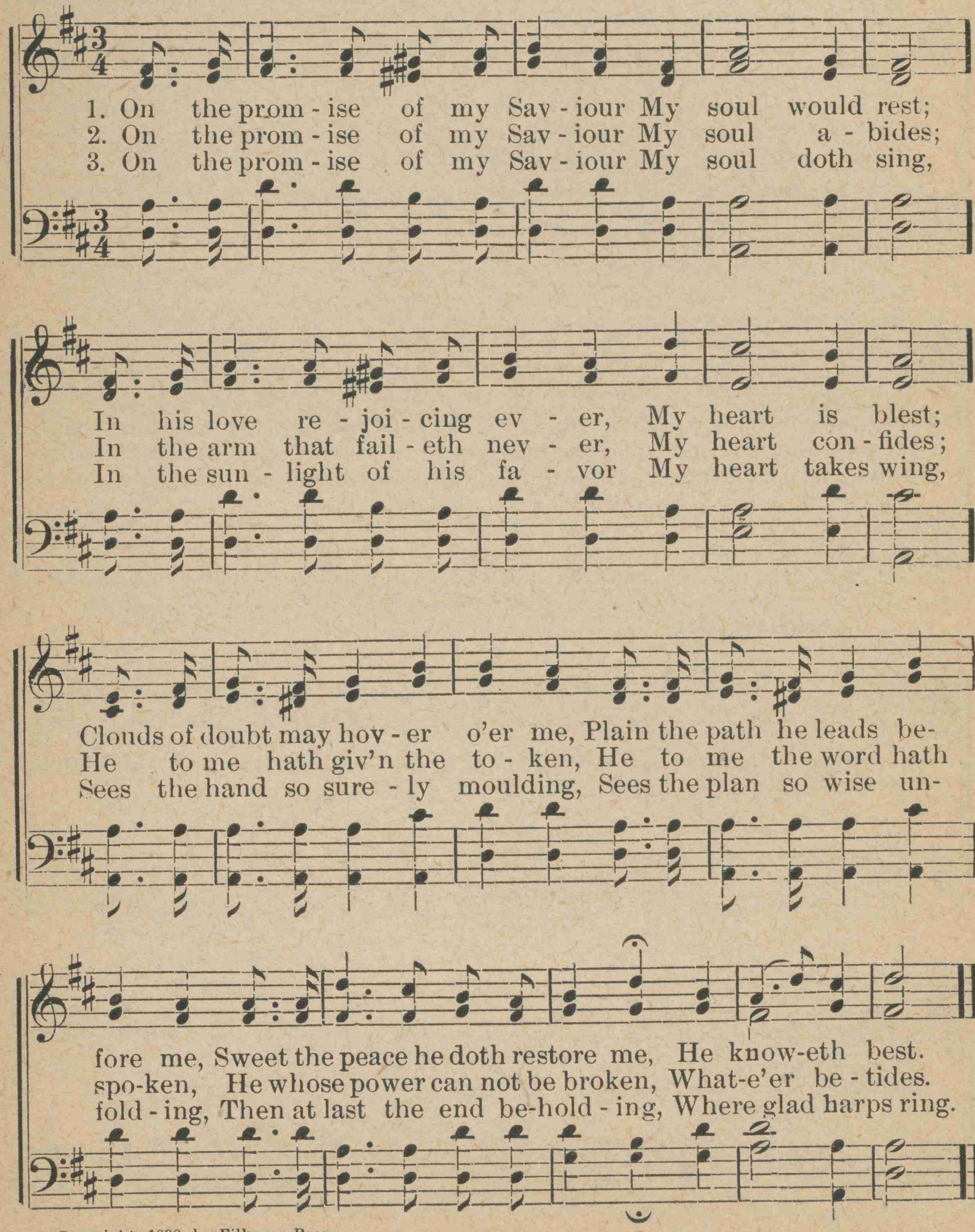
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March Boldly On.



25 On the Promise.

P. H. J. H. F.



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26 Be of Good Cheer.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Take heart, weary toil - er, be of good cheer, Tho winds may be
2. Take heart, trembling sinner, be of good cheer, Tho dark o'er thy
3. Take heart when, like billows, troubles would whelm, Be strong in your

boisterous and seas roll - ing high, The Lord of the tempest
spir - it thy guilt doth a - rise, The Sav - iour is with thee,
Sav - iour and glad in his love, Let ills rise in fu - ry,

bides with you here, Oh, faint not in your rowing, your help is nigh.
ban - ish thy fear, The word of peace he speaketh, and bright thy skies.
God's at the helm, And safe your ship shall anchor in peace a - bove.

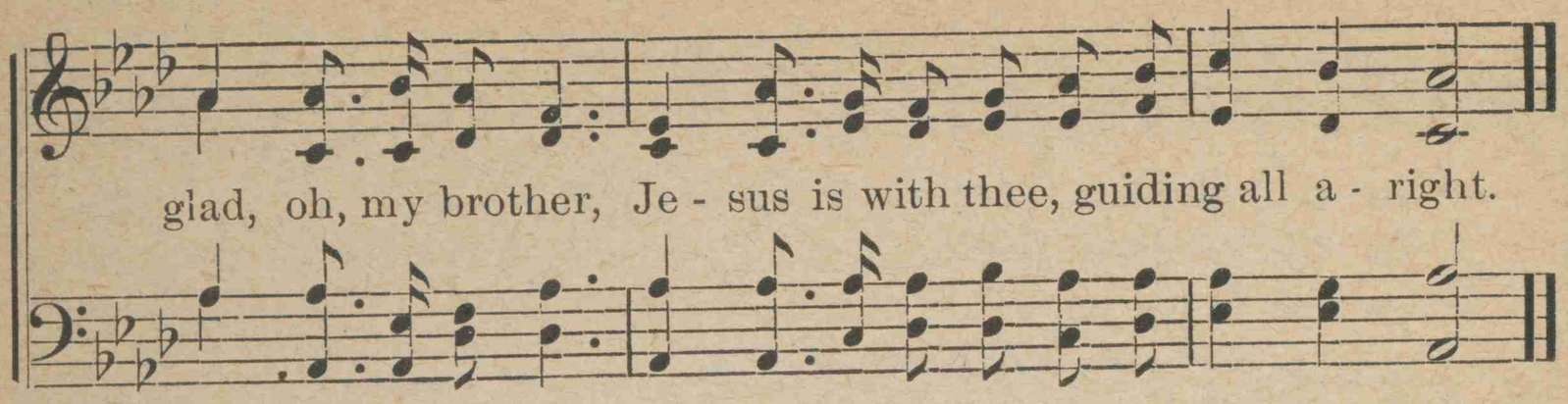
CHORUS.

Be of good cheer, for the Mas - ter is with thee, Loud sound it

out a-bove the blasts of night, Bend to the oars, and be

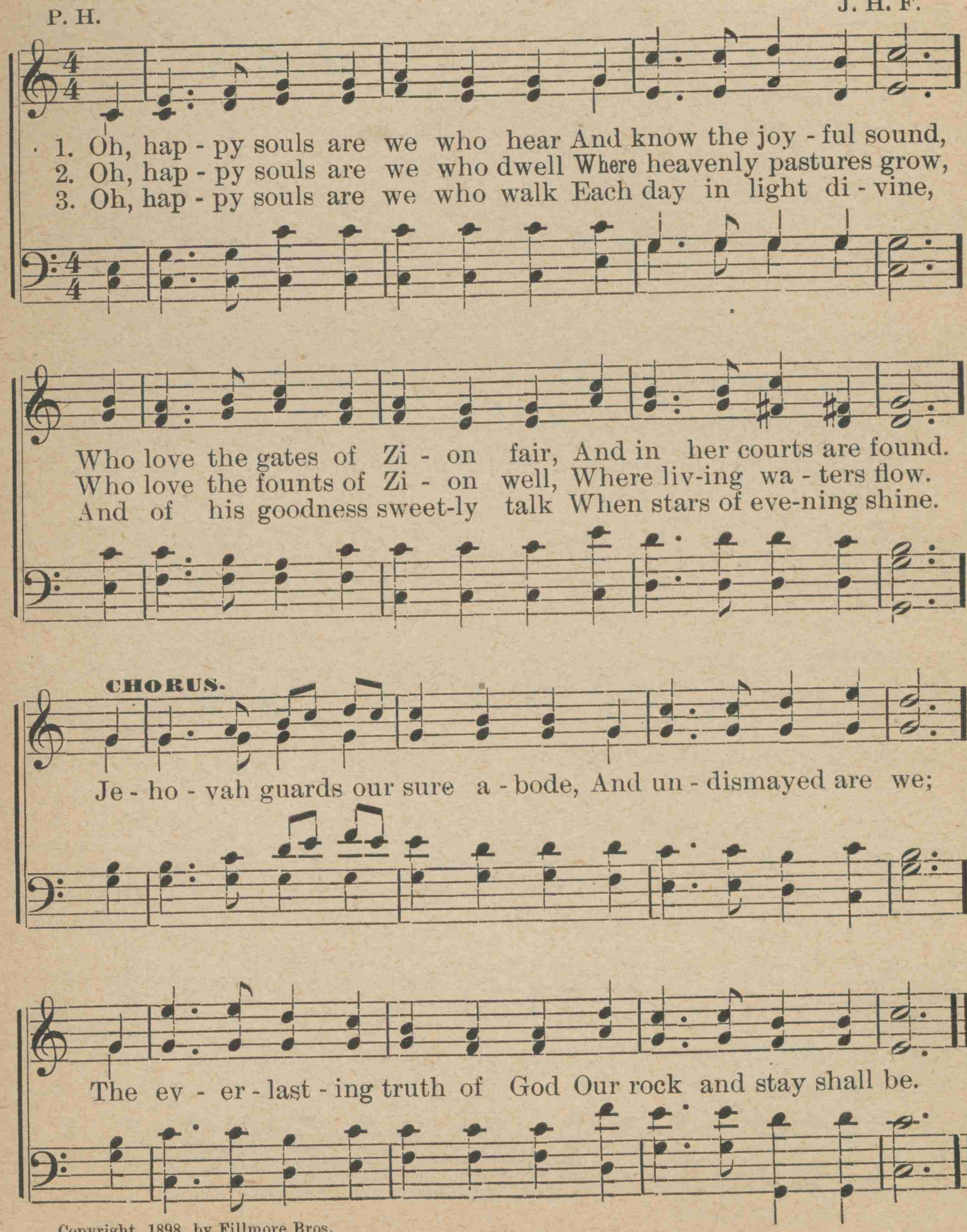
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Be of Good Cheer.



27 The Gates of Zion.

P. H. J. H. F.



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28 In the Service of My Saviour.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. In the serv-ice of my Sav-iour there is bless - ing, In the
2. In the serv-ice of my Sav-iour I am yearn-ing, Of his
3. In the serv-ice of my Sav-iour I'll be liv - ing, While the

do - ing of his will there's highest joy, In - to lightness turns the
ways so true and ten-der more to know, Of his spir - it, meek and
gold-en days of life are pass-ing by, In his har-vest all my

burdens all op-press- ing, In - to song . . his blest employ.
gentle, would be learn-ing, All his work . . to bet-ter do.
willing powers be giv - ing, Gladly toil - ing till I die.

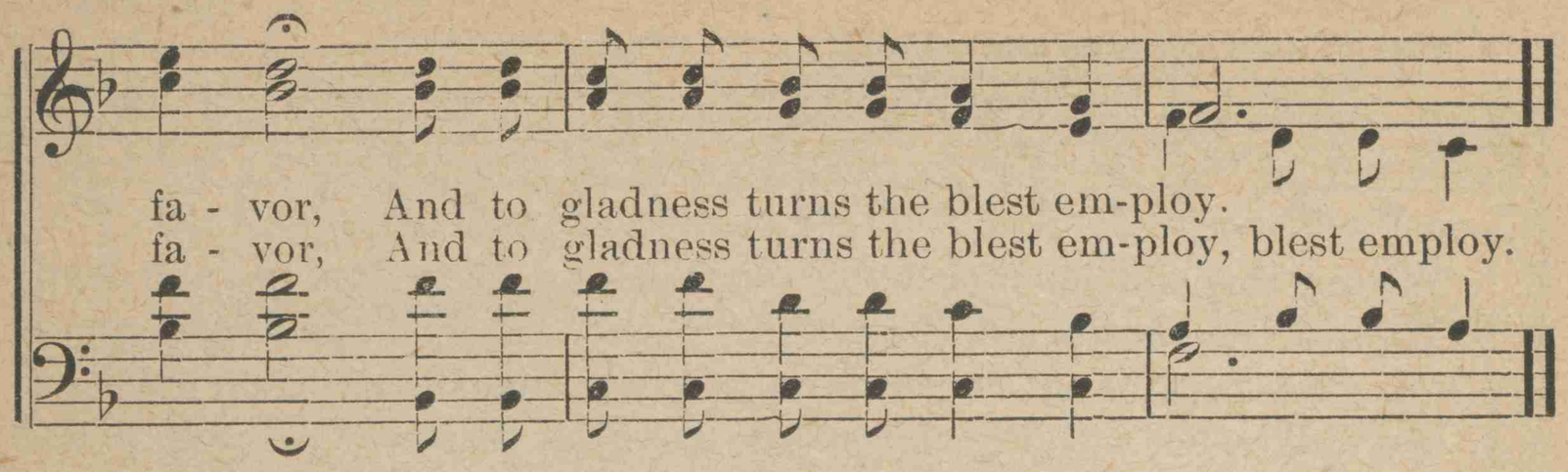
CHORUS.

In the serv - ice of my Sav - iour I can sing . . in
In the service of my Sav - iour I can sing in

high-est joy, For he looks . . . on me with
high-est joy, high-est joy, For he looks on me with

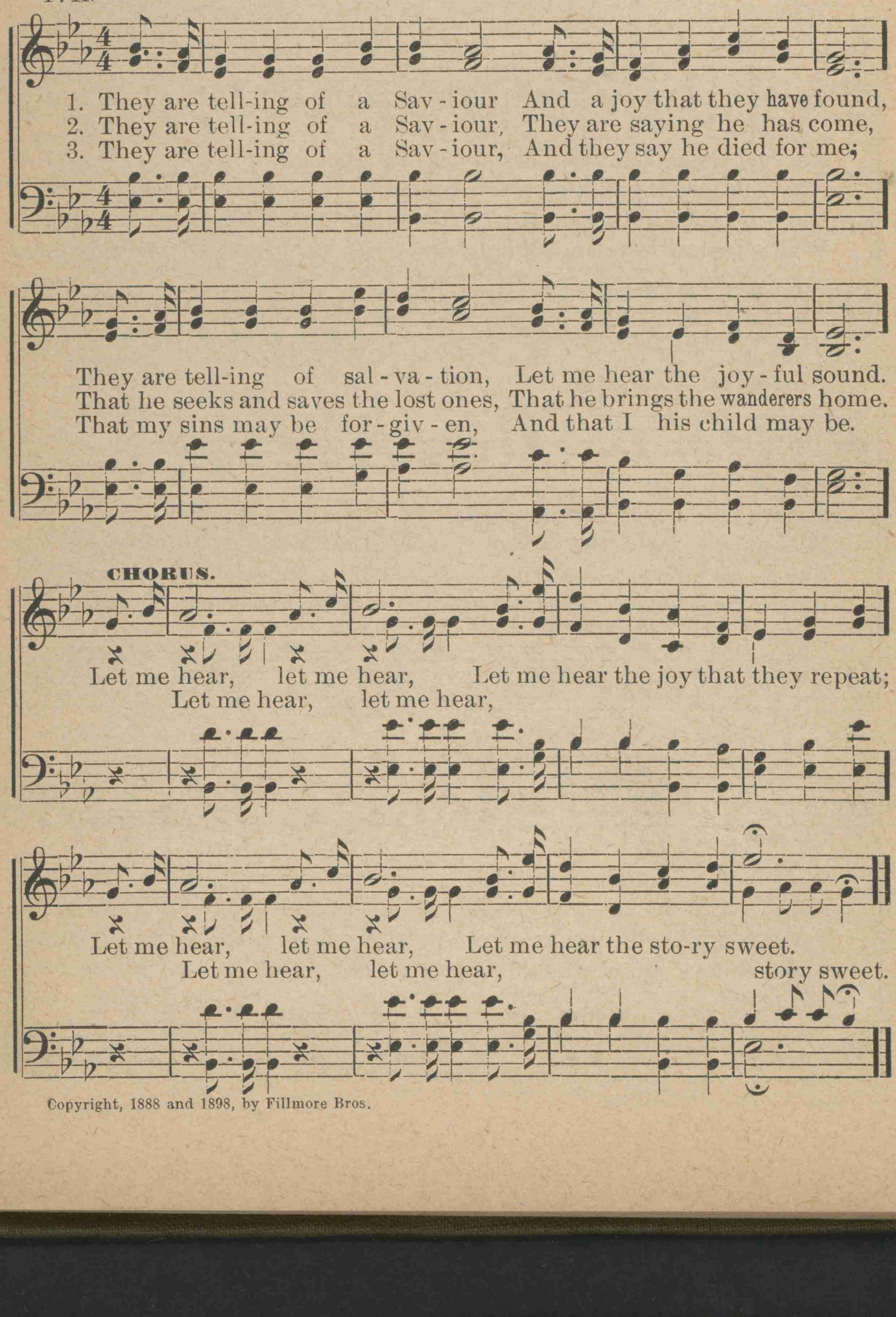
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In the Service of My Saviour.



29 They are Telling.

P. H. J. H. F.
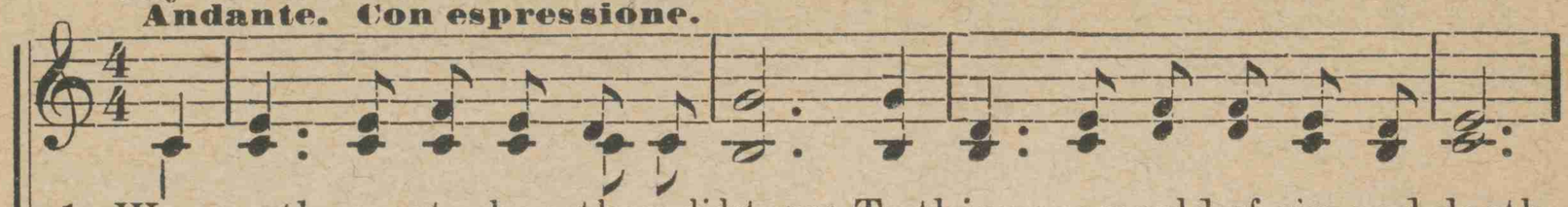


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30 We Believe.

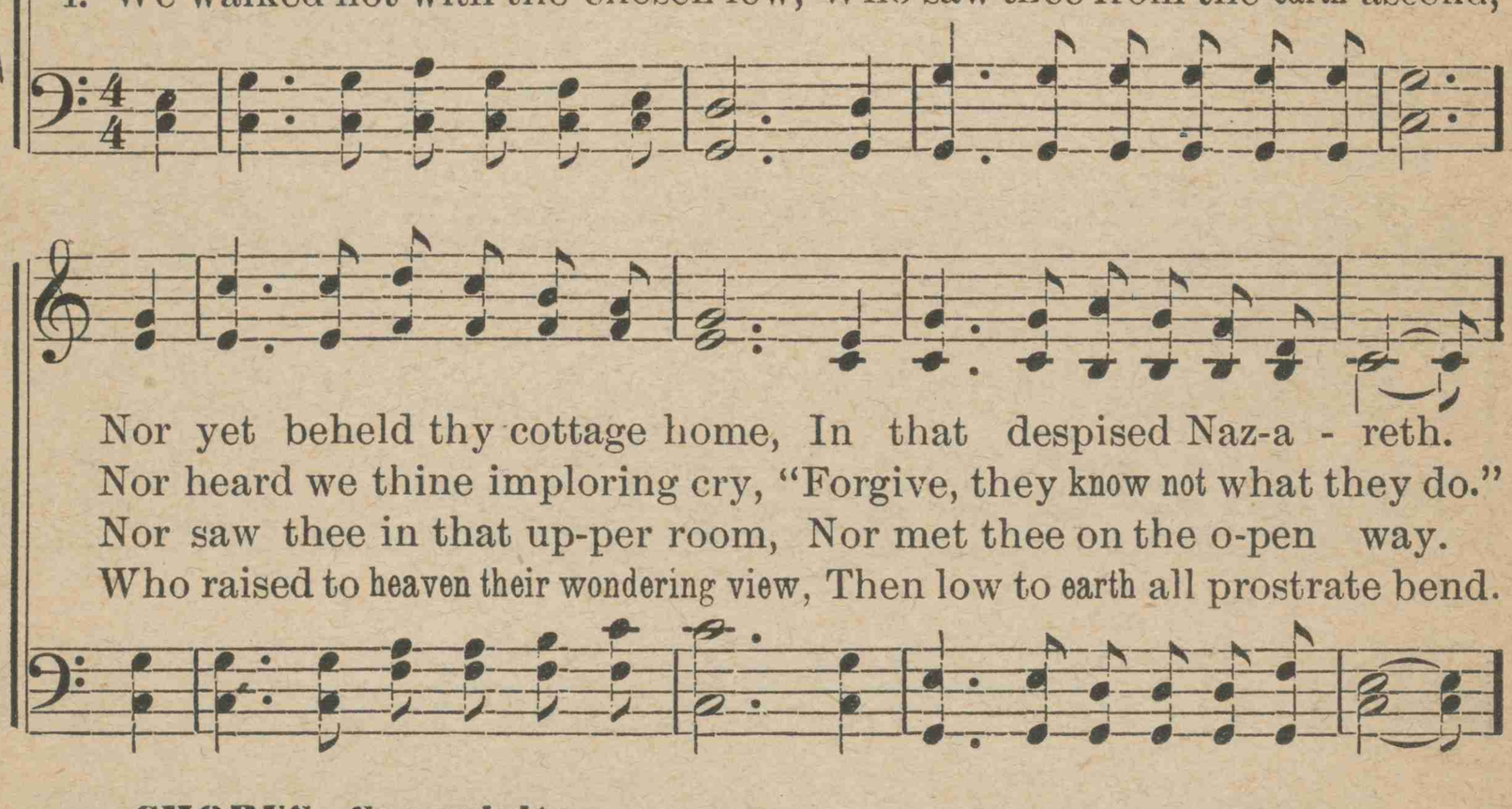
ANON. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

May be used as a Solo and Chorus

Andante. Con espressione.

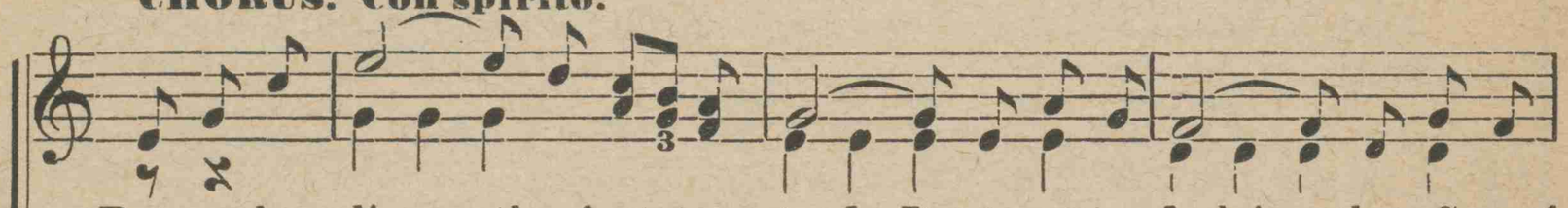


1. We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,
2. We saw thee not when lifted high, A-mid that wild and savage crew;
3. We gazed not in the o-pen tomb, Where once thy mangled body lay,
4. We walked not with the chosen few, Who saw thee from the earth ascend,
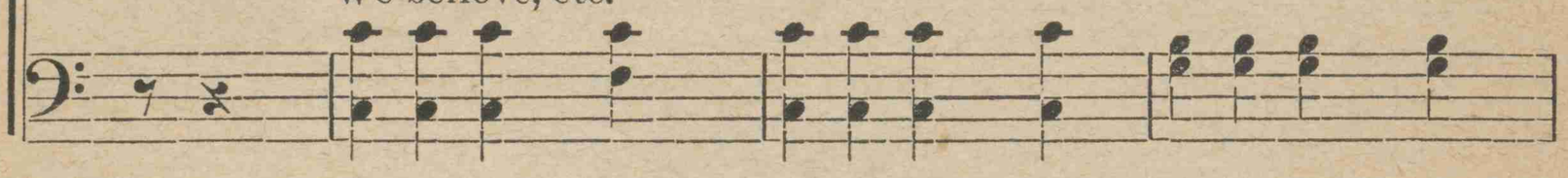


Nor yet beheld thy cottage home, In that despised Naz-a - reth.
Nor heard we thine imploring cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do."
Nor saw thee in that up-per room, Nor met thee on the o-pen way.
Who raised to heaven their wondering view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend.

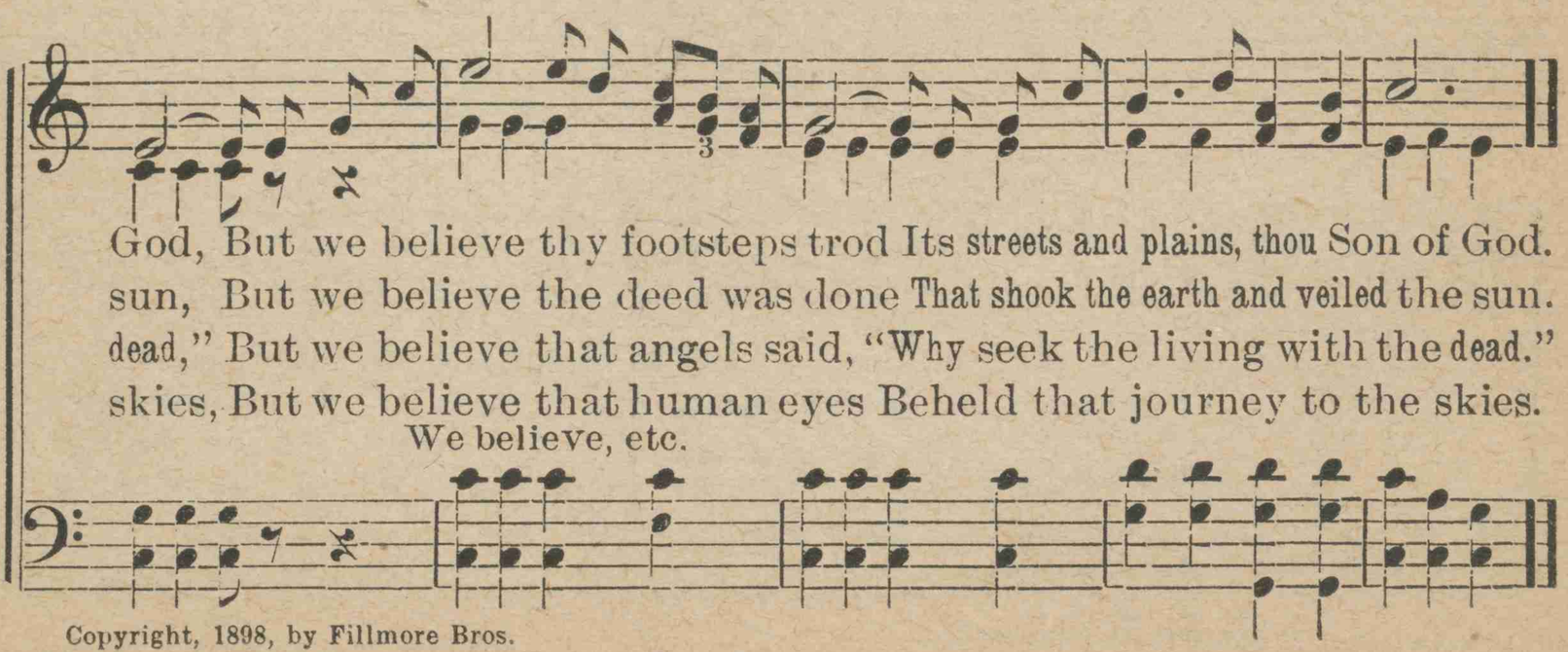
CHORUS. Con spirito.



But we be - lieve thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of
But we be - lieve the deed was done That shook the earth and veiled the
But we be - lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the
But we be - lieve that hu-man eyes Beheld that jour - ney to the

We believe, etc.





God, But we believe thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.
sun, But we believe the deed was done That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
dead," But we believe that angels said, "Why seek the living with the dead."
skies, But we believe that human eyes Beheld that journey to the skies.

We believe, etc.



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31 Our Pledge.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. We have taken Christ Je-sus as Mas-ter and Lord, And to serve Him will be our endeav - or, Trusting in His dear name for the strength we may need, We will
2. Ev -'ry day we will faithful - ly stud-y His word, With its wonderful treasures of beauty, Ev'ry day we will bow at His footstool in prayer, For His
3. In the courts of His tem-ple most sa - cred and fair, Where His saints meet to praise and adore Him, We will join in communing together in love, While de-

CHORUS.

do all He bids whatso-ev - er.
wisdom and guidance in du-ty. Whatso-ev-er is just, whatsoev-er is
voutly we worship before Him.

good, Whatso-ev - er is pure, whatso-ev-er is true, Trusting in Him for
strength we will earnestly try, Whatsoever our Master would have us to do.

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32 It Was for Me.

P. H. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. H. F.

Con dolore.

1. "'T is finished!" was his dying cry, Then darkness veiled the earth and sky,
2. Oh, why the smiting and the thorn, Oh, why the heart with anguish torn,
3. They seal with care his rocky tomb, But, lo! the shining angels come,
4. Let ev-ery tongue u - nite to raise, The sweetest song of loft-y praise;

That thus re - fused to see him die, Whose hand cre - a - ted all.
Oh, why the weight of sorrows borne, By him the spot-less Lamb?
And sen-tries stand in ter- ror dumb—He ri - ses glo - ri - fied!
And be his head thro end-less days, With high-est honors crowned.

CHORUS.

For me he bore the load, For me his side was riven, That

I might be redeemed to God, And dwell with him in heaven.

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33 Christ our Refuge.

SOPRANO AND TENOR, DUET AND CHORUS.

L. A. N. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Andante. Cantabile.

1. Ref - uge of the wea - ry soul, I would find my
2. Tem - pest - tossed and full of fear, Doubts a - rise on
3. Then, O Christ! to me ap - pear, Bid the boist'rous
4. Help me trust when sight is dim— Trust, tho all seems

rest in thee; When the storms of sor - row roll,
ev - ery side; Oft thy voice I can not hear,
waves "Be still;" May thy love dis - pel all fear,
dark as night; Cast - ing all my care on him,

CHORUS. Con spirito.

Speak the word of peace to me.
And I fail to see my Guide. Ref - uge of the
And with joy my bos - om fill.
To whom dark - ness is as light.

Rit. Accel. cres.

wea - ry soul, Let me find my rest in thee, When the

Rit. Dim.

storms of sor - row roll, Speak the word of peace to me.

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34 Blessed Christ of Galilee.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There's a far off path I should like to find, Where the Saviour
2. There's a way - side spring where I long to taste, Of the foun-tain
3. There's a near - er path where my feet may go, That is blessed be-
4. Tho the hill - side fountain of Gal - i - lee, May have sunk a-

walked of old in Gal - i - lee, In the shift - ing sand of the
where my Saviour drank be-fore, And a low - ly cot in a
cause the poor he loved are there, And the great de - light of the
way and vanished long a - go, In the fount of life I may
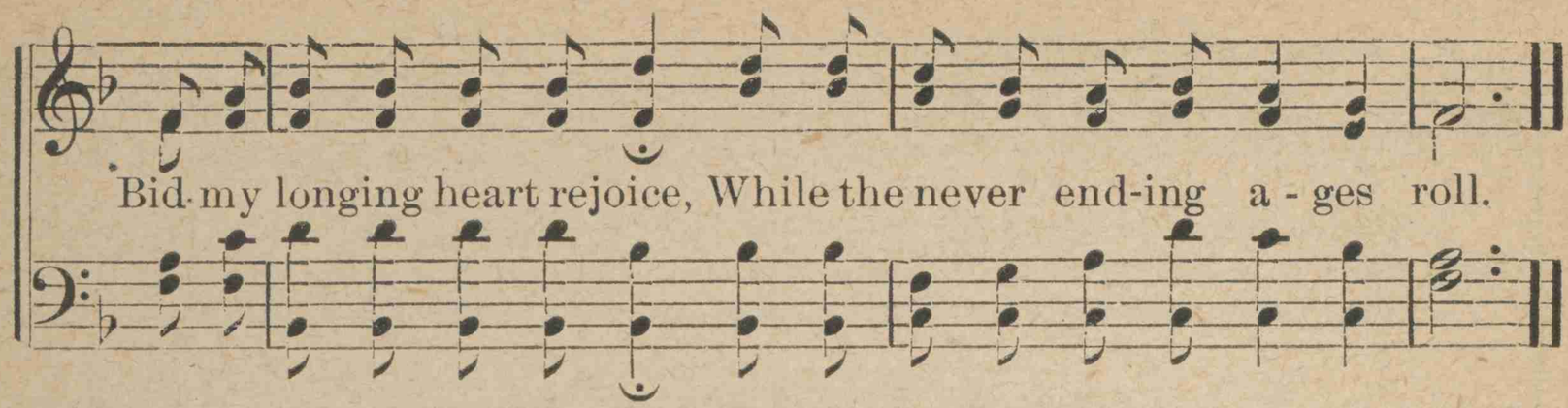
gold - en strand, By the wa - ters of the ev - er changing sea.
qui - et spot, Where the Lord of love and la - bor dwelt of yore.
land of light, Will be bright-er for the woes that I may share.
quench all strife, And the gold - en crown of lov-ing la - bor know.

CHORUS.

I should like to walk with thee, Blessed Christ of Gal - i - lee,
With thy smile of love up - on my soul; I should like to hear thy voice,

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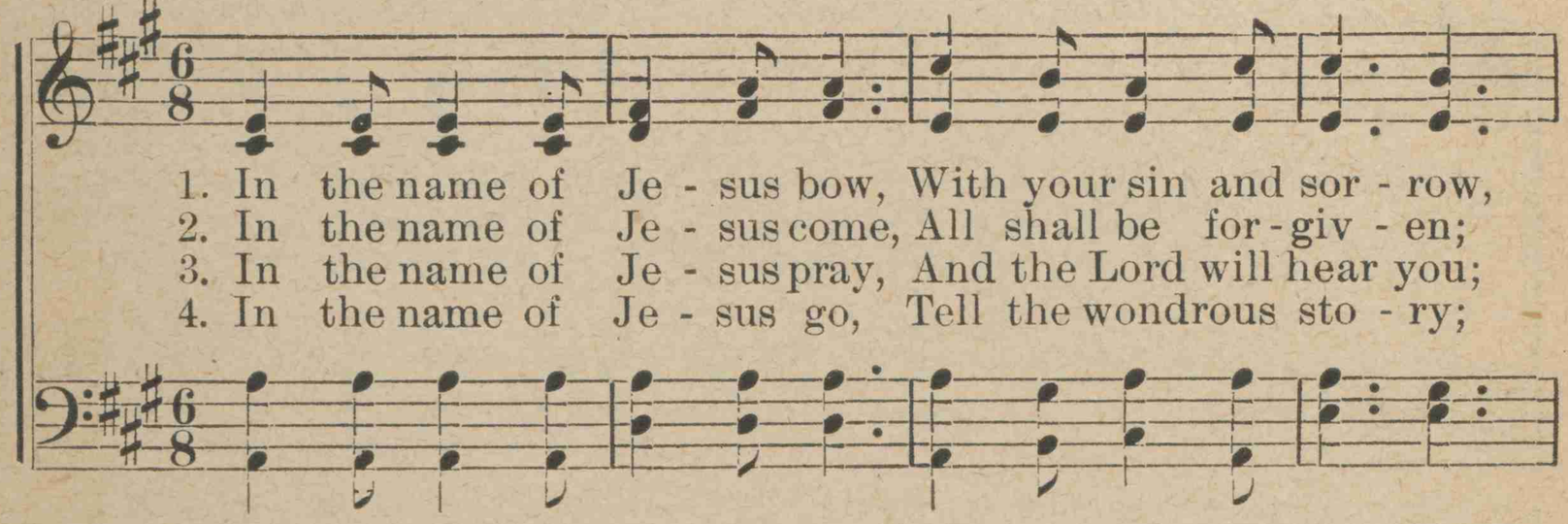
Blessed Christ of Galilee.

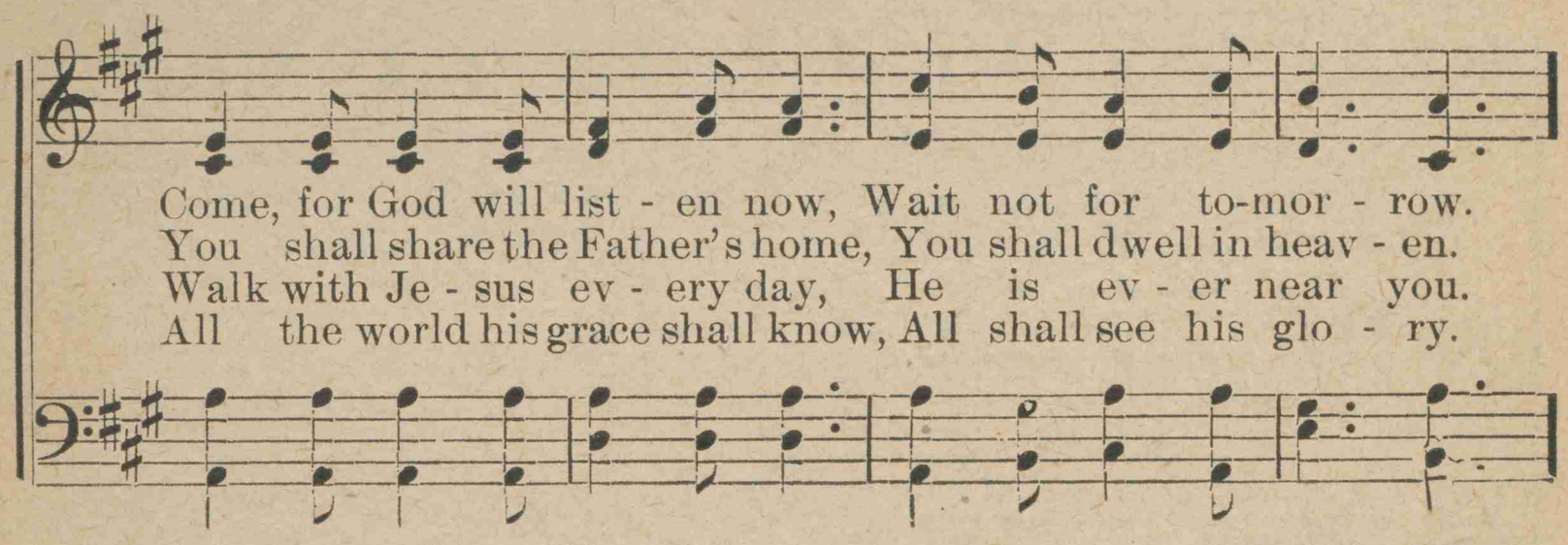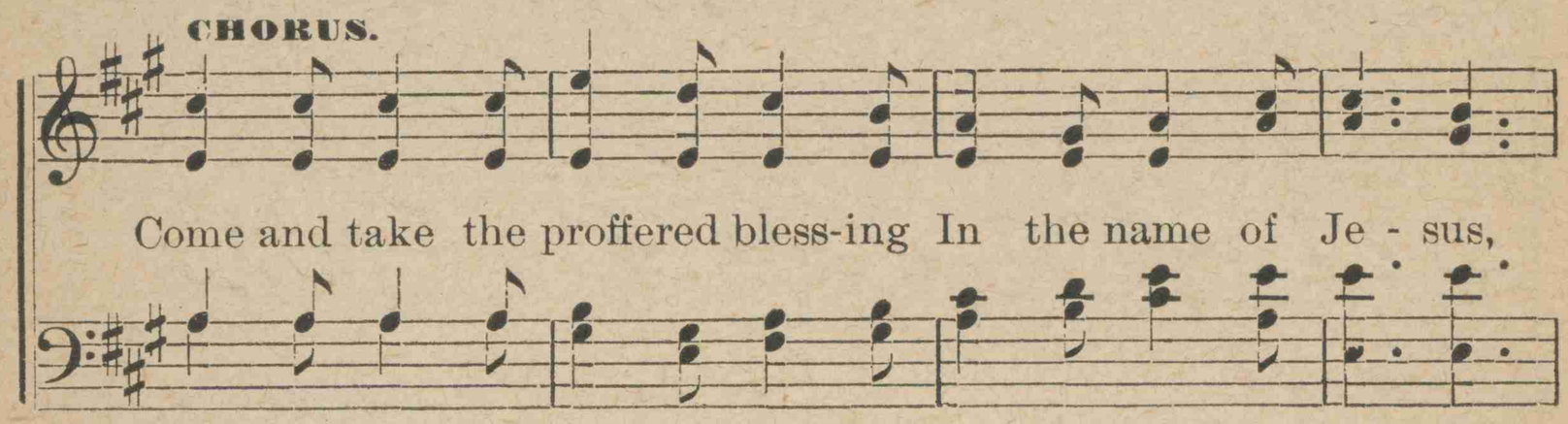


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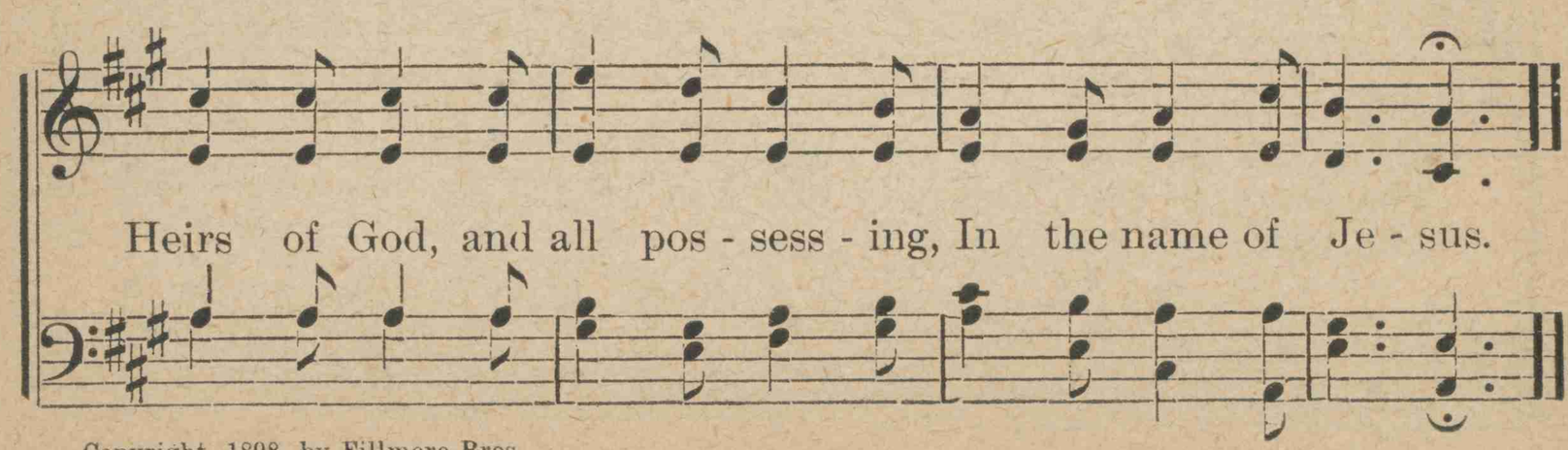
In the Name of Jesus.

P. H. J. H. F.









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36 The Years of God are Rolling On.

P. H. J. H. F.

Allegretto Maestoso.

1. The years of God are roll - ing on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on,
2. The years of God are roll - ing on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on,
3. The years of God are roll - ing on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on,

The years of God are roll - ing on, And bearing us a - way;
The years of God are roll - ing on, His kingdom draweth near;
The years of God are roll - ing on, And we his face shall see;
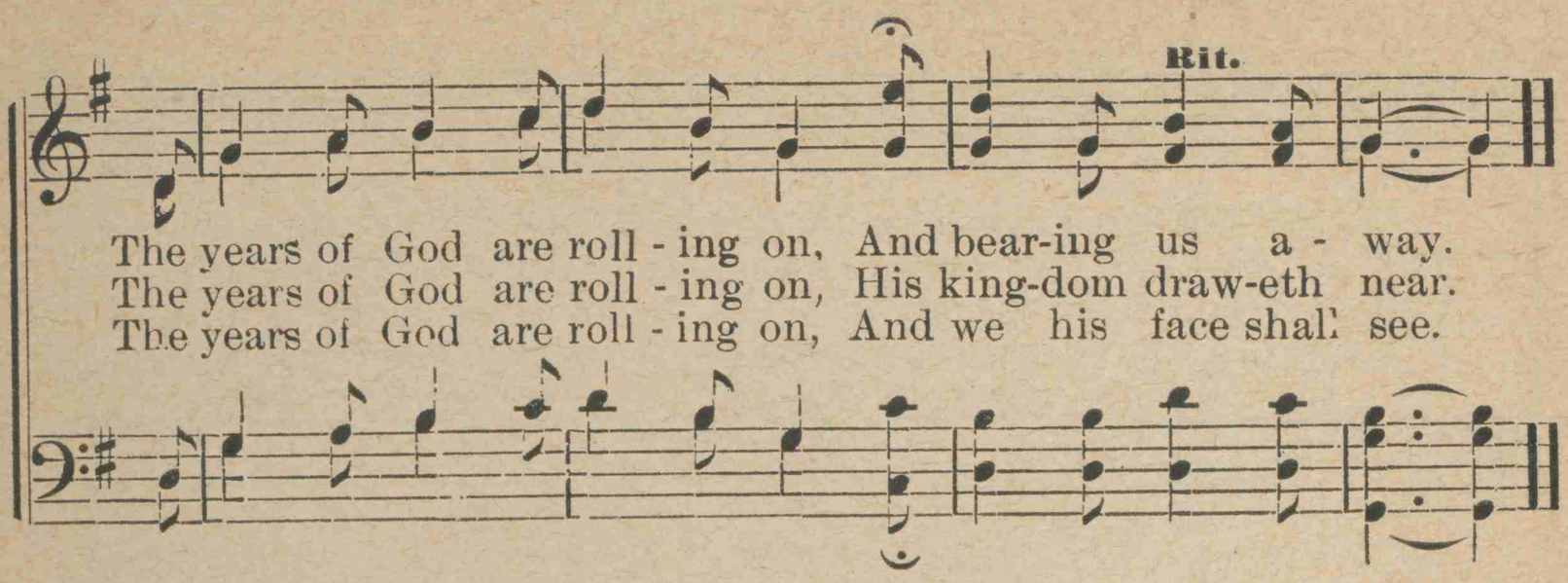
No hand can stay the tide of time, The world moves on in march sublime,
Awake! oh, South, a-rise! oh, North, His word to ev'ry land send forth,
The joys of earth can charm no more, Its troubled dream will soon be o'er,

Tho seeming slow, how fast we go, How fast, nor can we stay;
The ti - dings sweet, with joy repeat, The Lord, the Lord is here;
The morn shall break and we shall wake, Forever blest to be;

The years of God are roll - ing on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on,
The years of God are roll - ing on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on,
The years of God are roll - ing on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on,

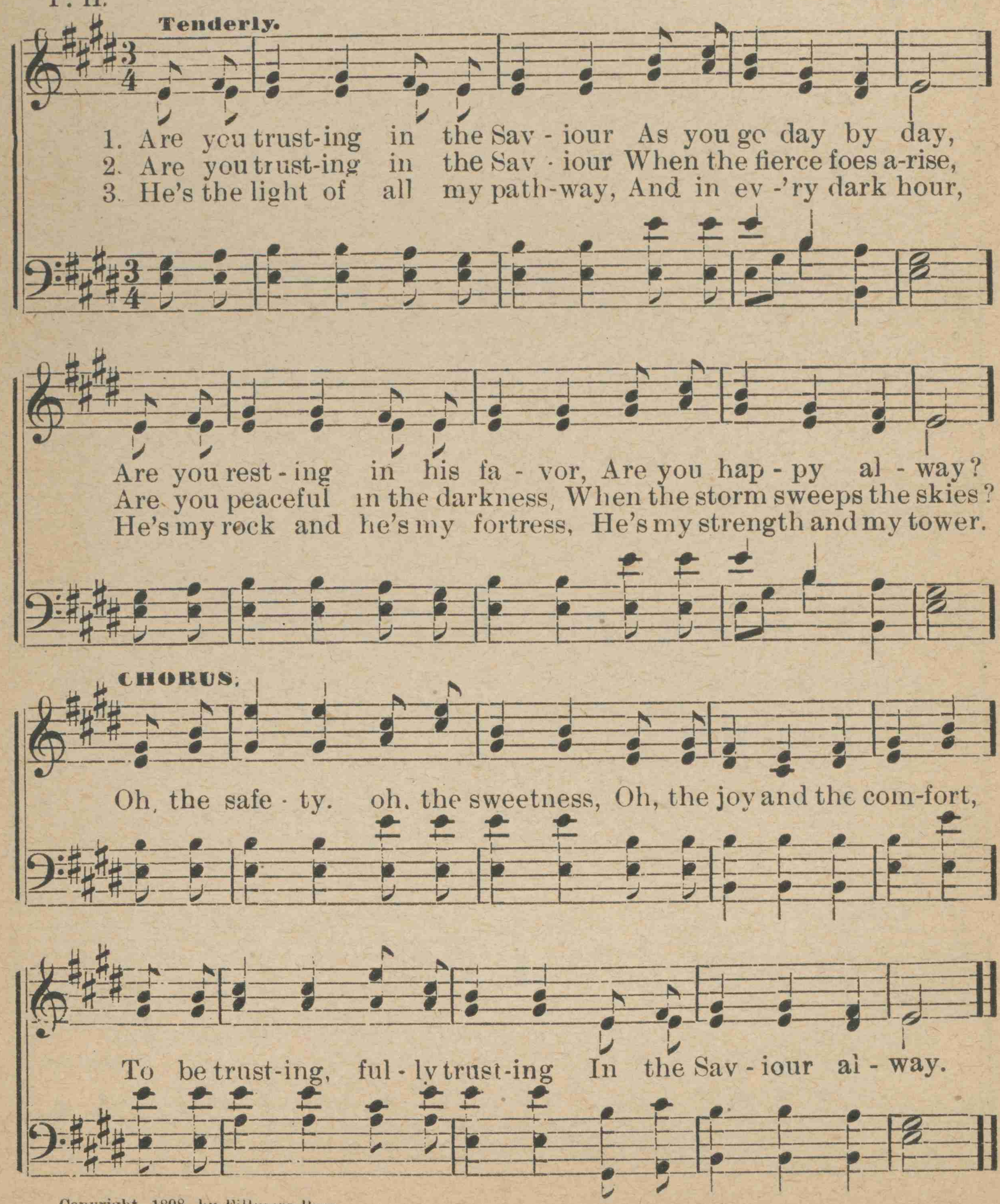
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The Years of God are Rolling On.



37 Are You Trusting?

P. H. J. H. F.



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38

Blessed Hope.

IDA M. BUDD. DUET, TRIO AND CHORUS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. One by one earth's treasures perish, One by one its joys de - cay,
2. When the skies are bright above me, And the sun is shi-ning fair,
3. But if storm-clouds darkly gath - er, And the waves beat fierce and wild,
4. For this hope, O precious Sav-iour, I will praise thee day by day,

One by one the hopes we cher-ish, Van-ish, un - ful-filled, a - way;
When the words "thy Lord doth love thee," Seem to whisper everywhere;
Nev - er will I doubt my Fa - ther, Or his love for me, his child;
Walking in thy lov-ing fa - vor, I can nev - er go a - stray;

But no loss my soul be - wail - eth, As I brave life's o - cean wide,
Then the peace of God pre-vail - eth, O'er earth's tumult and un-rest,
For, how-e'er the storm as-sail - eth, Or the an - gry bil - lows roll,
For thy blood, O Christ, a - vail - eth, And the brightly beaming star,

For the hope that nev - er fail - eth, In my heart doth ere a - bide.
And the hope that nev - er fail - eth, Fills with joy my tranquil breast.
Still the hope that nev - er fail - eth, Is the an-chor to my soul.
Of the hope that nev - er fail - eth, Beckons to thy home a - far.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope in Jesus given, Shed thy beams up-on my way;
Blessed hope my way;

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Blessed Hope.

Light me to the peaceful haven, Lead me to the perfect day.
Light me to lead me to the day.

39 Pray Always.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Pray when the morning break-eth, Pray when the noon shines bright,
2. Pray in the se - cret clos - et, Pray with beloved of home,
3. Pray for be-lov - ed kin - dred, Pray for your friends so dear,
4. Pray for the church of Je - sus, Pray for her pas - tor true,
5. Pray with a heart be - liev - ing, Pray with a fer - vent mind,

Pray in the evening gloam - ing, Pray thro the long, dark night.
Pray in the house of wor - ship, Pray where-soe'er you roam.
Pray for your chance as-so - ciates, Pray for the foes you fear.
Pray for her chos-en rul - ers, Pray for the members, too.
Pray with a low - ly spir - it, Pray with a will re-signed.

CHORUS.

Pray, pray, ev - er pray, Pray, pray, ev - er pray, Pray in the morn - ing, noon - tide and eve - ning, Pray, ev - er pray.

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40 My Refuge, Hope and Trust.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. A ref - uge have we when the storm sweeps the skies, A
2. A bright hope have we tho the sky is o'er - cast, An
3. A sweet trust have we in the truth of our God, His

for-tress most mighty when dark foes a - rise, A gra-cious de-
an - chor so sure till the tem-pest is past, A glimpse of the
promise so pre - cious is sealed with his blood, Be - liev - ing his

liver-er when dangers ap - pear, A friend ev - er con-stant, a
glo - ries for - ev - er un - told, A fore-taste of joys in the
word do we walk in the light, The path-way how pleas-ant, the

CHORUS.

help ev - er near. Je - - - sus my hope and my trust,
cit - y of gold.
fu - ture how bright. Je - sus my ref - uge, my hope and my trust,

Might - y de-liver-er, so free; Help - less I
Monarch and mighty de-liver-er, so free; Fallen and helpless I

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My Refuge, Hope and Trust.

look from the dust, Sun . . . . of my soul un - to thee.
look from the dust, Saviour, and sun of my soul, un - to thee.

41 The Loving Call.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. FILLMORE.

Tenderly.

1. There 's a voice that speaks to all, Come to me, come to me, 'T is a
2. 'T is a call to no-bler life, Come to me, come to me, Vic-t'ry
3. Have you heard this loving call, Come to me, come to me, Like the

May be duet.

kind and loving call, Come to me, come to me. Then to Jesus I will
in temptation's strife, Come to me, come to me. He will help me ev'ry
dewdrop's gentle fall, Come to me, come to me. Will you come to Christ to-

go, I will go, Free forgiveness he 'll bestow, he 'll bestow, He will
day, ev-'ry day, By his grace I 'll watch and pray, watch and pray, He will
day, come to-day, And his blessed word o - bey, now obey, Hear his

Rit e dim.

wash me white as snow, white as snow, I will go, I will go.
lead me in his way, in his way, Ev'ry day, ev-'ry day.
Ho - ly Spir - it say, sweetly say, Come to-day, come to-day.

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42 Nature's Praise to God.

P. H. J. H. F.

With animation.

1. The murmuring brooks, the singing birds, All speak the praise of God,
2. The cir-cling seasons in their course, The deep designs un-fold
3. And we of all his works the first, The first should be to raise

And sighing woods and sounding seas, Proclaim their Maker good;
Of him whose word brings forth the years, Whose hands the ages hold;
To him, the ev - er great and good, Th'ador - ing song of praise;

The flowers that charm the early dawn, The stars that gem the night,
And worlds on worlds in orbits vast Chime out their measured strain,
For us the fruitful earth he spread, For us the heavens a - bove,

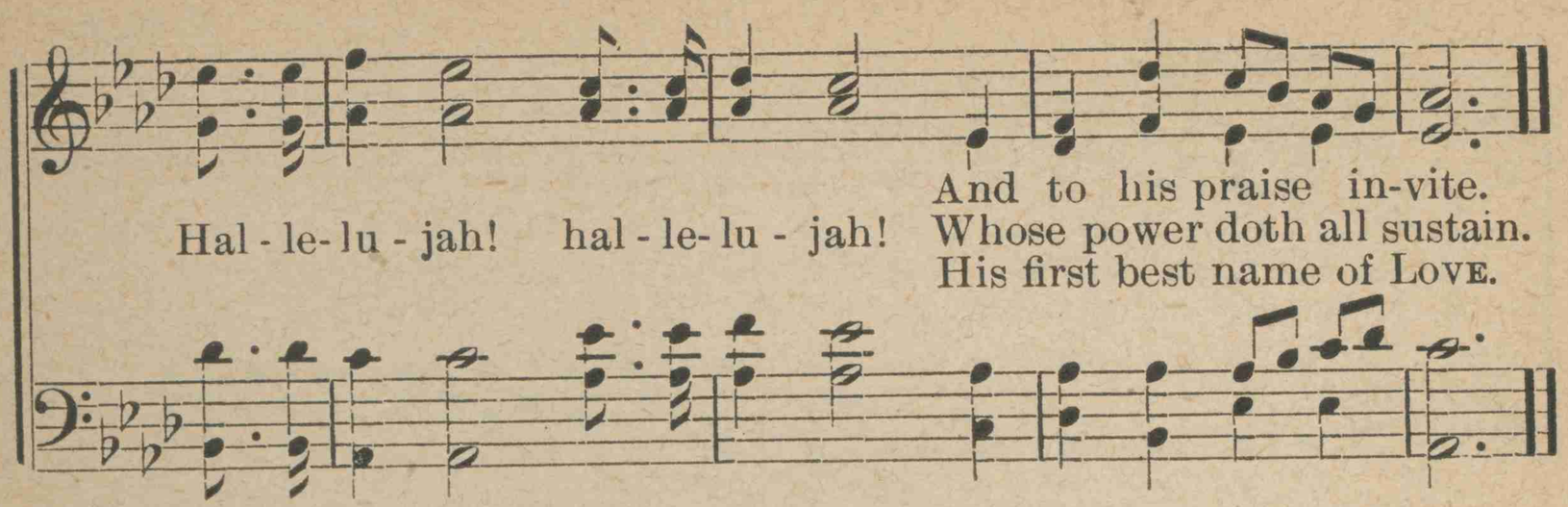
With all har-monious nature join, And to his praise in - vite.
To him whose wisdom all transcends, Whose power doth all sustain.
To us in fair-est lines revealed, His first best name of LOVE.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le- lu - jah! hal-le - lu-jah!
And to his praise invite,
Whose power doth all sustain,
His first best name of LOVE,
hallelujah!

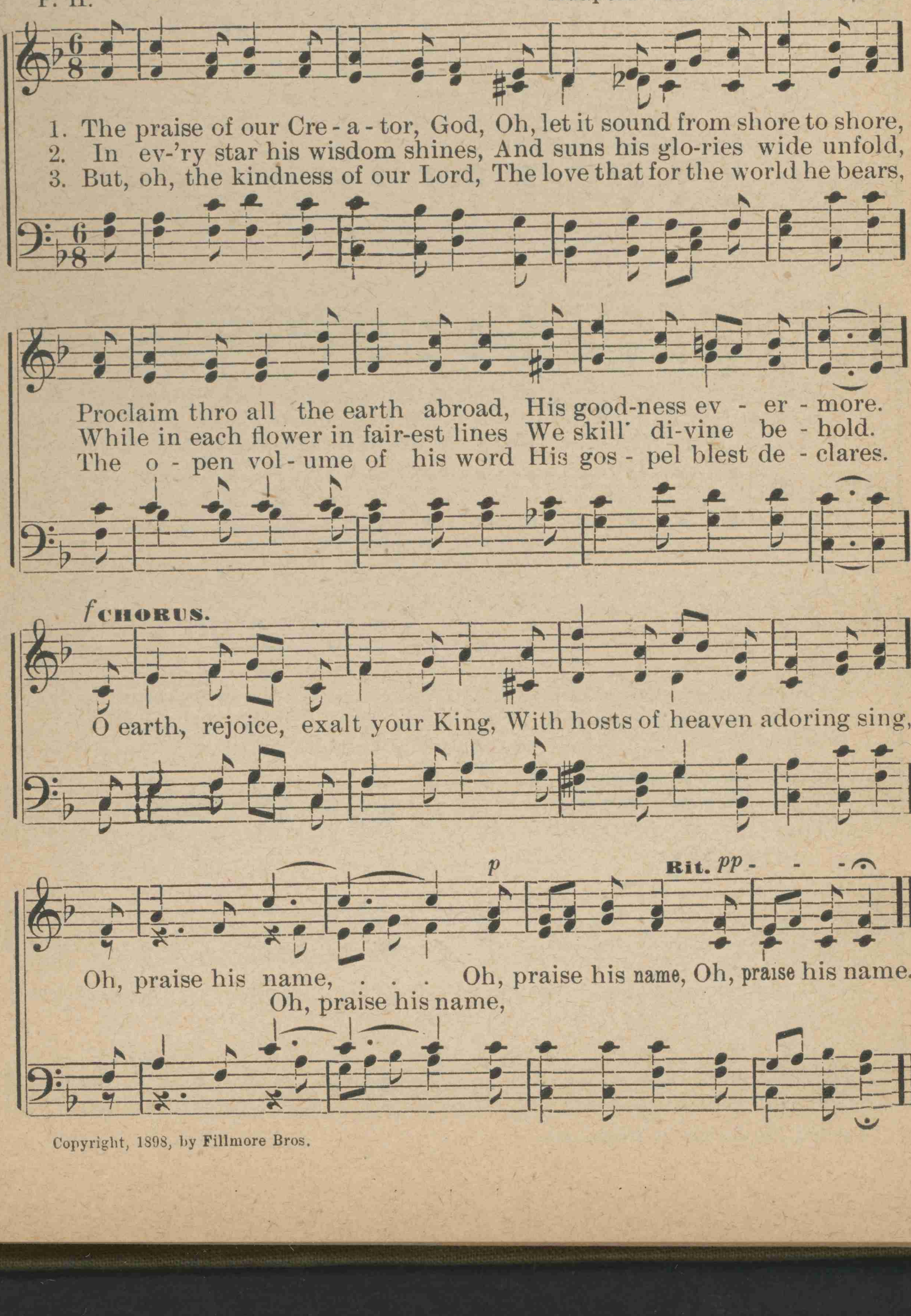
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Nature's Praise to God.



43 Praise His Name.

P. H. Adapted from CALEB SIMPER.



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Gently Speak.

P. H. J. H. F.

Marcato.

1. Oh, gen-tly speak as on we go, And kindness true to others show;
2. Love is the sweetest thing of earth, And gems and pearls have lesser worth
3. How oft we mar the pur-est joy, How oft the sweetest hopes destroy;

Soft words let fall, soft words let fall, And kindness show to all.
Than gentle words and loving deeds, Than kindly words and deeds.
Then let no burst of an-ger slip, No hot words pass the lip.

The cares of day will lighter seem, The lights of home will brighter beam,
Less sorely will life's burdens press, Less sharply will its ills distress,
And thus in peace we all shall know That heav'n comes down to earth below,

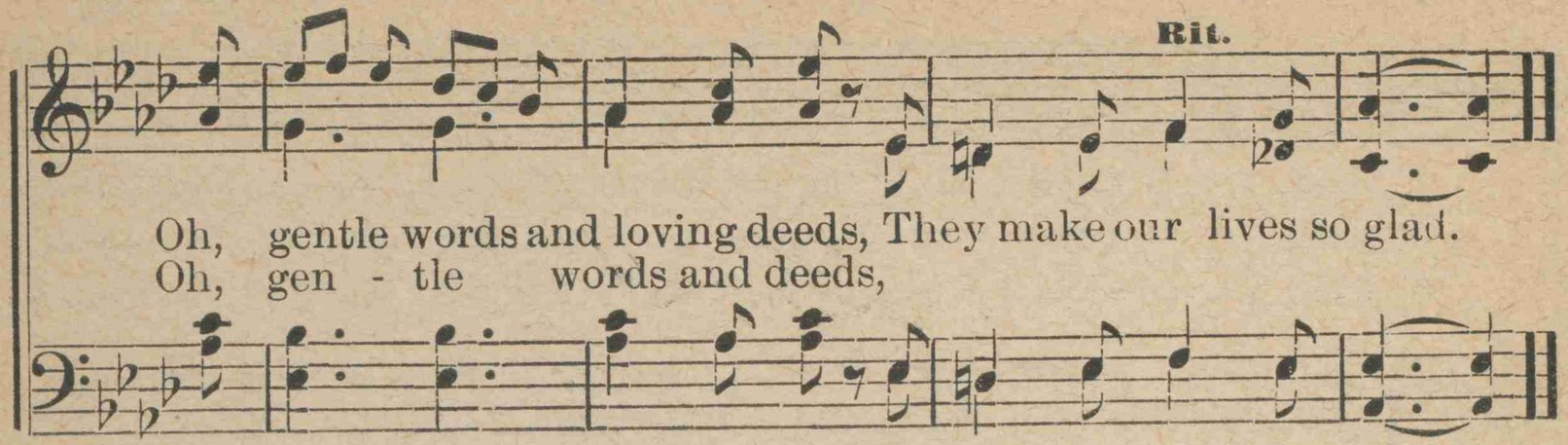
For gen-tle words and loving deeds, For kindly words and deeds.
With gen-tle words and loving deeds, With kindly words and deeds.
Thro gentle words and loving deeds, Thro kindly words and deeds.

REFRAIN.

Oh, gentle words and loving deeds, They lighten care, they cheer the sad;
Oh, gen - tle words and deeds,

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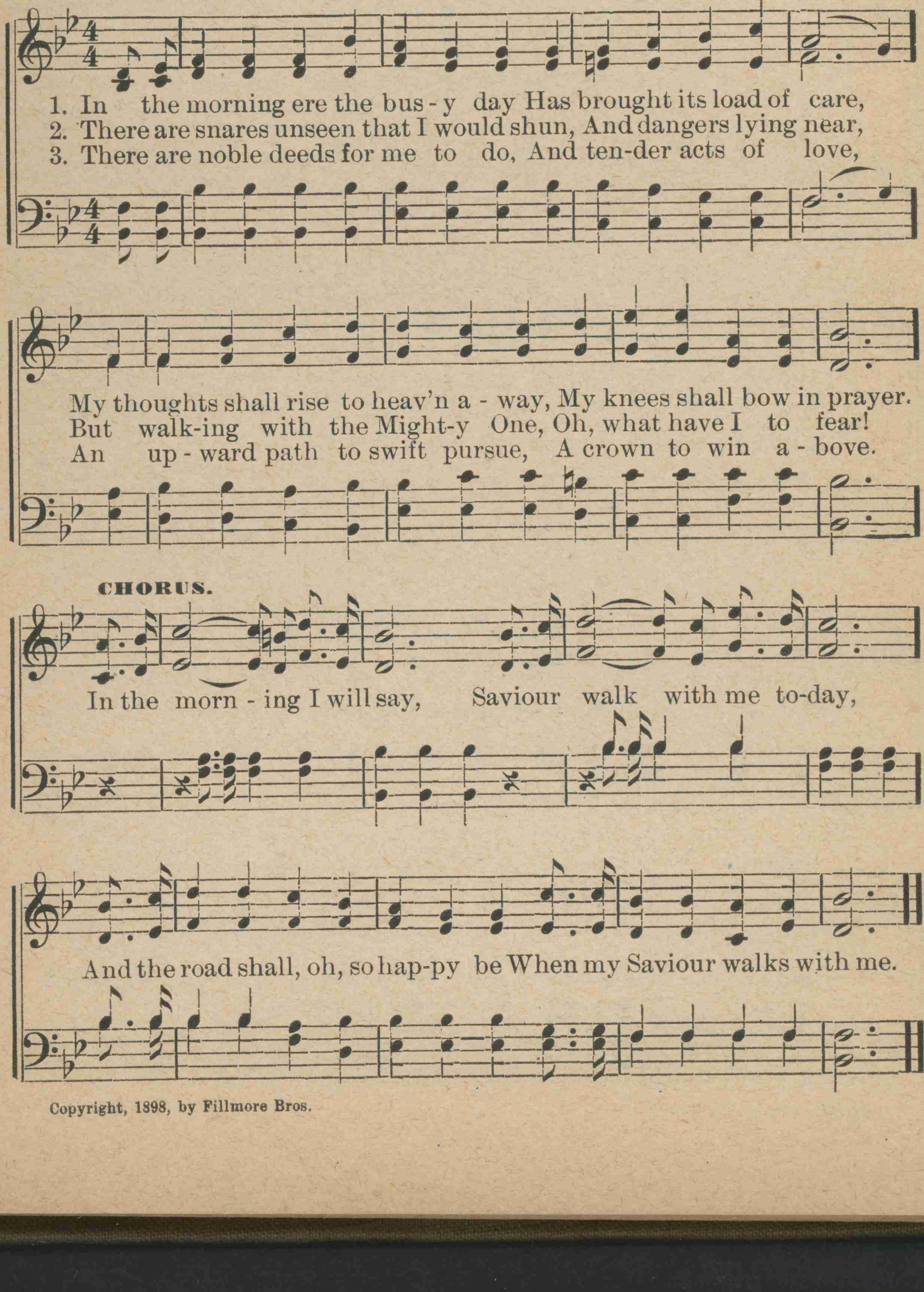
Gently Speak.



45

In the Morning.

P. H. J. H. F.



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46

Seek Ye the Lord.

P. H.

FINLEY LYON.

1. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye up- on him
2. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, See! see! he standeth
3. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, See, while he waiteth,

while he is near, Blest is the day, joy - ful is the sound,
with o - pen hand, Bless - ings so great fall on all a-round,
the day glides by, Now he de-parts, hushed the joyful sound,

CHORUS.

Now may we find him, he wait-eth here.
Seek now, he sayeth in blest command. Seek the Lord while he is
Swift falls the darkness and I must die.

wait - ing, Now the wondrous gift receive, (receive,) Haste thee,

haste, lest soon be-la - ting, Ev - ermore thy soul shalt grieve.

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47 Wash Me in the Blood.

ISAAC WATTS. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. H. F.

Adagio.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While his dear cross appears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - ma-zing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
When God's own Son was cru-ci - fied For man the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thankful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'T is all that I can do.

CHORUS. Allegretto.

Oh, wash me in the blood of Je - sus, Wash me in the blood of Je - sus,

Cleanse me in the fount of Jesus' blood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

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48 Soldiers in the Army.

P. H. J. H. F.

Marcia.

1. We are sol-diers in the ar - my, We are under marching orders,
2. Tho the way be rough and thorny, Tho the foe be strong and wily,
3. Joy to us is pain and hunger, Sweet to us is sound of bat-tle,

We are now to move against a mighty foe; We have buckled on the
Forward sounds the call, and bold we march along, And tho legions camp a-
For we see a crown and kingdom to be won, To our Leader we'll be

armor, We have raised aloft our banners, And we sing for joy as on we
round us, All their might cannot confound us, For Jehovah is our shield and
loy-al, And with him we'll share the triumph, When at last the glorious war is

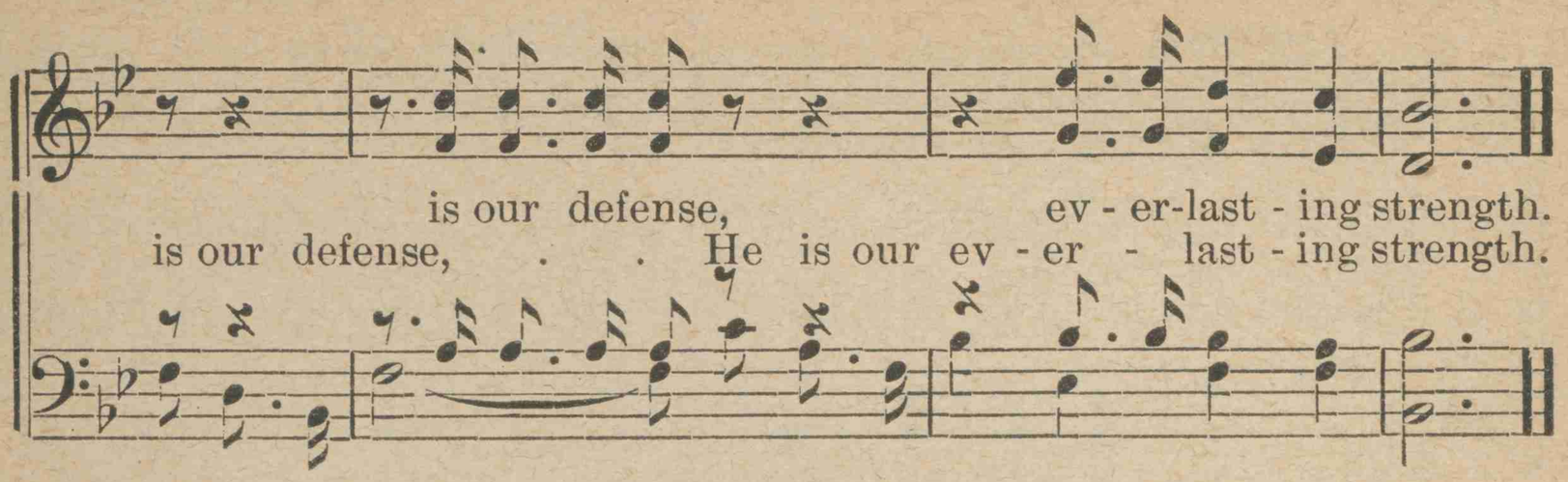
CHORUS.

go. The Lord of hosts, is our defense,
song.
done. The Lord of hosts, . . is our defense, . . He is our

our refuge and our strength, The Lord of hosts,
ref - uge and strength, and strength, The Lord of hosts, . . .

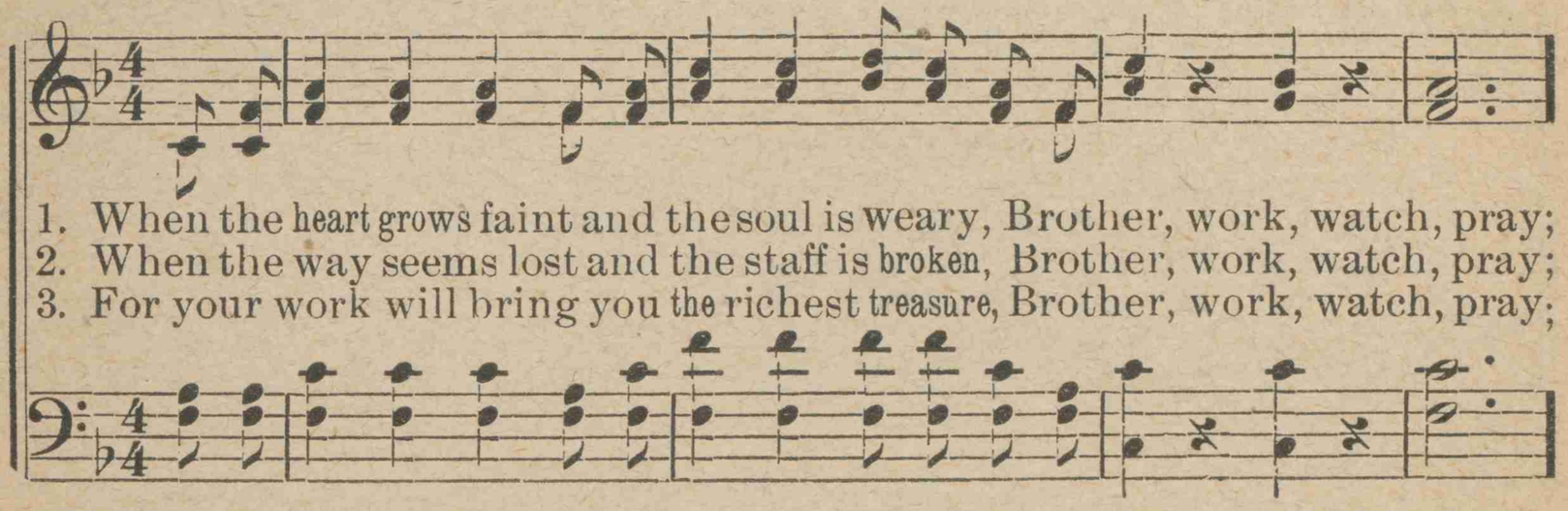
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Soldiers in the Army.



49 Work, Watch, Pray.

MRS. N. A. MONTFORT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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50 Thanks Be to God.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

Allegro.

1. Thanks be to God for all his might-y deeds, Sound forth the hon-ors of his wondrous name,
2. Thanks be to God for all his won-drous love, Help - less he saw us held in Sa - tan's might,
3. Thanks be to God for all his keep-ing power, Naught e'er can pluck us from the Fa-ther's hand,

He all his trembling saints to tri - umph leads,
Swift from the shining realms of bliss a - bove
Kept by his grace in dark temp- ta - tion's hour,
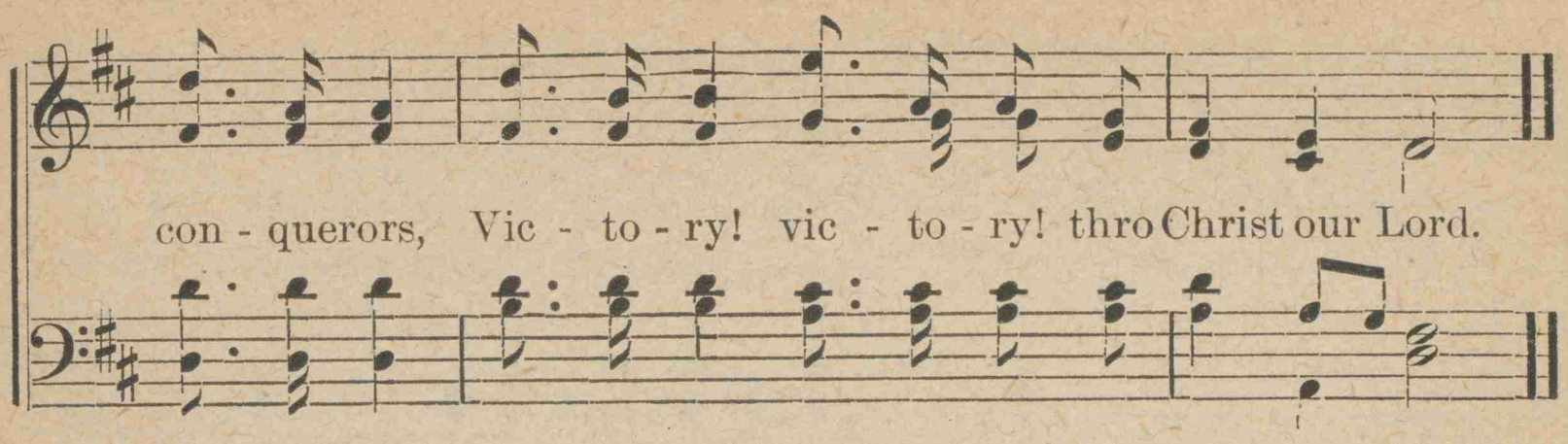
He all the hosts of hell hath put to shame.
To us he came, aud put our foes to flight.
Vic - tors at last be-fore him we shall stand.

ff **CHORUS.**

Thanks be to God who giv-eth us the vic - to - ry, Gra - cious One!
Might-y One! the blest a-dored, Thanks be to God! he makes us more than

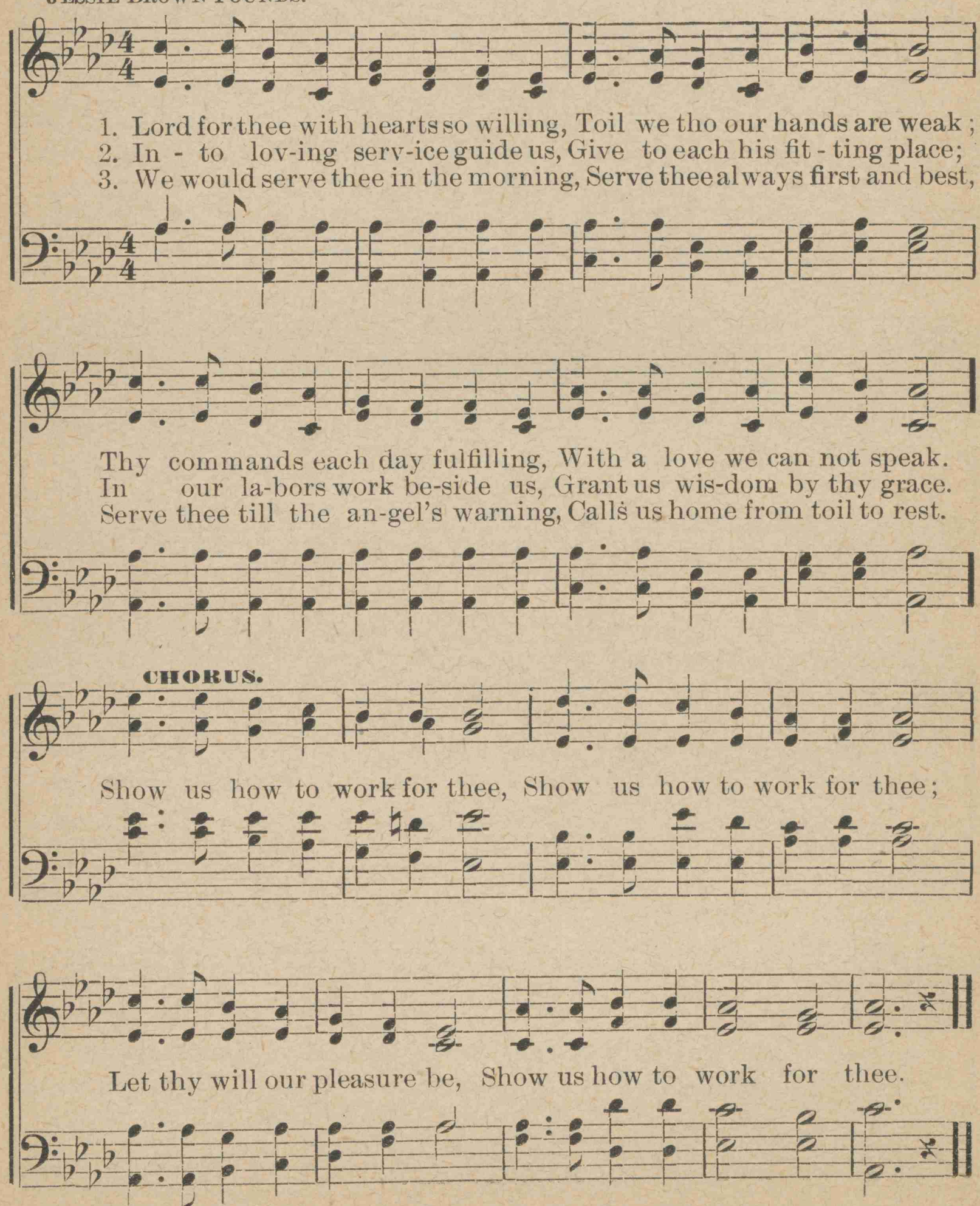
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Thanks Be to God.



51 Show Us How to Work for Thee.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.



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52 The Gift of the Spirit.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. The Father kind above Sent forth in tender love His Spir-it in full
2. Within our hearts shall be This fountain pure and free Of living waters
3. A Comforter and Guide, For-ev - er to a-bide, Our strength in suppli-

meas - ure; A gift di - vine-ly free, In ev-ery heart to be A
spring-ing; And ev - ery tender grace Shall flourish in the place, While
ca - tion; A witness true and good That we are born of God, And

CHORUS.

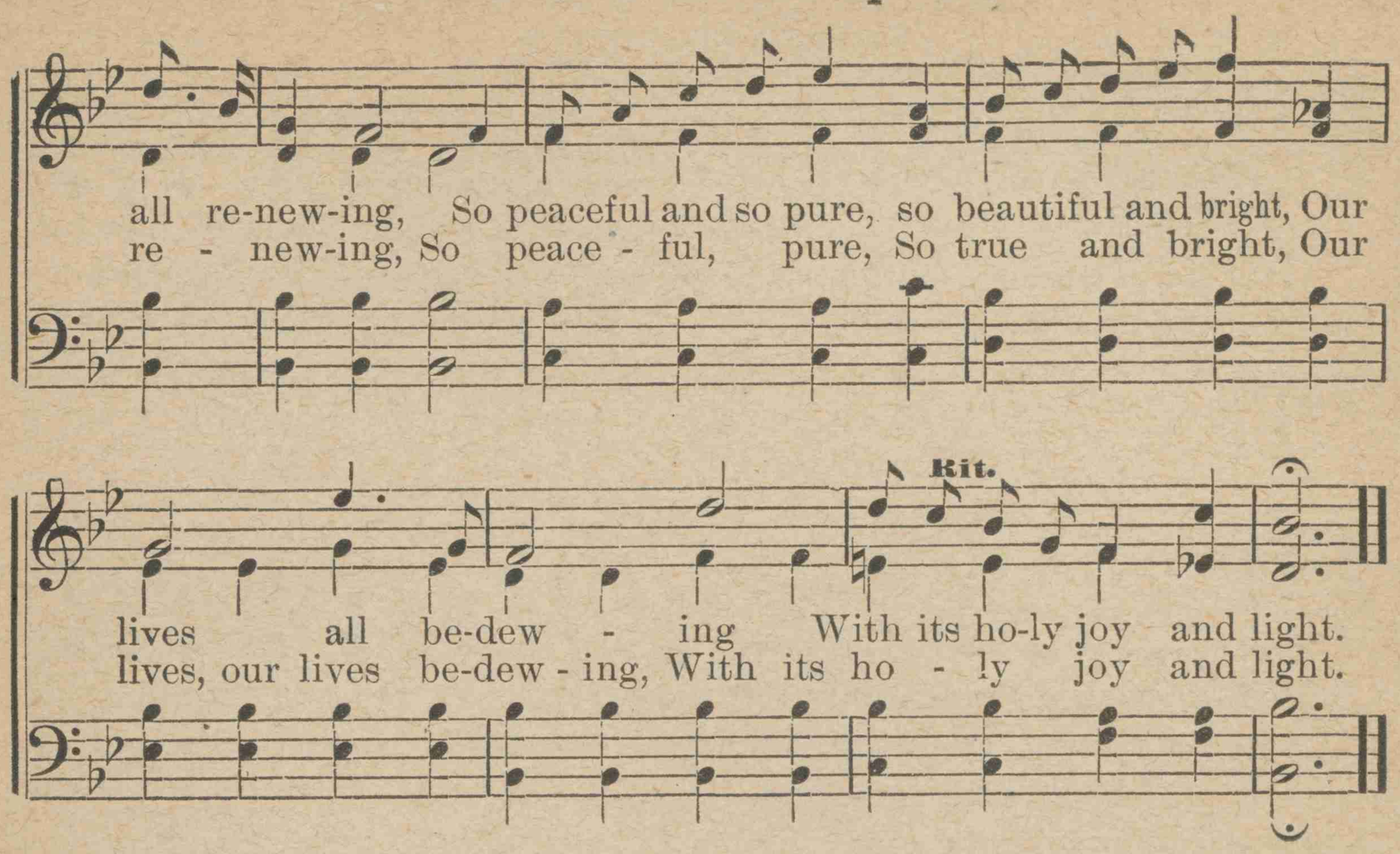
com - fort and a treas - ure. The gift of the Spir-it In
songs of joy are ring - ing.
heirs of his sal - va - tion. The gift, the gift of the Spir-it In

gently falling showers descending from above, Shall we not re-
gen - tle showers from a - bove, Shall we not re-

ceive it Sent to us from God in love? Our hearts
ceive it Sent from God in love, in love, Our hearts, our hearts,

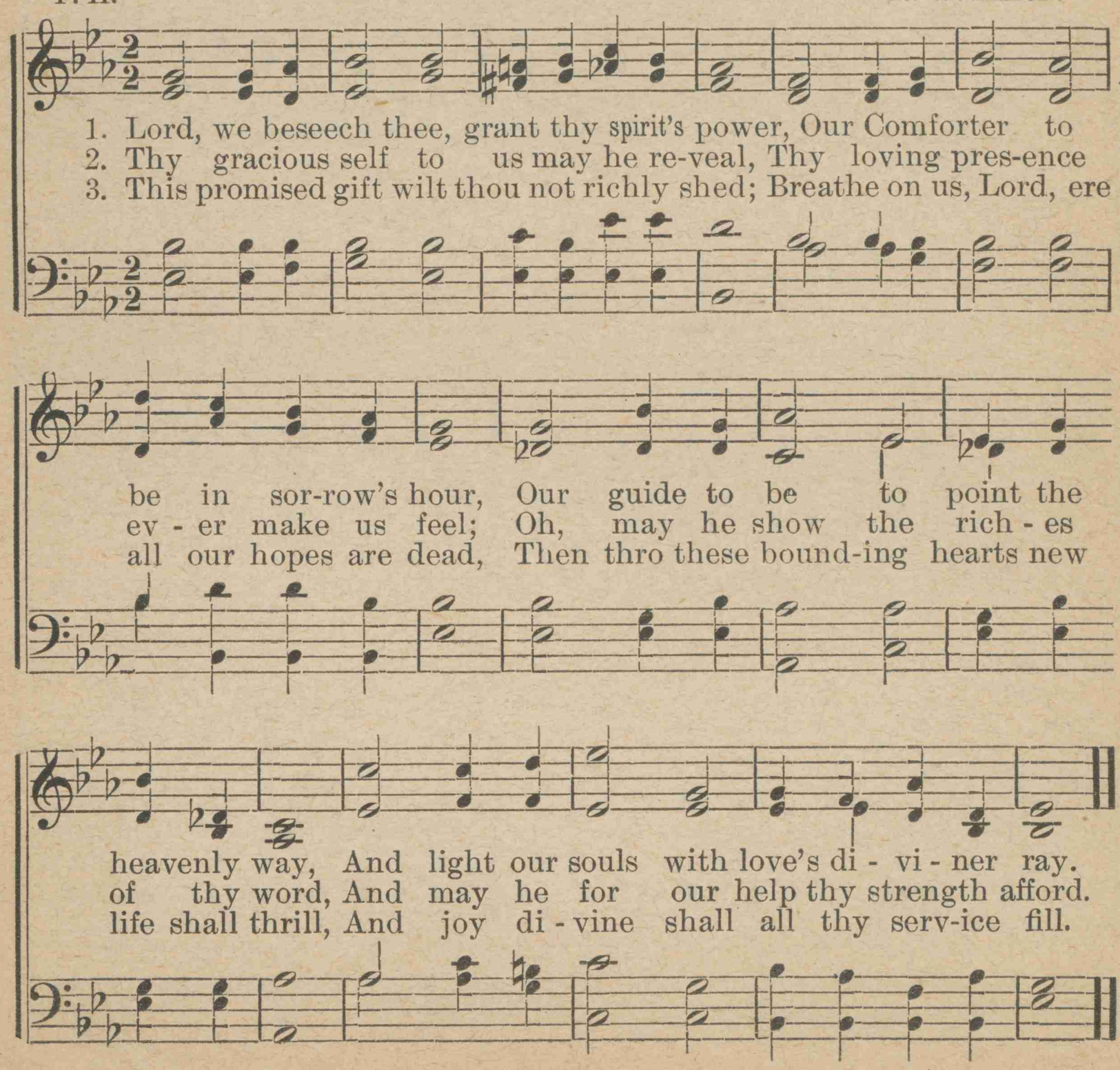
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The Gift of the Spirit.



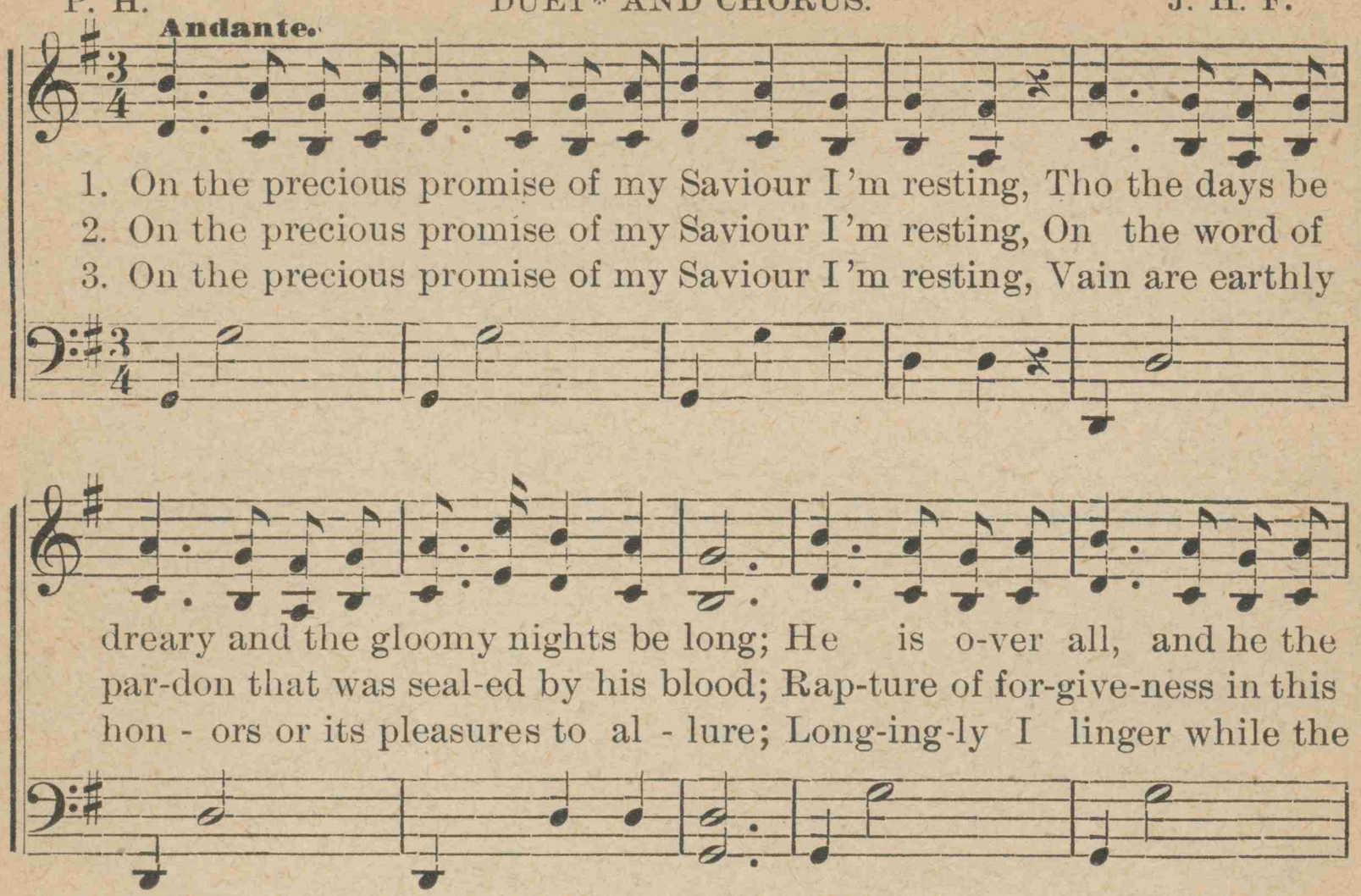
53 Grant Thy Spirit's Power.

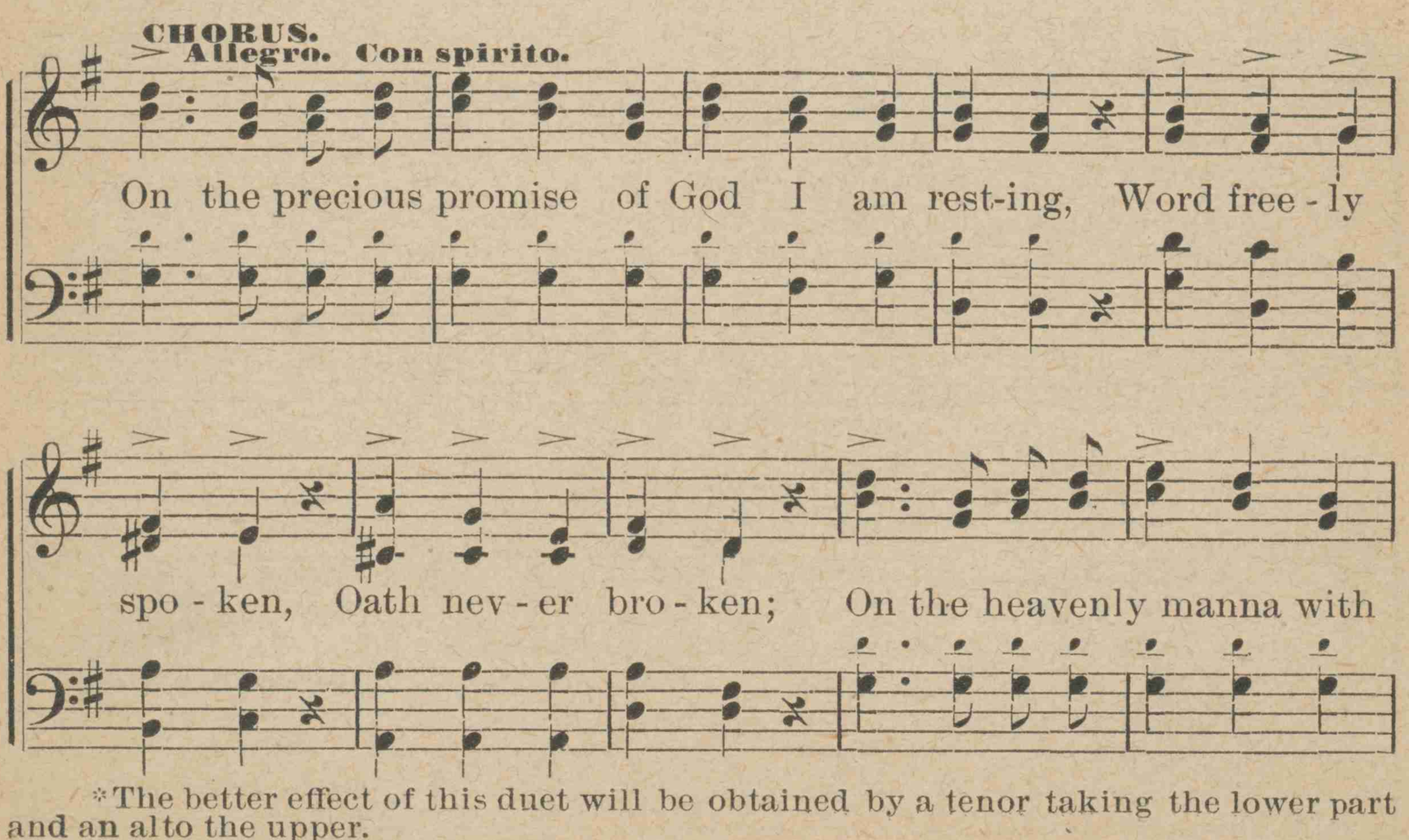
P. H. R. W. Dixon.



54 On the Precious Promise.

P. H. DUET* AND CHORUS. J. H. F.





*The better effect of this duet will be obtained by a tenor taking the lower part and an alto the upper.

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On the Precious Promise.

Rit. Rall.

joy I am feast-ing, While each day nearing Heaven my home.

55 There's Joy in Heaven.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. There's joy in the mansions of heaven above, When swift the tidings come,
2. There's joy in the mansions of heaven above, And Christ says, "Come to me;"
3. There's joy in the mansions of heaven above, Oh, now to him I'll fly,

That in this dark world hath a wanderer turned To seek his Father's home.
Oh, why not then leave all the follies of sin, And his disci - ple be?
I'll follow thro all the short journey below, And with him dwell on high.

CHORUS.

Oh, why should we tarry when love is so free, And why should we longer roam,

When such a wide welcome awaits you and me In heav'n that glorious home.

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56 Seek Jesus To-day.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Soul, wake from thy sleep - ing, Thy vig - il be keep - ing!
2. Hark! how he's en-treat - ing, Love's promise re - peat - ing;
3. Earth tempts thee with pleasure, Christ of - fers thee treas - ure,

Mists round thee are creeping, Swift cometh the night. Why aimlessly
Time swift-ly is fleet - ing, Soul, turn not a - way. Lo! hath he not
Gifts rich be-yond measure, What wilt thou decide? Wilt thou not a-

drift - ing Where shadows are shift - ing? See! yonder up - lift - ing
told thee His grace shall en-fold thee? His might shall uphold thee,
dore him, Bow low - ly be - fore him, And meekly im-plore him

CHORUS.

Gates ra - diant with light. Seek . . him to - day, . .
Oh, seek him to - day!
With thee to a - bide? Seek him to-day, seek him to-day,

Make . . no de - lay, . . He waits to re-ceive thee,
Make no delay, make no delay,

Copyright, 1897, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Seek Jesus To-day.

Rit.

From guilt to relieve thee; He will not deceive thee, Oh, seek him to-day!

57 There's Joy in My Heart.

P. H.

FINLEY LYON.

1. There's joy in my heart to - day, The Saviour I've sought so long,
2. There's peace in my heart to-day, So calm is my soul and blest,
3. There's love in my heart to - day, My Saviour I've seen so fair,

to-day,

Now tak-eth my sins a - way, Now fill - eth my soul with song.
I heard the dear Sav-iour say, Oh, come un-to me and rest.
Than lil-lies more sweet is he, And love-ly beyond com-pare.

CHORUS.

Oh, tongue can not tell the sweet story Of Christ my Redeemer and King,

Too short are the bright years in glory, The praise of my Lord to sing.

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The Road to Jericho.

May be used as a Solo and Chorus.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT. By per.

Andante.

1. O the sor - row and the woe on the way to Jer - i - cho,
2. Broth-er, do not pass them by, with a cold dis - dain - ful eye,
3. Some that share your blood and name, robbed and wounded and in shame,
4. O the sor - row and the woe on the road to Jer - i - cho,

Where the wound-ed lie and lan - guish on the road!
If in heaven you hope the bless - ed Christ to greet!
May be need - ing a Sa - mar - i - tan, a - las!
O the ach - ing, break - ing hearts that line the way!

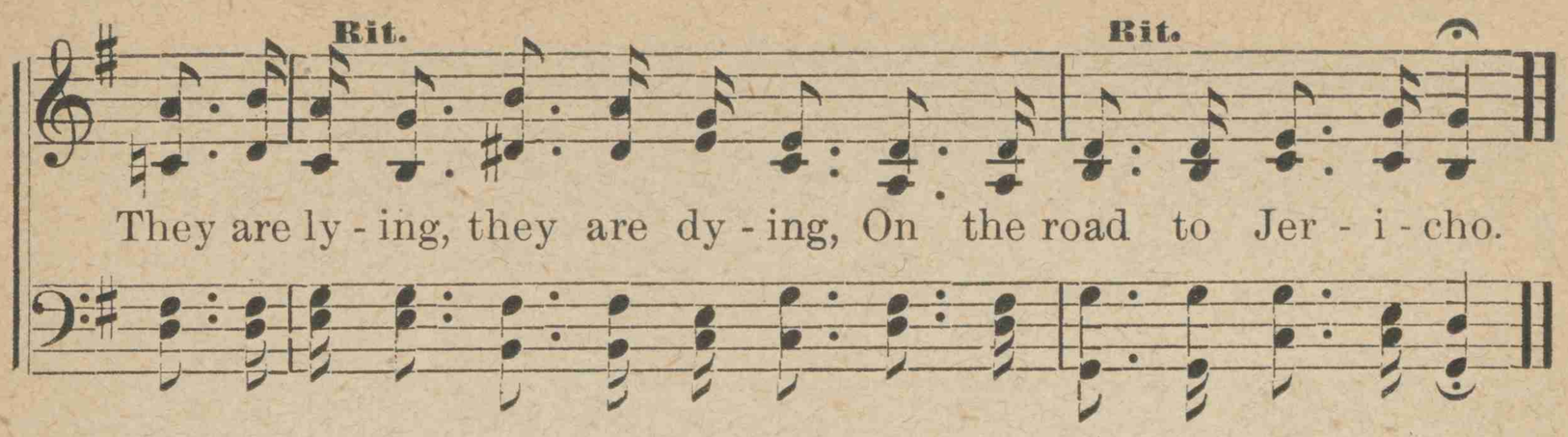
Where the kind - ly hand and heart that will take the vic-tim's part,
O Sa - mar - i - tan of God! as you tread the dust - y road,
Or your neighbor and your friend, stop in mer - cy, then, and bend,
How they lan-guish, how they bleed, Christian worker, speed, oh, speed,

And will help him back to hon - or and to God.
Find a dai - ly mis - sion ly - ing at your feet.
And staunch their wounds and bless them as you pass.
For the sigh - ing, dy - ing, call for you to - day.

CHORUS.

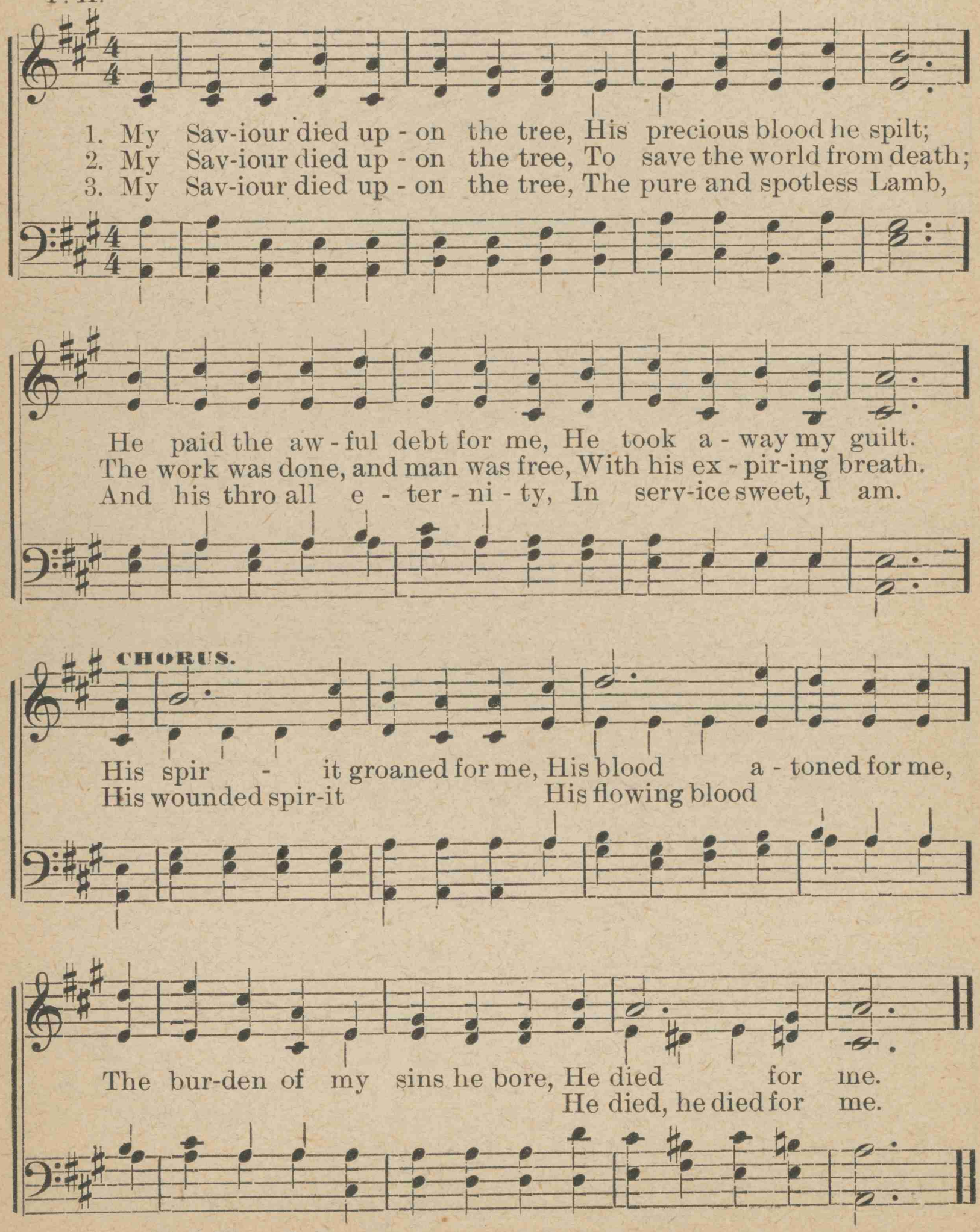
Do you want to work, my brother? Ah! you need no dis-tance go;

The Road to Jericho.



59 My Saviour Died for Me.

P. H. J. H. F.



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60 Jesus, Merciful Saviour.

P. H. J. H. F.

Affetuoso. Unison for Sopranos or Solo.

1. Je - sus, thou merciful Sav - iour, Low - ly to
2. Je - sus, thou hope of the low-ly, Ref - uge and

earth thou didst come, Smit - ten, despised, without
strength of the weak, Son . . of the Highest, most

fa - vor, Home - less and poor thou didst roam;
ho - ly, Ev - er thy goodness we'll speak;

For . . the lost tender-ly car - ing, Help - ing where
Clad . . in their garments of white-ness, Glo - ri-fied

help there was none, . . And all . . . . our in - i - qui-ties
myr-iads shall sing, . . And cast . . . in their beauty and

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Jesus, Merciful Saviour.

bear - ing, Tread - ing the wine-press a - lone. . . .
bright-ness, Crowns at the feet of their King. . .

Rit.

CHORUS.

Je - - - - sus, in praises e - ter - - - nal,
Jesus, in praises e-ter - nal, Jesus, in praises e-ter - nal,

Hosts . . . . . all unnumbered u-nite, ... And
Hosts all unnumbered unite, the hosts all unnumbered unite, And

bow . . . . . to thy glory su - per - - - nal, With un-
bow to thy glory super - nal, bow to thy glory super-

Rit - - -

ceasing de-light, ... with unceasing de-light. . . . .
nal, bow with unceasing delight, de - light, with unceasing delight.

61

If I Must Die.

P. H. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. H. F.

Delicato.

1. If I must die, oh, let me die, Re-clin-ing on my Saviour's
2. If I must die, oh, let me die, To Je-sus bound in this sweet

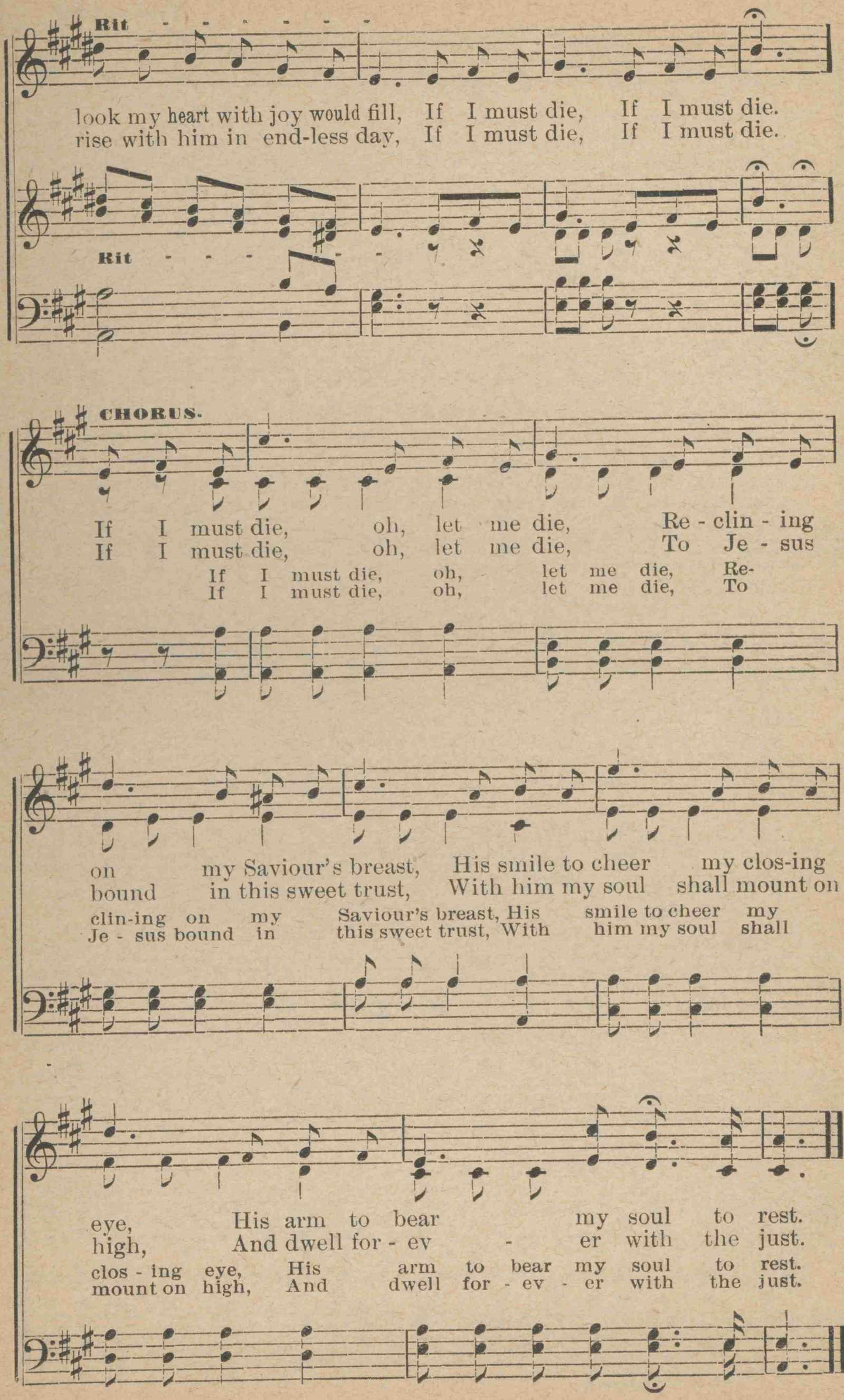
breast, His smile to cheer my closing eye, His arm to bear my soul to rest;
trust, Then in the grave this form may lie, And slow dissolve this frame to dust.

No fear my peaceful spir-it could affright, No darkening shade, No
I know that my Re-deemer lives a-bove, He conquered death, He

deepening chill; One glance of his makes all the val - ley bright, One
led the way, I fall, I die up - on his might-y love, I

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If I Must Die.


Rit
look my heart with joy would fill, If I must die, If I must die.
rise with him in end-less day, If I must die, If I must die.
Rit
CHORUS.
If I must die, oh, let me die, Re - clin - ing
If I must die, oh, let me die, To Je - sus
If I must die, oh, let me die, Re-
If I must die, oh, let me die, To
on my Saviour's breast, His smile to cheer my clos-ing
bound in this sweet trust, With him my soul shall mount on
clin-ing on my Saviour's breast, His smile to cheer my
Je - sus bound in this sweet trust, With him my soul shall
eye, His arm to bear my soul to rest.
high, And dwell for - ev - er with the just.
clos - ing eye, His arm to bear my soul to rest.
mount on high, And dwell for - ev - er with the just.

62 Go, Call Them In.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. There is a marriage of the great King's son, There is a
2. There is a table spread with bounteous care, There is a
3. There food of heav-en ev - ery soul de - lights, There strains an-
4. All things are read-y, do not, broth- er, wait, Mo - ments are

splendor such as ne'er was known, There is an or - der from the
ban-quet love did rich pre - pare, There is a sup-per, and the
gel - ic ev - ery joy in - cites, There love unbounded ev - ery
fly - ing, do not be too late, Haste, if you linger closed may

Ho - ly One, Go, call the glad guests in.
bride is there, Go, call the glad guests in.
one in - vites, Go, call the glad guests in.
be the gate, Come with the glad guests in (the glad guests in).
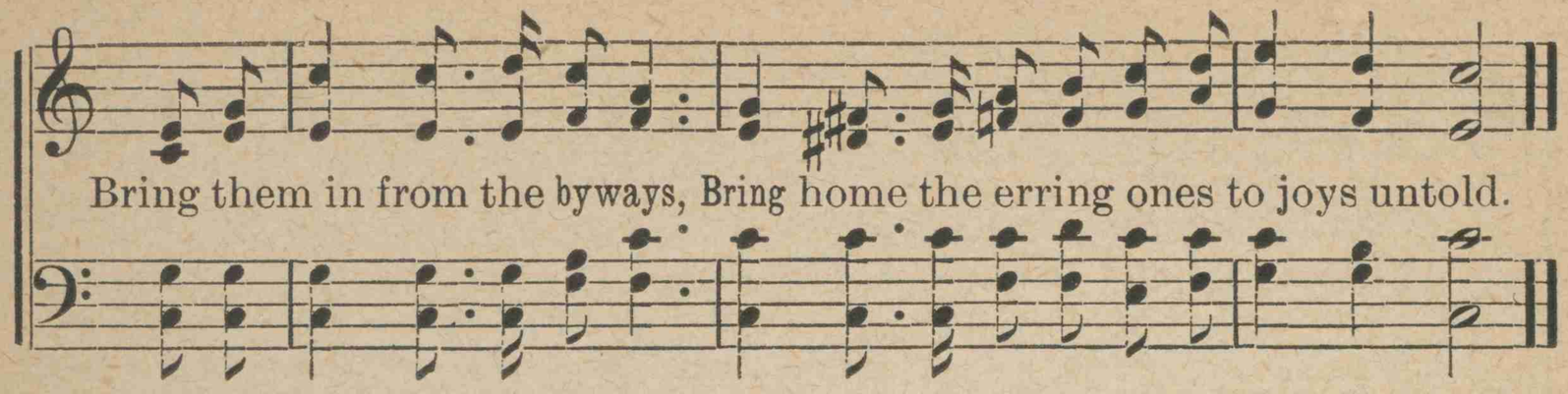
CHORUS.

Bring them in from the highways, Bring them in from the byways,

Bring home the lost ones to the Master's fold; Bring them in from the highways,

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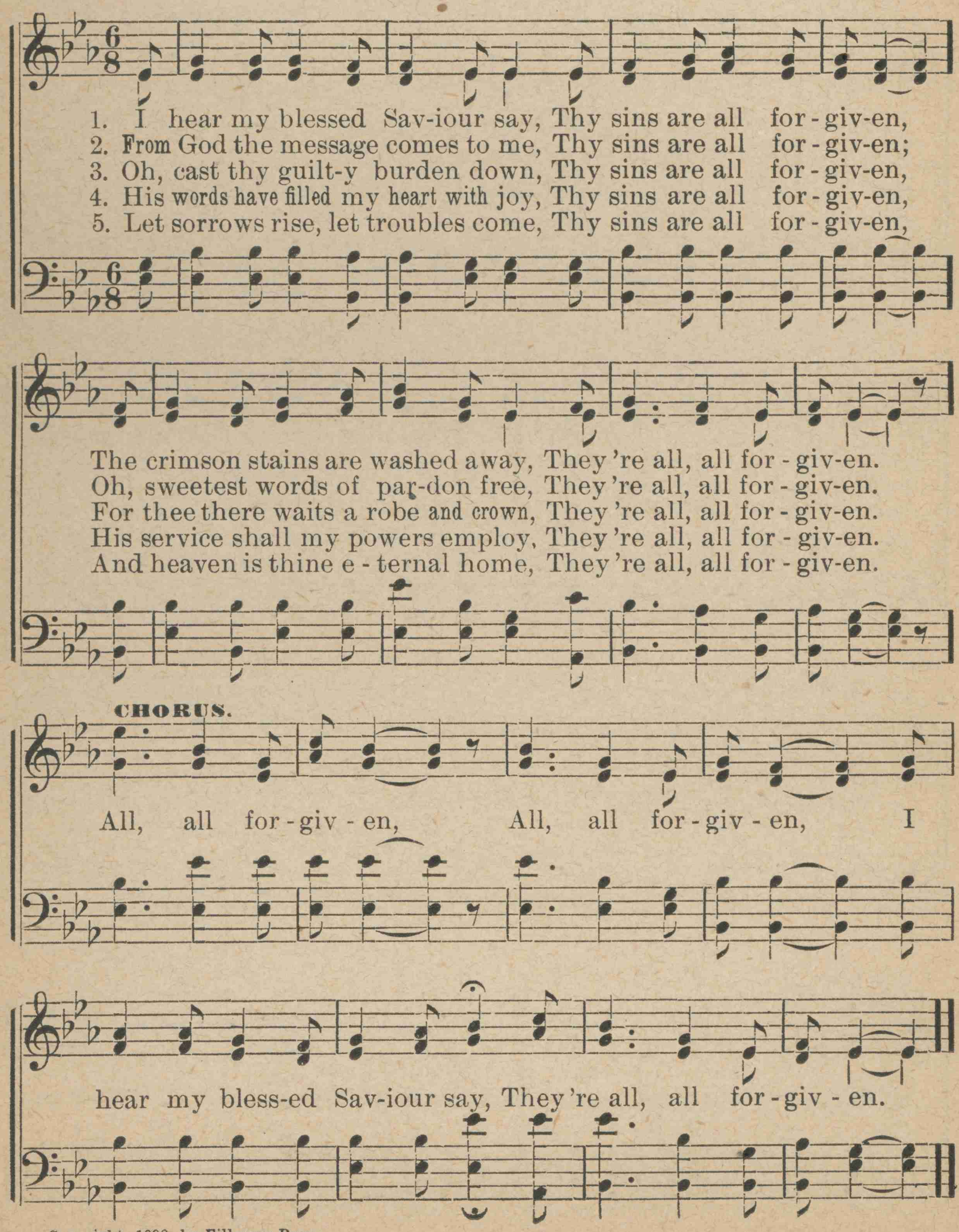
Go, Call Them In.



63

All, All Forgiven.

P. H. J. H. F.



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64 # The Kingdom of the Lord.

P. H. J. H. F.

Marcia.

1. The king-dom of the Lord Is com - ing in the world, His
2. The king-dom of the Lord! Let ev - 'ry sol - dier true, Be
3. The king-dom of the Lord! Oh, speed the bless - ed time When

word thro all the earth has gone abroad; The trump has sounded forth, The
in - stant at his gracious Leader's call; And tho the strife be long, The
vic - to-ry from ev'ry voice shall swell; And 'neath the reign of peace, E-
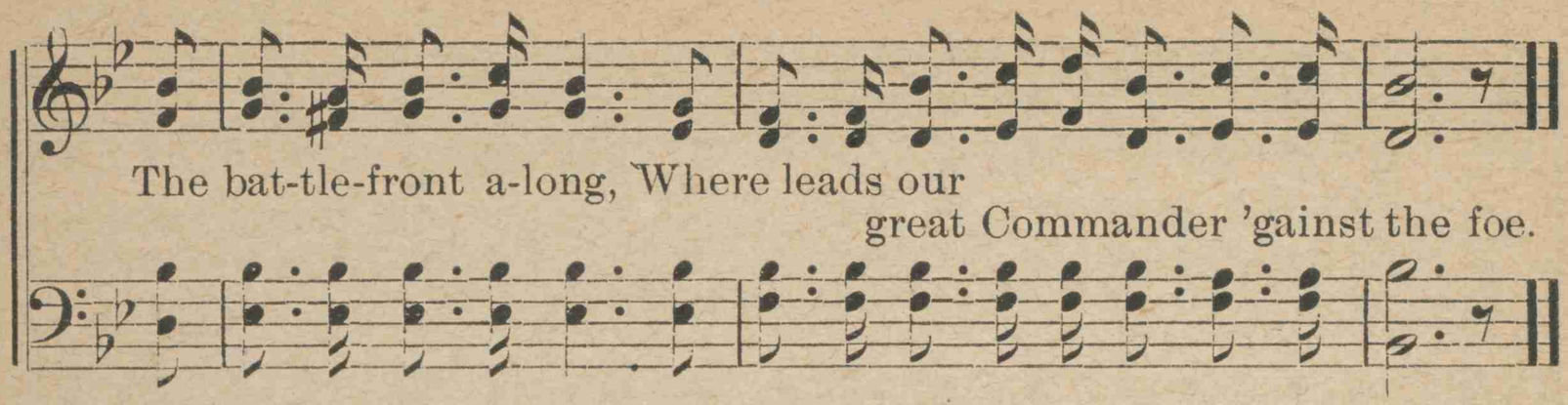
ban - ner is unfurled, And gath'ring fast are all the hosts of God.
triumph stands in view, And ev - 'rywhere the holds of Sa - tan fall.
ter - nal and sublime, His faith-ful ones for ev - ermore shall dwell.

CHORUS.

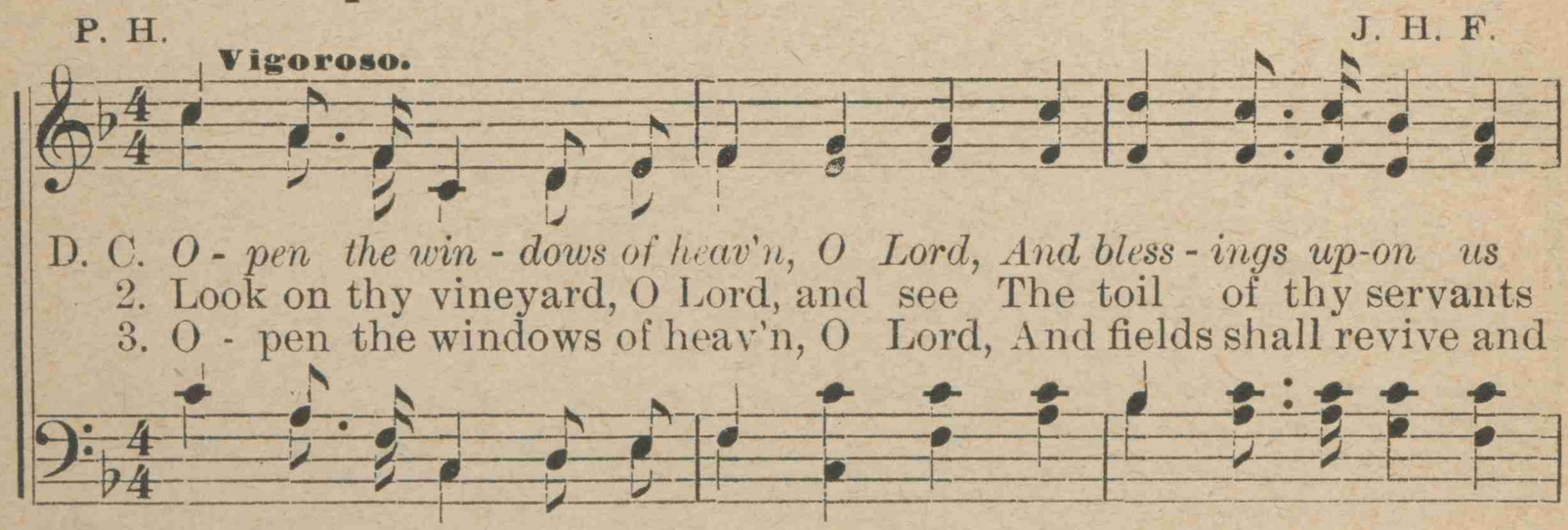
The king-dom of the Lord, The king-dom of the Lord, Oh,
shout, ye conquering armies as ye go, (as ye go,) While rolls the mighty song

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The Kingdom of the Lord.



65 Open the Windows of Heaven.



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66 Send Out Thy Light.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Send out thy light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Scatter the darkness and has - ten the dawn, Let all the peo-ple re - joice in thy word,
2. Send out thy light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Shine on the millions in sin far a - stray, Now would they listen and learn of thy word,
3. Send out thy light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Lost ones beholding, in rap - ture shall sing, Walking with joy in the light of thy word,

CHORUS.

Rise in thy brightness, thou glo - ri - ous One.
Now are they look - ing and long-ing for day. Send out thy
All climes shall hail thee, Re-deem-er and King.

light and thy truth, blessed Lord, Bid shades of er - ror flee, ...

Bid er-ror flee,

Till fair and bright, Thy reign of right Nations a-far shall see.

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67 Come Over and Help Us.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. "Come o-ver and help us!" they pleadingly say—These peoples that
2. Their souls are as dear to the Lord as our own, His arms are out-
3. Then has - ten to an-swer their pit - i - ful plea, And min-is - ter

know not of God; Oh, who is there ready and wait-ing to - day
reach-ing to all; And we who his wonderful goodness have known
un - to their need, Lest in the great day it be spo-ken of thee,

CHORUS.

To car - ry that knowledge a - broad? Come o - ver and
Must answer that sor-row-ful call.
"We called and thou wouldest not heed." Come over and help us, and

help us they cry, Come o - ver and save, or we die! (or we die!) Who

is there, who is there to list to their plea? Who answers, "Dear Master, send me."

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68

Send the Glad Tidings.

P. H. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. H. F.

1. While na - ture re - joi - ces and we are so glad, And sweet is the
2. Oh, we who are taught of the Fa-ther so kind, And fol - low him

song of praise, Oh, think of the nations so darkened and sad, And
day by day, Oh, think of the ones who are groping to find The

wandering in sin's wea - ry ways; Oh, think of them wandering a-
good and the beau-ti - ful way. Oh, think of them kindly and

far from the pathway That lead-eth to joy and to peace, Oh,
send them the message, The gos - pel of light and of love; Oh,

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Send the Glad Tidings.

think of their anguish, and send them the light, And bid all their sorrows cease.
banish their weeping and scatter their night, And lead to a home above.

CHORUS.

Oh, send the glad ti - dings of won - der - ful love, Oh,

tell of the mansions in heav - en a - bove, The gos - pel of light,

The gos - pel of love, Oh, send it the wide world thro.

69

Sowing for the Master.

P. H.

FINLEY LYON.

1. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, go forth to the field, The win - ter is o - ver and the birds gai - ly sing, The good ground is
2. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, the fields all are white, So great is the harvest, and the la-borers so few, Go forth with a
3. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, then go, go to - day, In sun-shine or shadow and in cold or in heat, Go forth at his

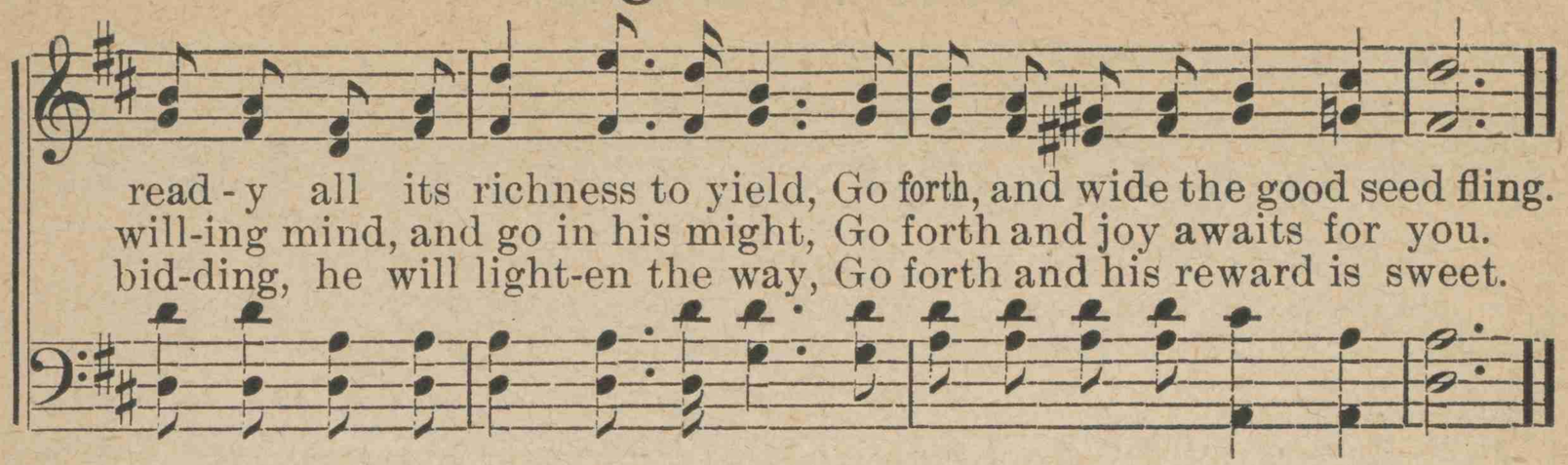
read - y all its rich - ness to yield, Then go, and wide the good seed fling. (the good seed fling.) Sow - ing, sow - ing, sowing for the Mas - ter,
willing mind, and go in his might, Go forth, and joy a-waits for you. (awaits for you.) Reap-ing, reap-ing, reaping for the Mas - ter,
bid-ding, he will light-en the way, Go forth and his re-ward is sweet. (reward is sweet.) Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil-ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing, sow - ing in the ear - ly spring, The good ground is
Reap-ing, reap- ing with the laborers few, Go forth with a
Toil - ing, toil - ing in the cold and heat, Go forth at his

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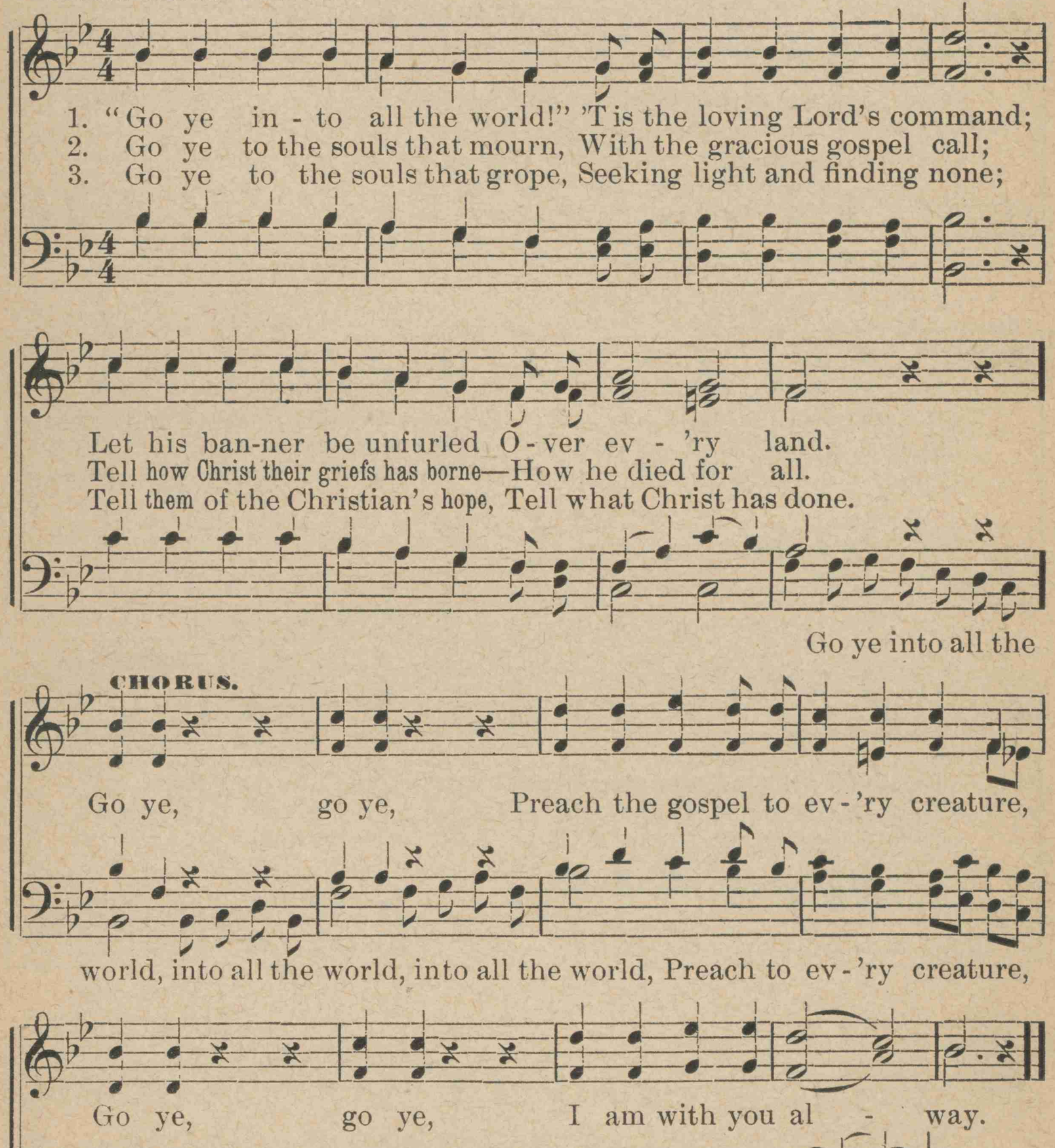
the spring,
so few,
the heat,

Sowing for the Master.



70 Go Ye Into All the World.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.



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71 Cheerful Giving.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Give as the Lord hath prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
2. Give to the poor a-long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
3. Give, tho so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;

Give with a will-ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
Give to the heathen far a-way, Give, give to the Lord;
Give but the cup in Je-sus' name, Give, give to the Lord;

He hath supplied thee o'er and o'er, Blessed thee in basket and in store,
Give to his need-y as they cry, Give to his peo-ple ere they die,
Cheerful then give the good thou hast, Fearless thy bread on waters cast,

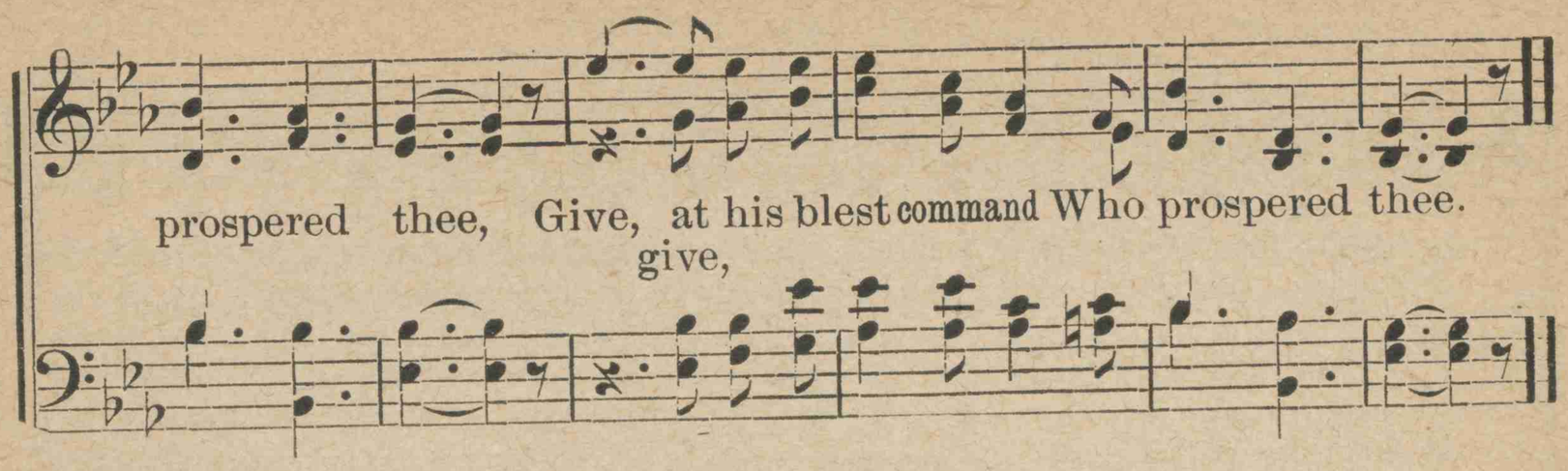
REFRAIN.

Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gra-cious Lord.
Give to his gospel that it fly, Oh, give, give, give. Give, give with a
It will re-turn to thee at last In har-vests great.

willing hand, Give, give with a liberal hand, Give at his blest command Who give,

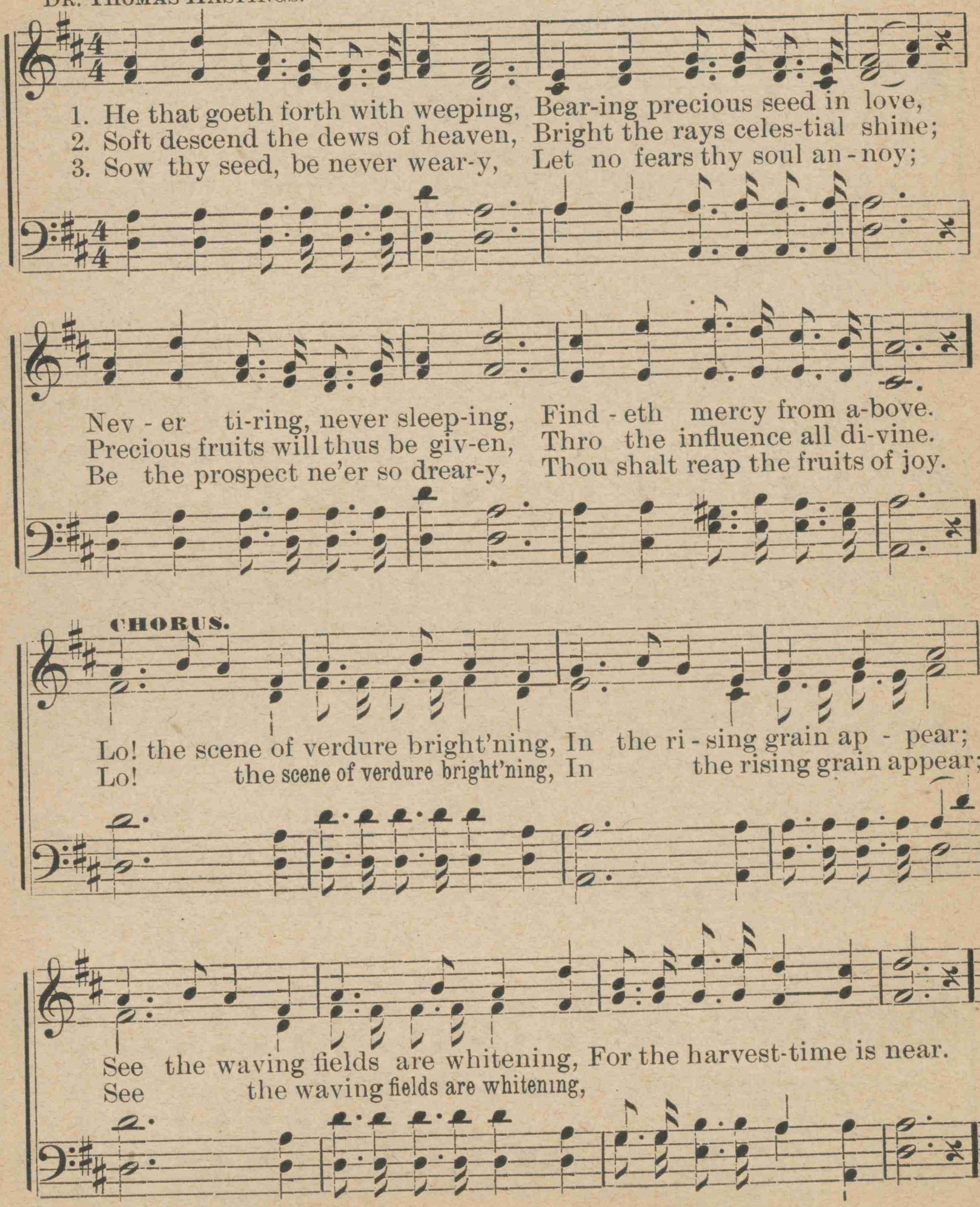
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Cheerful Giving.



72 Harvest Time.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. C. S. CABLE.



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73 Children of the Kingdom.

E. E. HEWITT. DUET* AND CHORUS. J. H. F.

1. We are "children of the kingdom," and our King who reigns above,
Let us show our Father's likeness in the gen-tle deeds of love,
2. There's a neighbor sad and wea-ry with the bur-den he must bear;
We can tell him that in Je-sus is a rest-ing-place most fair,
3. May the Spir-it of the Mas-ter gov-ern all we do and say;
Then we'll surely help each oth-er on the shi-ning upward way,

Sends his rain and sun-shine down up-on us all;
In the words that like the dews of bless-ing fall.
We can slip a help-ing hand be-neath the load;
We can plant un-fa-ding flowers a-long the road.
Let him fill us as the wa-ters fill the sea;
And to him shall ev-er-last-ing glo-ry be.

CHORUS.

As the gold-en moments fly, As the days are gli-ding by, We can

help each oth-er, if we on-ly try; We can hold a cheer-y light,

Making dreary pathways bright, We can help each other, if we only try.

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*The alto part of the duet may be sung by a tenor.

74 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest bless-ed - ness, Would you know its truest joyfulness, Make some other
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Many hearts with grief are bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,
Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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75 O Cross Upon Mount Calvary.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. DUET AND CHORUS. J. H. F.

Con dolore.

1. O cross upon Mount Cal - va-ry, A sinless one was nailed to thee!
2. O cross upon Mount Cal - va-ry, He could not save himself from thee!
3. O cross upon Mount Cal - va-ry, My weight of sin is nailed to thee!

Be-neath a veiled and awful sky, The Son of God was called to die,
He could not be the Christ he is, With less a sac - ri- fice than his,
No long-er need I bear alone The burden Christ has made his own,

CHORUS.

The Son of God was called to die.
With less a sac - ri - fice than his. O cross upon Mount Calvary,
The burden Christ has made his own.

Whereon my Saviour died for me! Till I of Christ forgot - ten be,

Let me remember Cal - va - ry, Let me remember Cal - va-ry.

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76 Come Unto Me.

P. H. J. H. F.

Dolce.

1. When the troubles of life like the wild billows roll, And the sorrows of sin are oppressing my soul, Then the voice of my Saviour comes gentle and sweet, And I hear him so softly these dear words repeat. Come, come unto me, . . . O come, come un - to me, . . . O come un - to me, O come un - to me, O come un - to me, come un - to me, O come unto me and find rest to your souls, O come and find rest to your souls.

2. Many times have I sought him in grief and despair, Many times have I bro't him my burden of care, And he always has heard me and blessed, as he said, He has taken my load and left gladness instead.

3. Had I wings—to the hungry this bread would I bring, Had I voice—to the weeping this song would I sing, We 've a Saviour so kind and acquainted with grief, We 've a Saviour so good and so great in relief.

CHORUS.

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77 Happy in the Gospel.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Hap-py in the gos-pel From a - bove, Joy-ful in the sunlight
2. In the land of darkness Far a - way, Na-tions long benighted,
3. We, who have the sunshine, Break the night; We, who have the gospel,

Of God's love, Na - tion led by him, Peo-ple blest by him,
Watch for day; From that shadow-land, From that sorrow-land,
Send the light, Send the ho - ly Word, Send the gracious Word,

Church redeemed of him, Sons be-loved of him, Hap - py in the
Look they tear-ful - ly, Look they longing-ly For the blessed
Show the bless-ed way, Show the heavenly way, To the heathen

gos-pel, The sunlight of the gos - pel, The light of God's love, The
morning, The long-expected morn-ing, The bright gospel day, The
na-tions, The long be-nighted na - tions, Oh, send forth the light, Oh,

Rit.

light of God's love, The sunlight of the gospel, The light of God's love.
bright gospel day, The long-expected morning, The bright gospel day.
send forth the light, To all the heathen na-tions, Oh, send forth the light.

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78 Love and Help Each Other.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. We should love and help each other, Day by day, day by day,
2. Let us go in scenes of sor - row, Undismayed, un-dismayed,
3. How the hand of love can lighten, All our woe, all our woe,

We should raise the fallen brother On the way, on the way, For the road is
Trouble's hand on us tomor-row May be laid, may be laid, Let us help while
How the gleam of hope can brighten All be-low, all be-low, Let us do the

rough at best, As we count each weary mile, Let us cheer the fainting breast With a
now we can, Ev'ry bur-den to relieve; As we bless our fellow-man So a
kind-ly deed, Let us speak the loving word; They will spring like precious seed In the

REFRAIN.

tender word and smile.
blessing we'll re-ceive. We should love Day by day, day by
gar - den of the Lord. and help each other,

day, We should raise the fallen brother, On the way, on the way.

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79 Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

Doloroso.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our fa - ces toward the setting of the sun;—Down the valley where the
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the la - bors of the wea-ry day are done; One by one, the cares of
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man comrade you or I will there have none, But a ten-der hand will

mournful cy-press grows, Where the stream of death in silence onward
earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up-on the riv - er-brink at
guide us lest we fall, Christ is go-ing down the val - ley with us

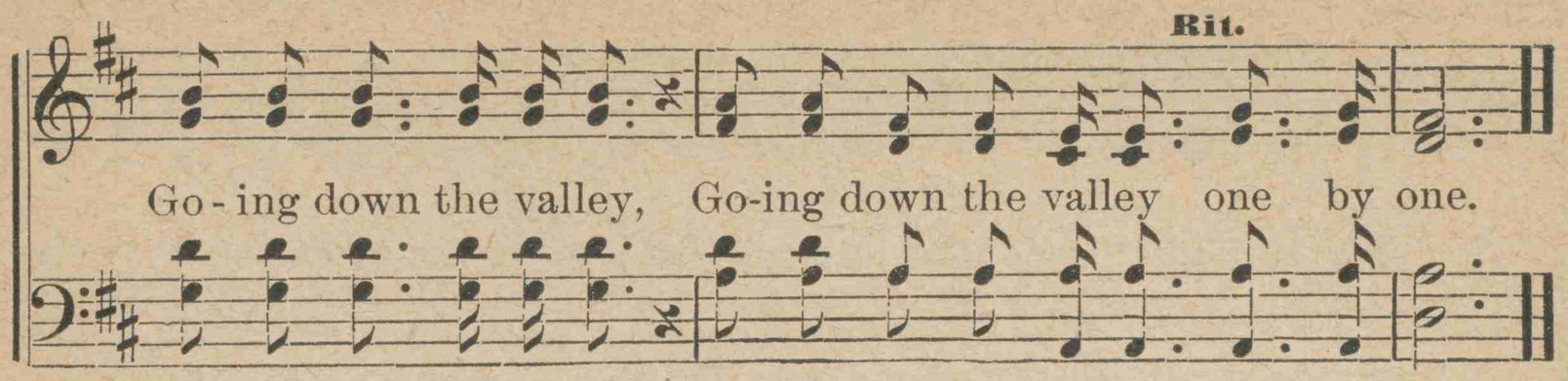
CHORUS.

flows.
last. We are go-ing down the valley, Go-ing down the valley,
all.

Going toward the setting of the sun, We are going down the valley,

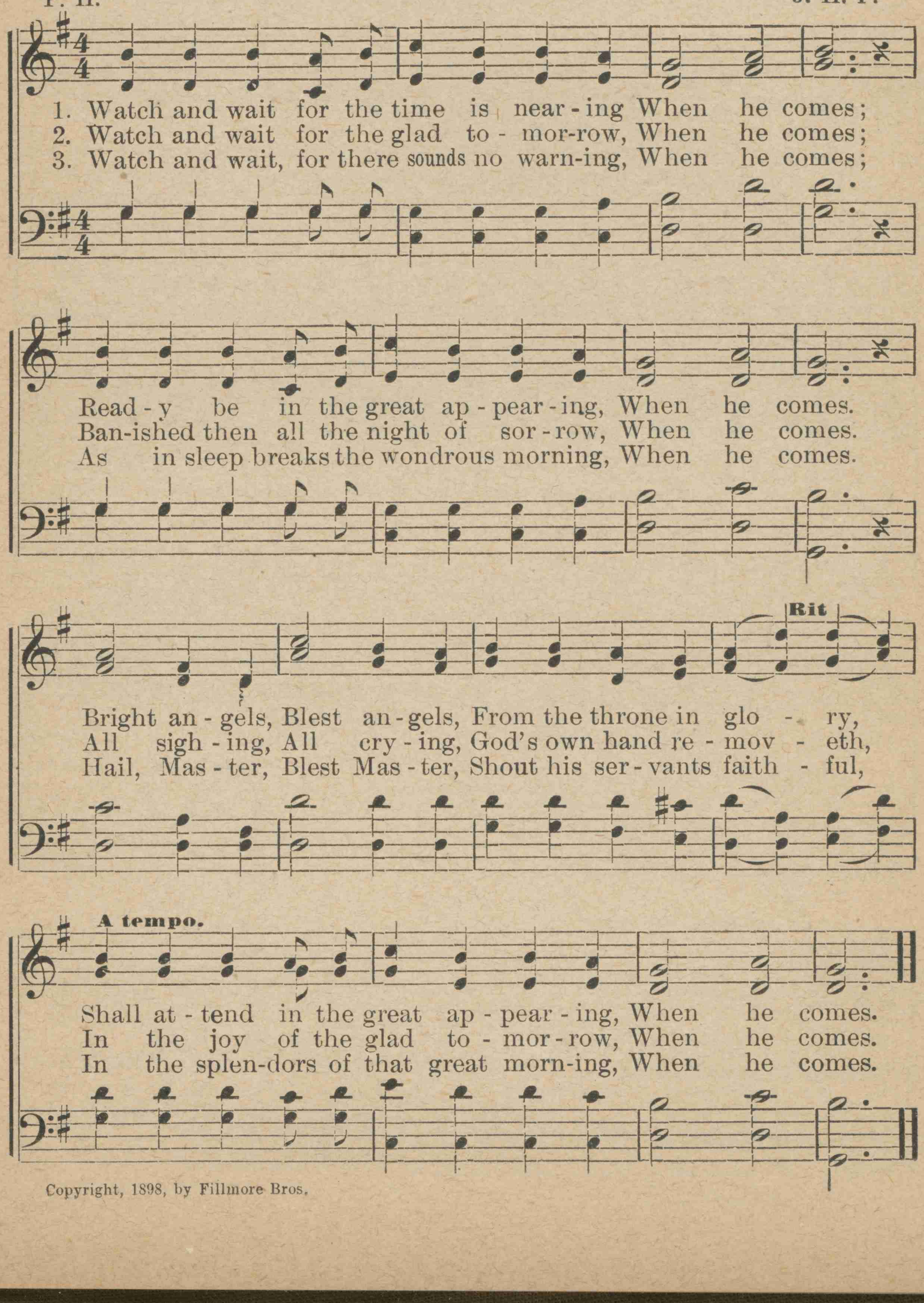
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Going Down the Valley.



80. When He Comes.

P. H. J. H. F.



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81 I Love the Lord.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. I love the Lord, he came to save, He stooped and drew me from the grave,
2. I love the Lord, he died for me, His grace he gives divine and free,
3. I love the Lord, he touched my sight, And he henceforth was my delight,
4. I love the Lord, while here I stay, With joy I'll serve him every day,

He bore a-way my load of sin, And peace and joy now reign within.
I love his word, I love his ways, And his I am thro endless days.
He pointed to his home a-bove, And there was fixed my hope and love.
He leads the way, he knoweth all, And trusting him I ne'er shall fall.

CHORUS.

Your voi-ces raise . . ye saints, to tell . . The praise of
Your voices raise, your voices raise to tell

him . . I love so well, . . Ye choirs above, . . the glories
The praise of him, of him I love so well, Ye choirs above, ye choirs a-

sing, . . Of him, my Sav - - iour and my King.
bove the glories sing, Of him my Saviour and my King, my Saviour King.

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82 The Waters of Jordan May Roll.

P. H. J. H. F

1. When night settles down o'er the sea, My spir-it is tranquil and free,
2. To Jordan had Is - ra - el come, It's swollen tide raging with foam,
3. The riv-er of death lies be - fore, And dark is its flood ev-er - more;

And calm is my pil - low, Tho rocked on the bil - low, For
The Lord went be - fore them, The wa - ters stood o'er them, They
In fear stand we shrink-ing, But 'neath its waves sink - ing, We

CHORUS.

there is my Sav-iour with me.
marched thro to Canaan, their home. The wa - ters of Jor-dan may
rise .on the beau - ti - ful shore.

roll, . . The wa - ters of Jor - dan may roll, . . . May
may roll, ... may roll, . . . May

The wa-ters of Jor-dan may

The Sav-iour will care for my soul. . .

Rit.

roll, may roll, may roll . . . . my soul.

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83 Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

P. H. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the Master's field so fair? Are you casting it forth with a full hand, brother, In the morn so bright? Are you sowing the seed as the day wears onward, And aptwo - ten - der years? Are you sowing the seed o'er the ground so stony, Toiling

2. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the ear - ly strength of faith and prayer? Oh, the spring so bright is passing by, proach the shades of night? on with prayers and tears? passing by,

3. Are you sow-ing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the heart of

CHORUS.

And the reap-ing time will surely come; Haste! the seed wide surely come;

flinging, Then at last come, bringing Golden sheaves for the harvest-home.

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84 Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care, With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day . . . along your way, ... The seeds of prom - - -
Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise

ise cast, ... That ripened grain . . . from hill and
cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain, ... Be gathered home . . at last. . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last . . .

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85

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
goodness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

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Let Your Light Shine.

Words and Music by FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you shining now for Je - sus, Have you given your heart to him?
2. Are you shining now for Je - sus With a radiance warm and true?
3. Are you shining now for Je - sus, Is your light to oth - ers known?

Is your light a sig-nal un - to oth - ers, Is it sparkling, bright or dim?
Can you say sincerely "All for Je - sus," Doing all he bids you do?
Does it shine on paths that lie in darkness, Leading them the Christ to own?

CHORUS.

Let your light shine ev'ry day, Let it be a bea-con ev-'ry day,
in the straight and narrow way, Leading those to safe - ty who in
darkness long have wandered, Let your light shine ev - 'ry day.

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87 Bright Star of Hope.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Bright star of hope, there's darkness on the sea, Lost is the sail - or
2. Bright star of hope, the wear-y traveler strays, Lost in the darkness
3. Bright star of hope, send out thy gladsome light, Na - tions in darkness

in the tempest wild, Swift flies his bark where rocks and dangers be,
now for help he cries, Shine thou and lead him back to wisdom's ways,
wait thy coming cheer, Dawn on the world in all thy beau-ty bright,

CHORUS.

Shine on the bil - low in thy lus-ter mild.
Point to the blessed home beyond the skies. Bright star of hope, shine
Thou sun and Sav-iour, un - to all ap - pear.

on, Bright star of hope shine on, Send out thy light
shine on, shine, shine on, and Send out thy light, thy light,

in beau-ty bright, Send out thy light, send out thy gladsome light.
in beau-ty, beauty bright,

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88 Onward Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

Refrain.

ban - ners go!
char - i - ty.
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to

war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

89

Passing Away.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. The kingdoms of earth may be placed at thy feet; The plaud-its of men may be tempting - ly sweet; But still in thy
2. Ah, thou who art death-less, a world - ly re - nown Will leave thee at last but a with - er - ing crown; What is there thy
3. Be - yond the ho - ri - zon of cloud-shadowed years, Be- yond the wild tem - pests of sor - rows and fears, Are waiting the

heart will a voice seem to say, "The earth and its glo-ries are
heav - en - born spir - it to stay, When earth and its glo-ries are
glo - ries that nev - er de - cay—Are wait-ing the hon-ors that

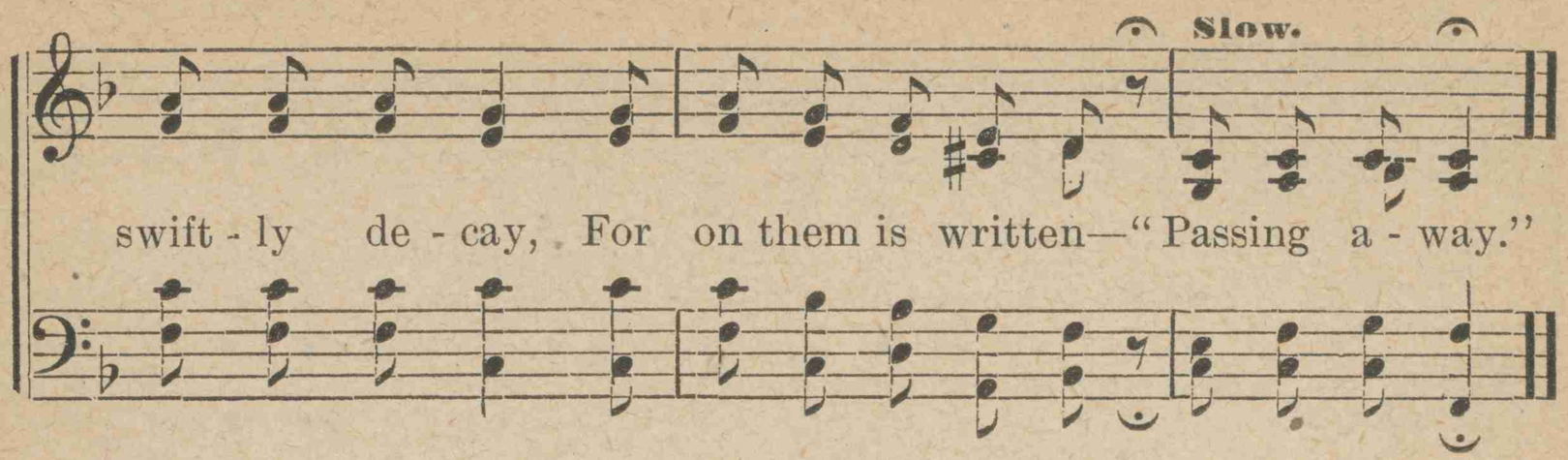
CHORUS.

pass-ing a - way."
pass-ing a - way. Passing a - way! pass-ing a - way! The honors that
pass not a - way.

tempt thee will last but a day; The things that are earthly will

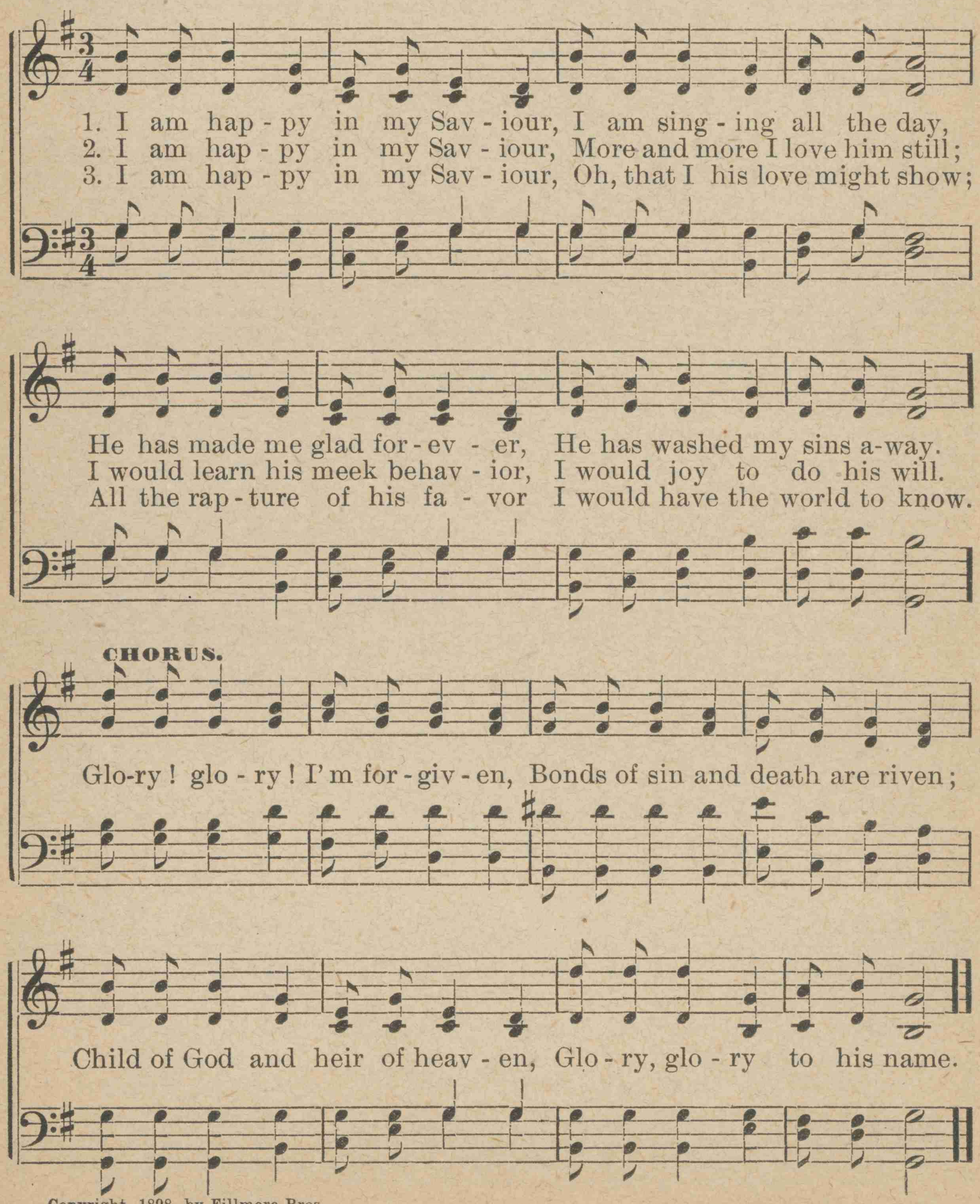
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Passing Away.



90 Happy in My Saviour.

P. H. J. H. F.



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91 Bells of Heaven.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

Moderato.

1. Chiming thro the azure sky there comes the pealing, Joyful pealing,
2. Bells of heaven chiming o'er the world's commotion, How ye still the

tune-ful peal-ing of the bells, From each distant star-world music
jarring sounds of strife and care, How ye draw the wayward heart in

CHORUS.

Fine.

soft-ly stealing, Of the Father's love it tells. Chime on, ye bells of
pure de-votion To the hallowed place of pray'r. Chime on, chime on, ye

heaven, Silver bells, your tones softly swell; Chime on, ye bells of
bells of heav'n; Chime on, chime on, ye

Chime on, chime on, chime on,

heav-en, Of the Fa-ther's love ye tell, . . .
bells of heav'n, so sweetly tell.

D. C.

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92 Oh, Wonderful Word of Salvation.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Oh, won - der - ful word of sal - va - tion, Oh, won - der - ful
2. The tem - pest may gath - er with-out me, And dan-gers from
3. Oh, help me to tell the sweet sto - ry, The won-der - ful

mes - sage of love, To us from the mer - ci - ful Fa - ther,
Sa - tan and sin; His word is a fort - ress a - bout me,
mes - sage pro - claim, For all there's a man-sion in glo - ry,

To us from the cit - y a - bove. Oh, ten - derest whispers of
And faith is un-shak-en with - in. Tho thorn-y the way, he is
For all there is hope in his name. There's joy for the journey that's

par - don, Oh, love that we ev - er shall sing, Oh, beau - ti- ful
guid - ing; I fol-low with footsteps so free, For peace in my
drear - y, There's sight for the eyes that are dim; There's strength for the

ti - dings of mer - cy, From heaven's all-glo - ri - ous King.
heart is a - bi - ding, And heav-en is wait-ing for me.
feet that are wea - ry, There's glo-ry e - ter - nal with him.

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93 Golden Harps.

P. H. *May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.* J. H. F.

1. O'er the dark and si-lent stream, Comes to us a cheering gleam, Of the
2. We must hear the solemn knell, We must say the sad farewell, While with-
3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our

light and beau-ty of the farther shore, And our loved ones wait, we know,
in this land of part-ings we a-bide, And our hearts would sink with grief,
fra - gile bark must launch into the night, But the Hand that led us here,

While we shrink and fear to go, To that sun-ny land to dwell for ev - er-
Had we not the sweet re-lief Of a Friend that standeth ever at our
Will not fail us in our fear, It will bear us safe-ly to the shores of

CHORUS.

more. Gold-en harps . . are loud-ly ring-ing, o - ver there, Angel
side.
light. Golden harps are loudly ring-ing, o - ver there,

choirs . . are sweetly singing, over there, And our loved ones wait, we know,
Angel choirs are sweetly singing, over there,

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Golden Harps.

While we shrink and fear to go, To that sunny land to dwell for evermore.

94 The Path that Jesus Leads.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. There is a path that Je - sus leads, And tho it rough ap-pear,
2. There is a path that seems all fair, And crowds do throng that way,
3. The pathway blest may I pur - sue, His faithful follower still,

Yet in that path for all our needs With help he's ev-er near.
But woes un-told are hidden there, Its pleasures all de - cay.
Where'er to go, whate'er to do, O - be-dient to his will.

CHORUS.

Oh, how bright are the days, When we walk in his ways,
Oh, how bright are the days, When we walk in his ways,

Oh, how glad the Lord can make this world, When in his paths we go.

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Victorious King.

P. H. J. H. F.

Hail, Mighty Vic - tor, hail, Hail, Mighty Victor,
Hail, Vic - tor, hail, Mighty Victor, Hail, Victor,
Hail, hail, Hail,

hail, Hail, Mighty Victor, hail, hail, Hail, Mighty Victor, hail.
hail, Mighty Victor, hail, hail,
hail, Hail, hail, hail, hail,

Unison for all voices.

Un - to him that liv - eth, A-ris-en, as-cended, ex-alt-ed, en-
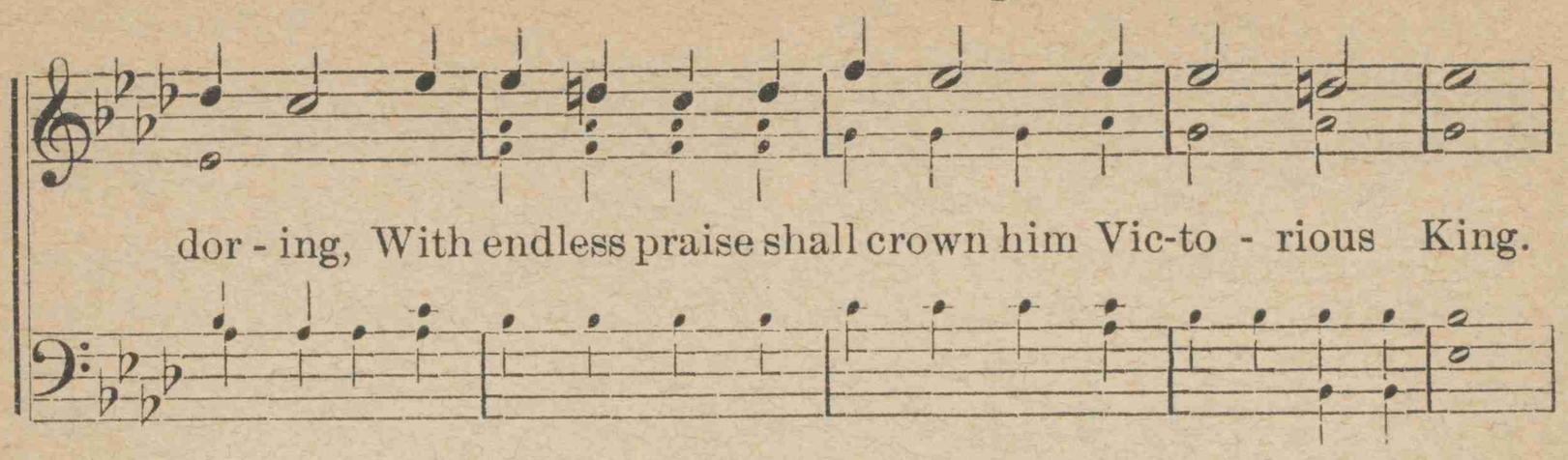
throned, Be pow-er and dominion For - ev - er and ev - er.
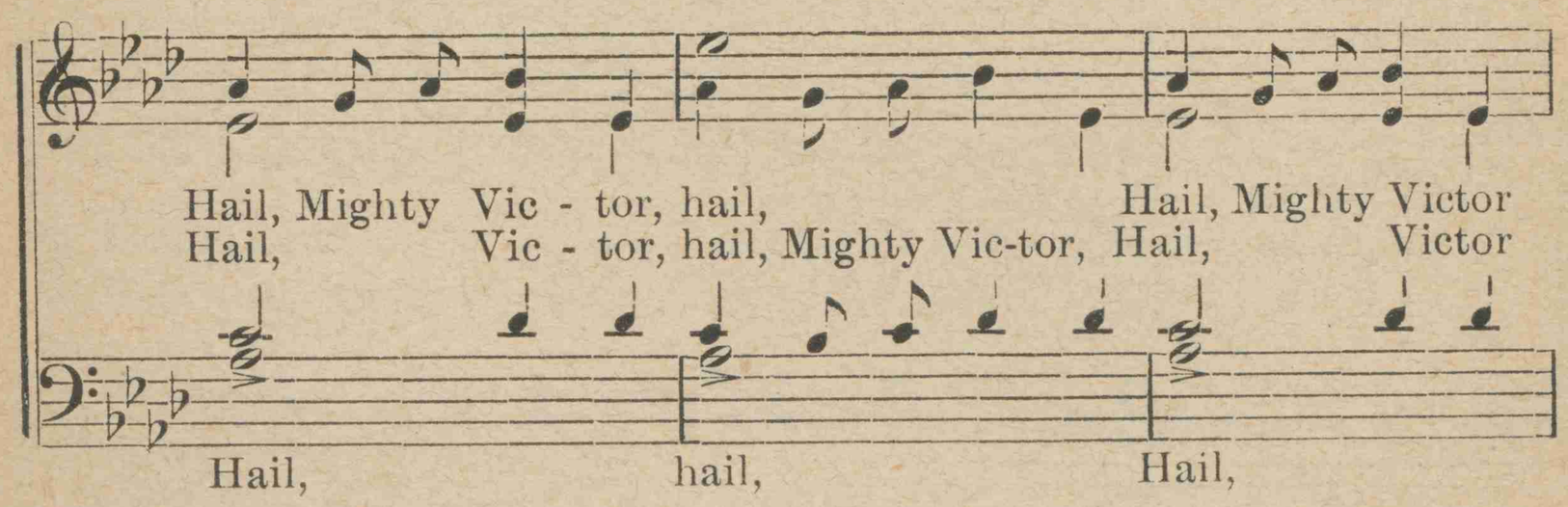
All the hosts of heav - en, Amaz-ed, enraptured, ex-ulting, a-

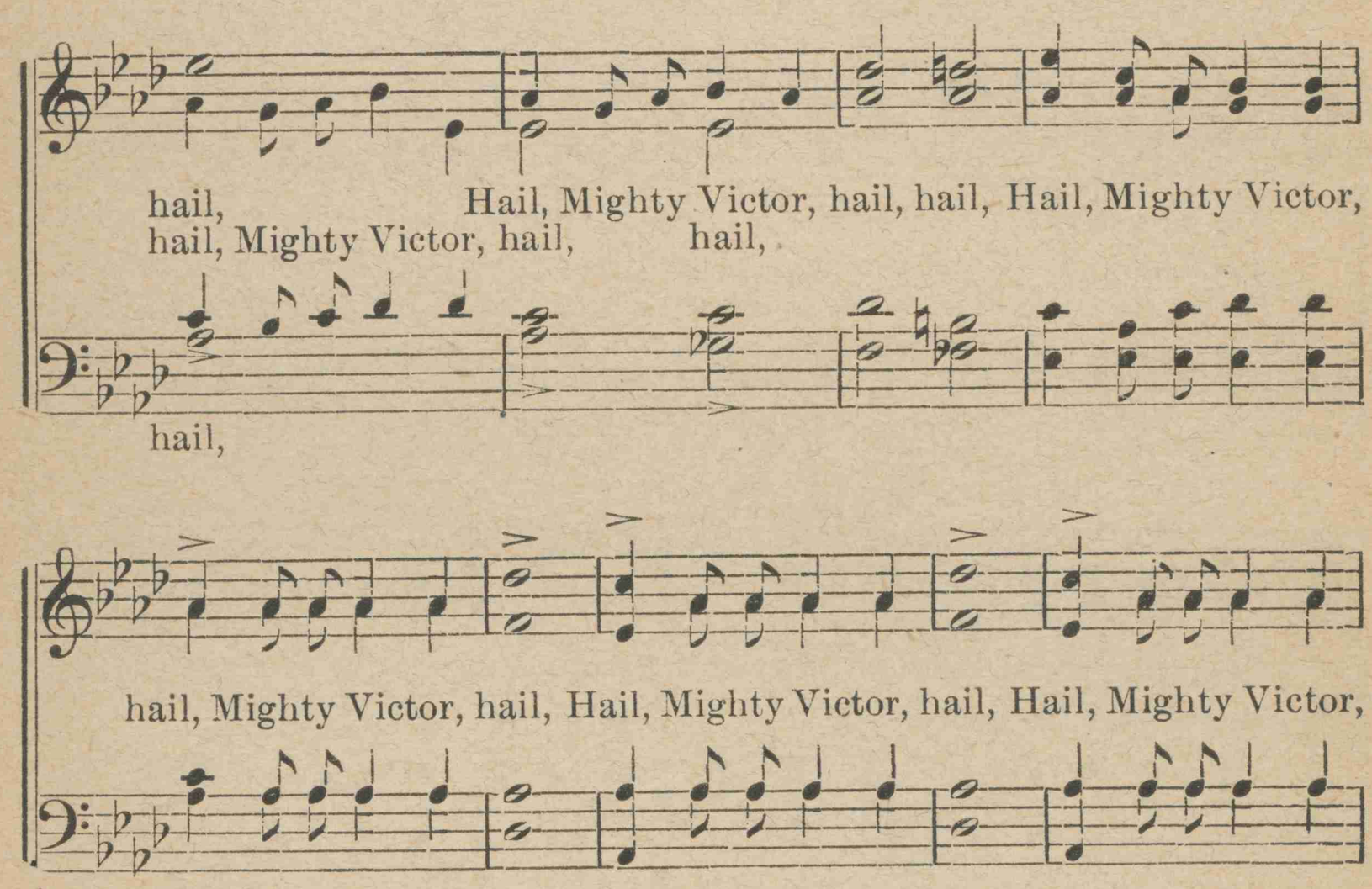
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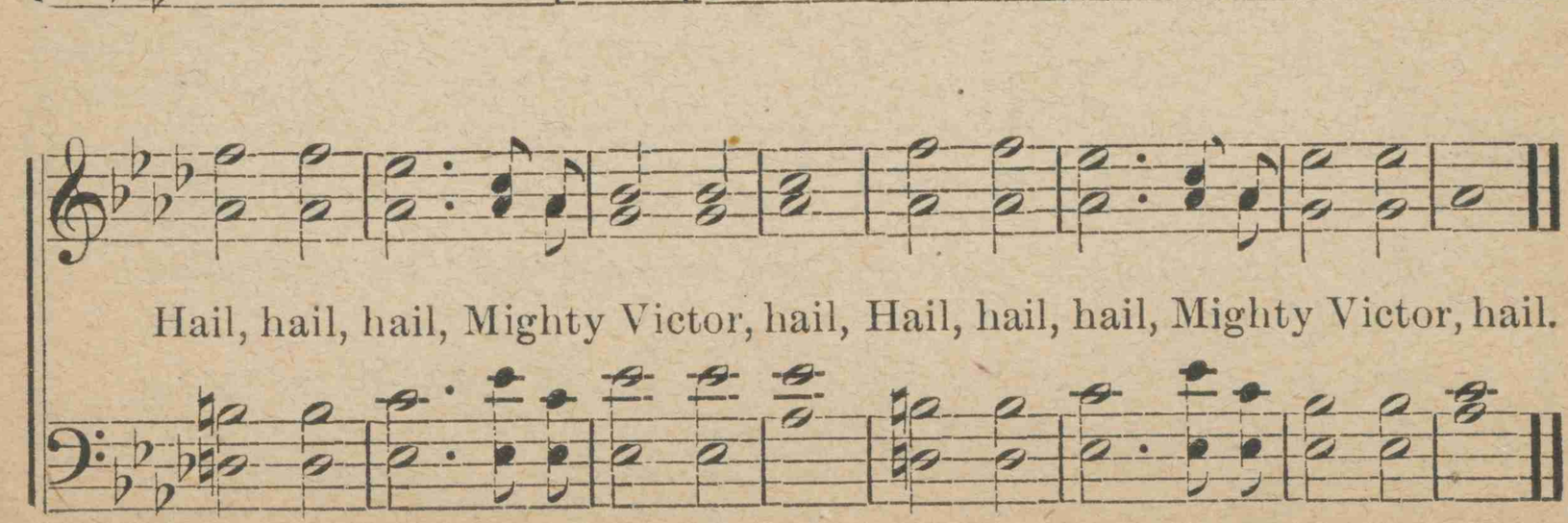
*Use small notes second time only.

Victorious King.









96 There is a Green Hill.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. J. B. HERBERT.

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a cit-y wall; Where the dear
2. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might

Lord was cru - cified Who died to save us all. We may not know, we
go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood. There was no other

can not tell What pains he had to bear, But we believe it was for us He
good enough To pay the price of sin, He only could unlock the gate Of

REFRAIN.

hung and suffered there. Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved, And we must love him
heaven, and let us in.

too, And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.
And trust in his

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97 Tho Faint, yet Pursuing.

JOHN N. DARBY. THOS. KOSCHAT. Arr.

1. Tho faint, yet pur-su-ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our Lead-er, his word is our stay;
2. He rais-eth the fall-en, he cheereth the faint; The weak and op-pressed, he 'll hear their complaint;
3. And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads; His flock in the des-ert how kind-ly he feeds!
4. Tho clouds may surround us, our God is our light; Tho storms rage a-round us, our God is our might;

Tho suffering and sorrow and tri-al be near,
The way may be wea-ry, and thorny the road,
The lambs in his bos-om he ten-der-ly bears,
So faint, yet pur-su-ing, still on-ward we come;

The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we fear?
But how can we fal-ter?— our help is in God!
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.
The Lord is our Lead-er, and heaven is our home!

98 All will be Well.

A. S. BOYD. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. If Je-sus is with us, what-ev-er our lot, If sunshine or shad-ow, or pal-ace or cot, Wherev-er we journey, wher-
2 In rich-es, in pov-er-ty, sickness or health, His presence gives glad-ness, con-tent-ment and wealth; Tho how it im-parts them we
3. If Christ is "the Light and the Truth and the Way," And him we will fol-low from day un-to day, All darkness and sor-row he
4. Oh, list to his pleading, and come at his call. For if we have Je-sus, we then will have all; And we in his presence for-

ev-er we dwell, If Je-sus is with us, then all will be well.
nev-er may tell, If Je-sus is with us, then all will be well.
then will dispel;—If Je-sus is with us, then all will be well.
ever shall dwell;—If Je-sus is with us, then all will be well.

REFRAIN.

All, all, all will be well, All, all, all will be well; Tempests may gather and darkness may fall, If Je-sus be with us, All will be well.

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99 I've Fought the Good Fight.

P. H. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. H. F.

1. The brief day of life is fast nearing its close, The sun has sunk low in the west,
2. In bat-tle I've stood for the truth and the right, When Sa - tan his fi - ery darts hurled,
3. I've smarted from wounds that the arrows have made, When careless my shield I laid by,
4. Ye soldiers of Christ, let your courage be strong, Stand firm for your Cap-tain and King,

I soon shall lie down in death's peaceful repose,
But faith was my shield, and the Lord was my might,
But faithful and true he has come to my aid,
Hold out to the end, for 'tis not very long,

CHORUS.

To wake in the morn of the blest.
And vain were the boasts of the world. I've fought the good fight, and I've
And saved me when ready to die.
And glo - ry at last you will sing.

finished my course, And now at the last would I say That God is our
strength and our boundless resource, In him there is victory each day.

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100 The Wonderful Saviour.

D. C. CARSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I've found a friend, the best of all, Jesus, the wonderful Sav-iour;
2. With outcast sin - ners he did eat, Jesus, the wonderful Sav-iour;
3. For us he suffered want and shame, Jesus, the wonderful Sav-iour;

He heard my weak but ear-nest call, Jesus, the wonderful Sav-iour!
And washed his own dis-ci-ples' feet, Jesus, the wonderful Sav-iour!
We're saved thro faith in his dear name, Jesus, the wonderful Sav-iour!

When lost in sin he heard my cry, To earth he came for me to die, But
Tho without sin, for us he died, On Calvary's cross was crucified, Bur-
No other name for sinners given, No other name in earth or heaven, But

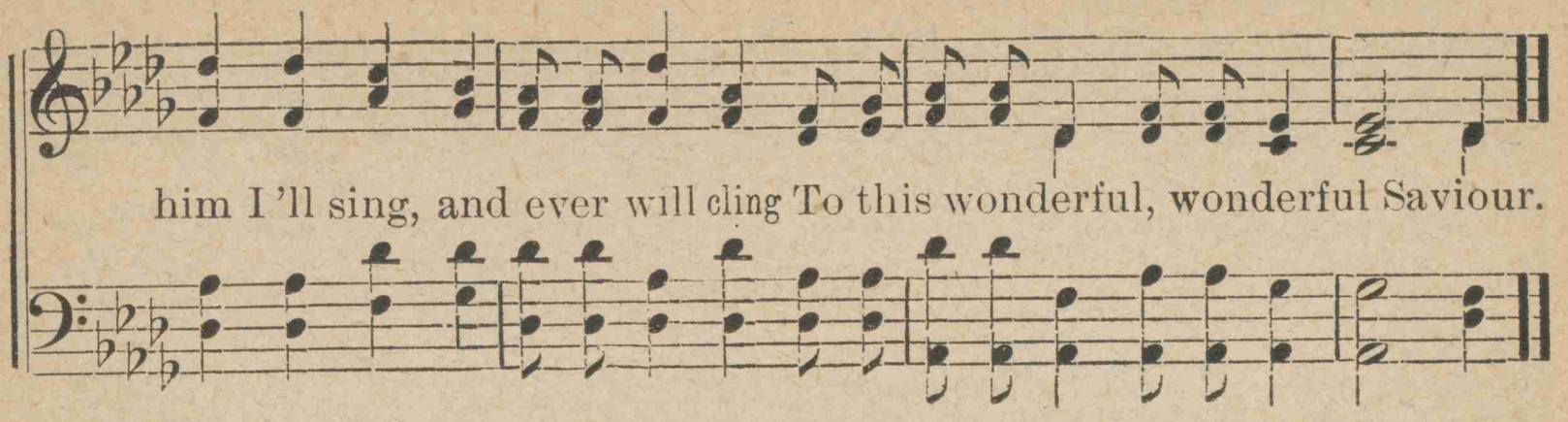
reign-ing now in bliss on high, Is this wonderful, wonderful Saviour.
ied, a - rose and glo - ri-fied, Was this wonderful, wonderful Saviour.
all must come, who'd be forgiven, To this wonderful, wonderful Saviour.

CHORUS.

Wonderful, wonderful Sav-iour! Wonderful, wonderful Sav-iour! Of
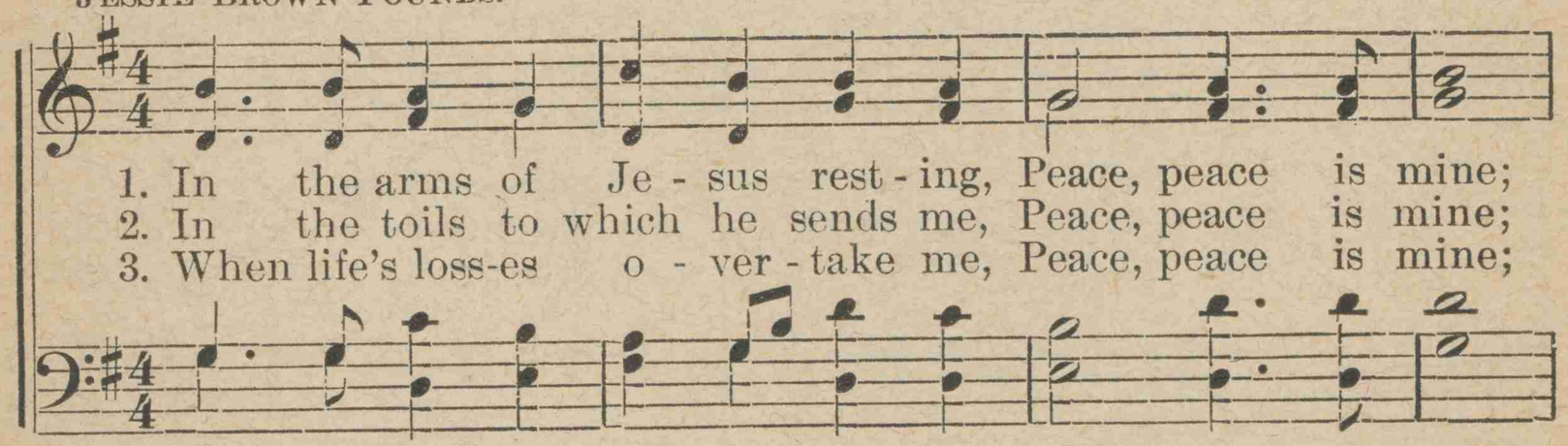
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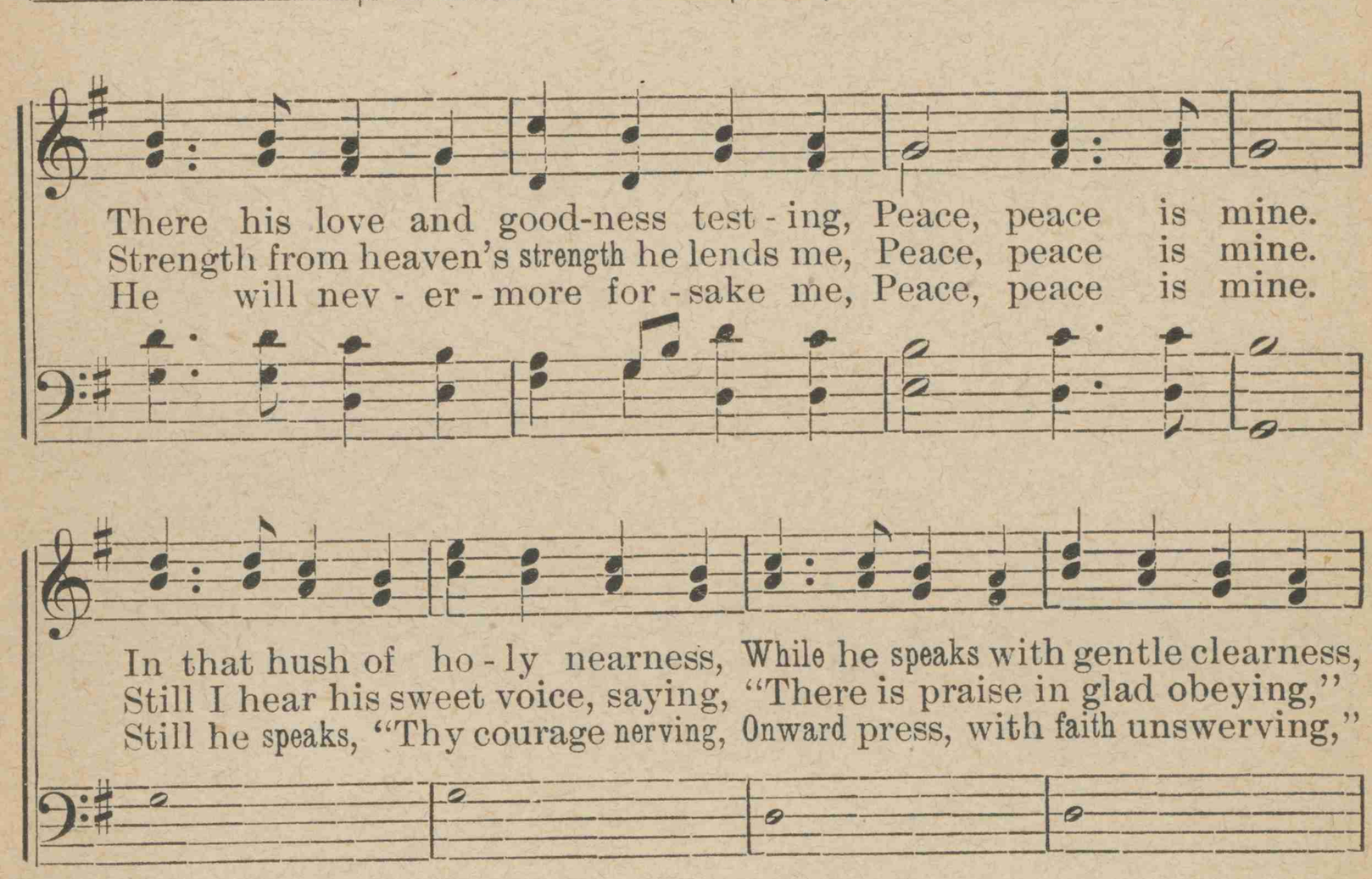
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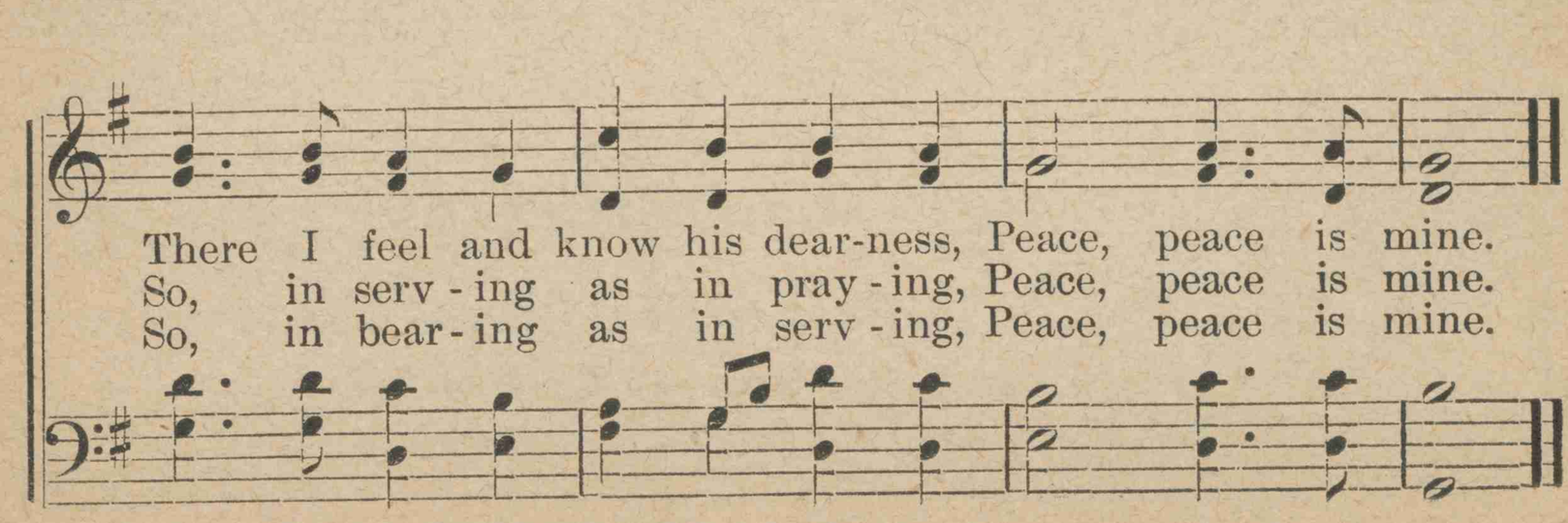


101 Peace is Mine.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.









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102 A Place In the Ranks for Me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. List! the trumpet of God is sound - ing, Is sound-ing from sea to sea;
2. See, the ar - my of God ad - van - ces, In strength of his ho - ly might;
3. List! the trumpet of God is sound - ing, Is sound-ing for vic - to - ry;

On the field where the brave are falling There's a glit - ter of hel - mets bright.
See the flash of the mov-ing lan - ces, And the Cap - tain has need of me.
I must go, for the brave are fall - ing, And the place in the ranks for me.

CHORUS.

There's a place in the ranks for me. There's a place in the ranks for me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the field where the brave are falling, There's a place in the ranks for me.

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103 Salvation is Free.

HARRIET E. JONES. Alt. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I am so glad that sal-va - tion is free, That Je - sus will par-
2. I am so glad that sal-va - tion is free, And now and for-ev-
3. I am so glad that sal-va - tion is free, Oh, fain would I sound

don a sin - ner like me; He asks not for sil - ver, he asks not for
er I hap - py shall be; To him, my Redeem-er, my all shall be
it far o - ver the sea; All na - tions and peoples and kindreds may

CHORUS.

gold, The poor-est can en - ter the good Shepherd's fold.
given, I'll serve him on earth, And I'll praise him in heaven. Sal-va - tion is
come, The out-cast, the wanderer may here find a home.

free For you and for me; Oh, won-der of won-ders un-told, Sal-

va-tion is free, Our Saviour we'll see, And dwell in the city of gold.

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104 Look Aloft.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. When the storm rages high and the tem-pest is free, And our light boat is tossed by the waves of the sea, Then to him who the winds and the waves doth control, Unto God do we look while the wild billows roll.
2. When afflictions draw near, and our comforts de-part, When the loved one, so cherished, is torn from the heart, When in want and in weakness the head boweth low, Unto God do we look while the wild tempests blow.
3. Oh, the star of our hope as our bark glides along, It shall fast-en our gaze, it shall waken our song; And our faith shall be firm, and our hope shall not cease, Till our anchor we drop in the ha - ven of peace.

CHORUS.

Look a - loft, . . look a - loft, . . . High up are the stars so bright;
Look a-loft, look a-loft,
Look a - loft, . . . look a - loft, Still beameth the throne of light.
Look a-loft,

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105 Take a Step Forward To-day.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. My brother, look upward and onward, The hosts of our God in ar-
2. In spite of life's worries and stresses, In spite of the thorns of the
3. Look up to the summit a-bove you, Look on to the end of the

ray With shout and with song are advanc-ing; Then take a step
way, Lift bravely the burden that press-es, And take a step
way, Look up to the an-gels who love you, And take a step

CHORUS.

for-ward to-day. Oh, take a step for - ward, for-
for-ward to-day. Forward, oh, take a step forward, oh,

ward, Take a step for-ward to-day, . . . Oh,
take a step for - ward, Take a step for-ward to-

Rit.

brother, look upward and onward, And take a step forward to-day.
day,

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106 Greet with a Smile.

P. H. FINLEY LYON.

1. Greet the whole world with a smile, Its briars as well as ros - es,
2. Greet the whole world with a smile, And sweeter the song-bird singeth,
3. Greet the whole world with a smile, Seek heaviest loads to lighten,
4. Greet the whole world with a smile, Give cheer to the weary neighbor,

Touching but lightly the twig, the thorn the less sharply will sting;
Loud-er the bleat of the flock, and gay-er the hum of the hive;
Sing, that on high and on low, a - like the sweet music may fall;
All have their troubles and cares, and all have their doubts and their fears;

Greet the whole world with a smile, And find that in all re-pos - es
Greet the whole world with a smile, And lo! everywhere joy springeth,
Greet the whole world with a smile, Seek darkest of lives to brighten,
Greet the whole world with a smile, Go forth with a song to la - bor,

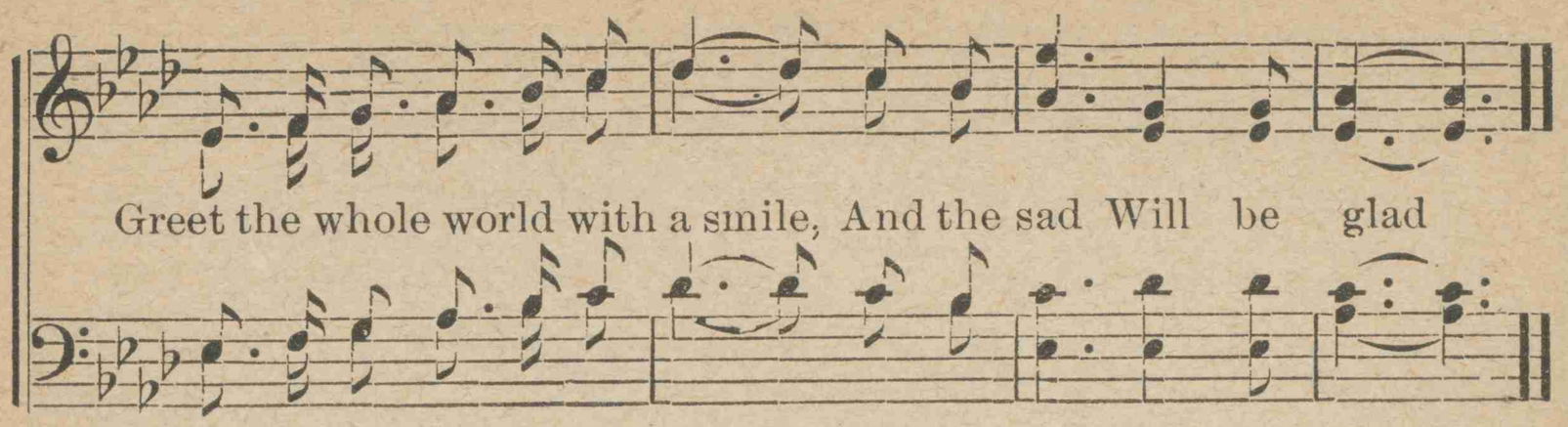
Something that giveth us good, and something that pleasure doth bring.
Stronger the beast for the yoke, and swifter the steed for the drive.
Scat - ter an in - fluence sweet like sunshine from heaven on all.
Trust in his gracious sup-ply, who seeth our tri-als and tears.

CHORUS.

Greet the whole world with a smile, Let the song Float a - long,

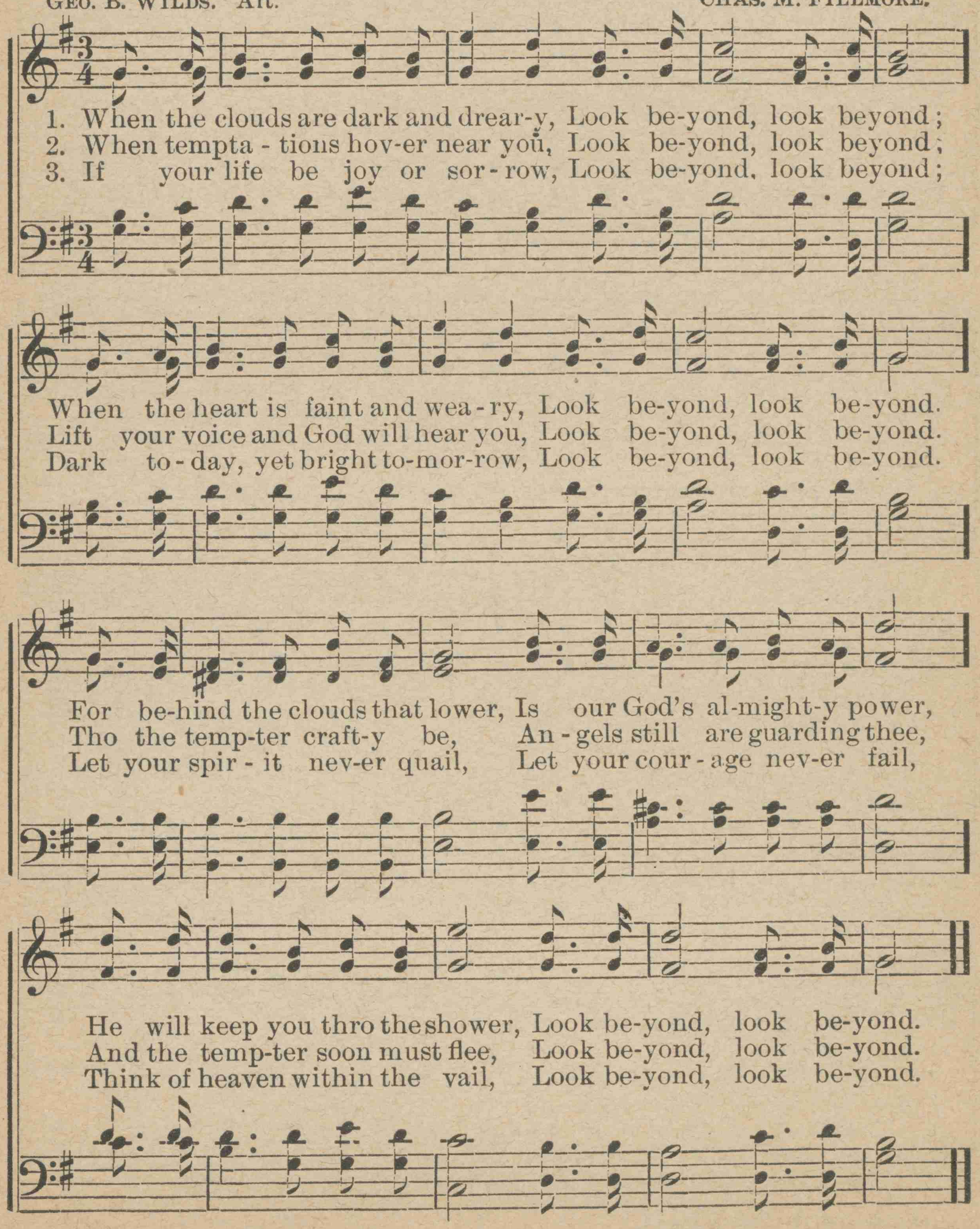
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Greet with a Smile.



107 Look Beyond.

GEO. B. WILDS. Alt. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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108 Sunbeams.

REV. ISAAC NAYLOR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Speak kind-ly to the err - ing one you meet up-on the way;
2. Speak gent-ly to the wandering one! oh, do not scold or frown;
3. Speak sweetly to the fall - en one, in ac-cents soft and low;

The burdened heart is yearning for a word that you may say.
Re - mem-ber that his brow may some day wear a star - ry crown.
Tell of the pa - tient Saviour and his love, where'er you go.

With anxious heart and smi-ling face tell of a Sav-iour's love
Be pa-tient; soft in pa-thos speak; in earn- est try to win
Re - mem-ber that when thou thyself wert deep in sin and night,

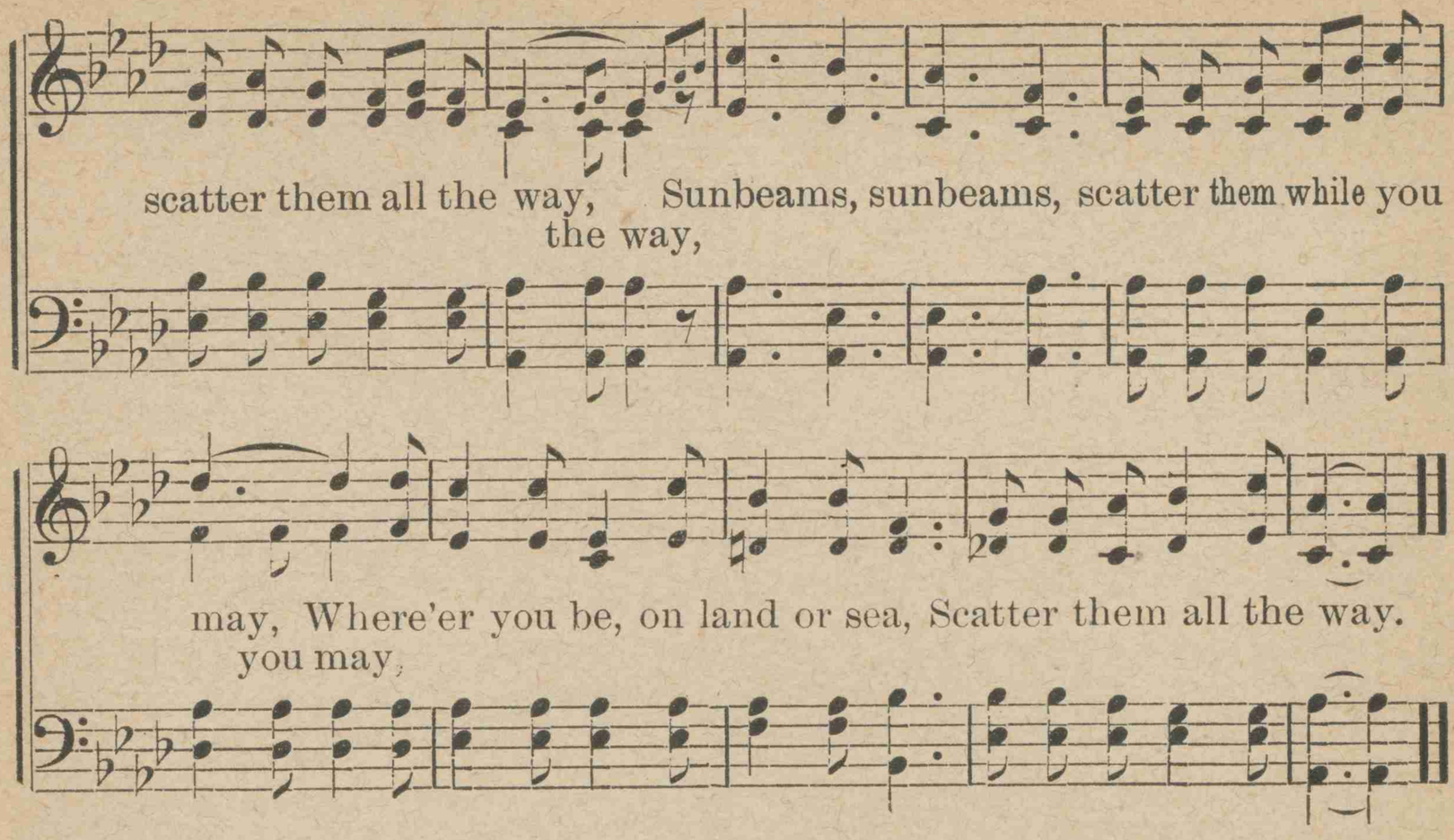
And point the way that leads to ev - er - last - ing life a - bove.
A precious jew-el, priceless gem, tho stained with guilt and sin.
A ten-der word, a winning smile, brought comfort, joy and light.

CHORUS. Faster.

Sunbeams, sunbeams, scatter them day by day; Sunbeams, sunbeams, by day;

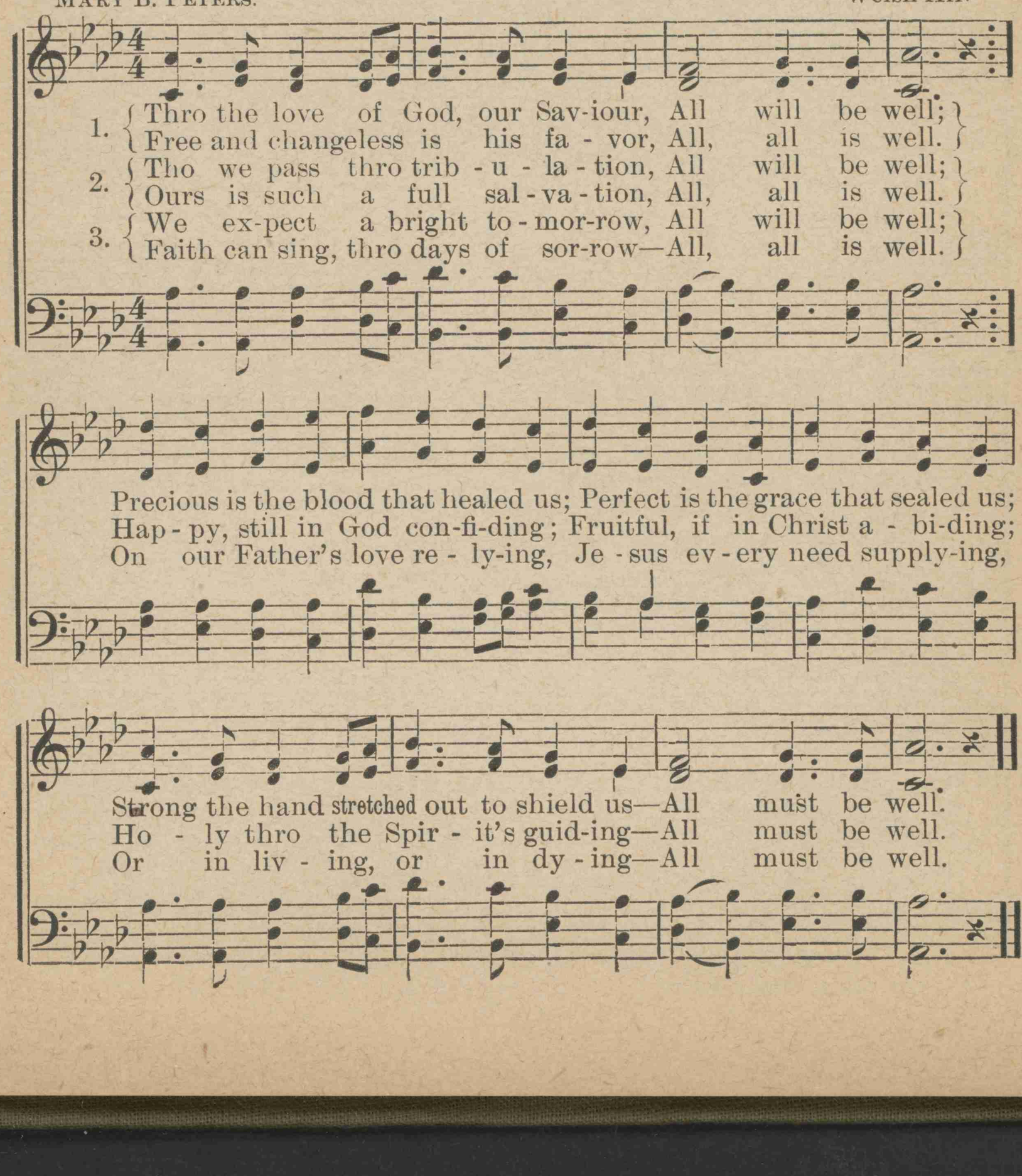
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Sunbeams.



109 Thro the Love of God.

MARY B. PETERS. Welsh Air.



110 Shepherd so True and Tender.

P. H. Adapted from CALEB SIMPER.

1. Shepherd so true and ten - der, Thy care to us how free;
2. Shepherd so true and ten - der, Thou lead'st thy flock a-far;
3. Shepherd so true and ten - der, When in the way we faint,

Shepherd so kind and watch - ful, In thee how safe are we;
Where flow the liv - ing wa - ters, Where pleasant pastures are;
Thine ear at-ten - tive hear - eth Thy weak-est lamb's complaint;

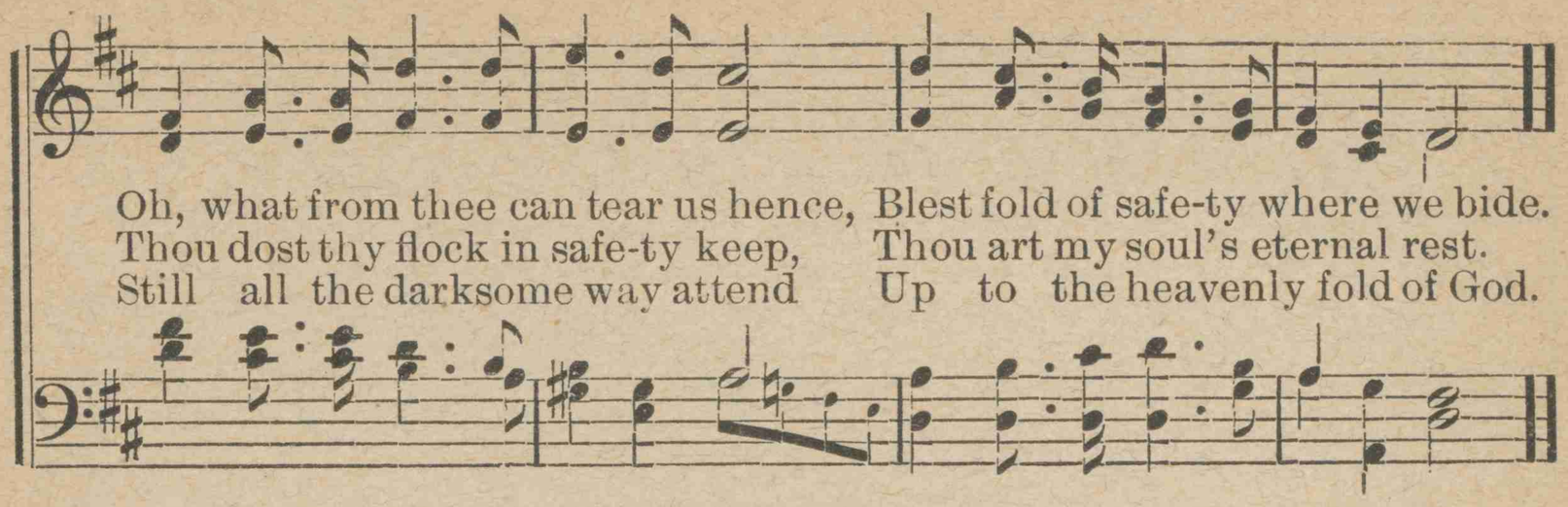
Thy power the tem-pest hold - eth, Thy hand the wind that blows,
There, should the storm o'ertake us, There, pour the noontide heat,
E'en in the vale of shad - ows No fear my heart shall know,

Vain - ly the flood up - ris - eth, Vain is the rage of foes.
Thou art the kind-ly shel - ter, Thou art the shadow sweet.
For with thy staff of com - fort Thou with me there dost go.

Thy mighty arm is our de-fense, Thy word of truth our light and guide,
O Shepherd good, of all thy sheep, O Rock of A - ges, great and blest,
Shepherd, that lovest to the end, How blest the guidance of thy rod,

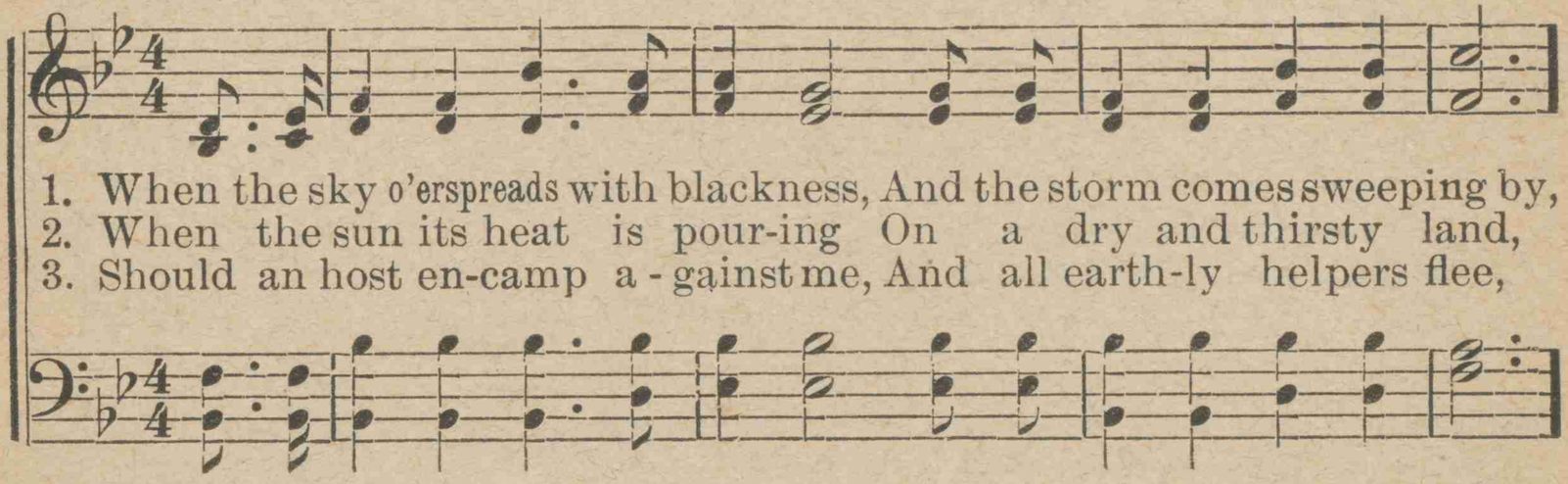
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Shepherd so True and Tender.



111 The Rock.

P. H. J. H. F.



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112 Since I am Redeemed.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. In - to my soul has come peace like a dove, In - to my heart has come meekness and love, In - to my life has come joy from a-bove, Since I am re-deemed; All the day long would I swell the sweet sound, All the day long would I tell it a-round—
2. O - ver and o - ver, oh, tell it a-gain, How I was lost in the dark-ness of sin, How to my heart a great joy that's for-ev - er un-told, Oh, the dear hopes that are light has come in, Since I am re-deemed; Tell to all peo-ple who sor - row and grieve, Rich-es of grace you may free-ly re-ceive,
3. Oh, the sweet peace that my bos-om doth hold, Oh, the great brighter than gold, Since I am re-deemed; There with the saved in their whiteness I'll shine, Mansions in glo - ry for-ev - er are mine,

Tell what a wonder-ful Saviour I've found, Since I am re - deemed.
Pardon for all if you'll on-ly be-lieve, Since I am re - deemed.
I am an heir to a kingdom di - vine, Since I am re - deemed.

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Since I am Redeemed.

CHORUS.

Now night has been turned to day, My sins have been washed away, My Saviour's my
Now hap-py I go along, His praises upon my tongue, His glo-ry my

1. strength and stay, Since I am re-deemed;
2. joy and song, (*Omit* . . . . . .)

Since I am re-deemed.

113 I'm Waiting for Thee, Lord.

E. W. BULLINGER.

1. I'm wait-ing for thee, Lord, Thy beau-ty to see, Lord; I'm wait-
2. Mid dan-ger and fear, Lord, I'm oft wea-ry here, Lord; The day
3. For those gone before, Lord, Thy love we a-dore, Lord; We 'll meet
4. E'en now let my ways, Lord, Be bright with thy praise, Lord; For brief

ing for thee, For thy com-ing again. Thou 'rt gone over there, Lord, A
must be near, Of thy com-ing again. 'Tis all sunshine there, Lord, No
them once more, At thy com-ing again. Thy blood was the sign, Lord, Which
are the days Ere thy com-ing again. I'm waiting for thee, Lord, Thy

Rit - -

place to prepare, Lord—Thy glory I'll share At thy coming a-gain.
sigh - ing or care, Lord, But glory so fair At thy coming a-gain.
marked them as thine, Lord, And brightly they 'll shine At thy coming a-gain.
beau - ty to see, Lord, No triumph for me Like thy coming a-gain.

114 Land of the Beautiful.

DUET, TRIO AND CHORUS.

MRS. J. C. BERRY. Arr. and adapted. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Land of the beau-ti-ful, land of the blest, Tell me, oh,
2. Is it where beau-ti-ful rip-ples of light, Fade in the
3. Is it where pin-ions of an-gels are furled, Watching a
4. Dark is my path, and my spir-it is worn, Watching and

where is that val-ley of rest? Where are its fountains and
sun-set and van-ish from sight? Where the bright evening star
toil-ing and sor-row-ing world? Is it where saints their Re-
wait-ing for heav-en's glad morn; Tell me then, where is that

bow'rs of sweet song, Toward which we journey our pathway along.
dips in the blue? Shines that fair land for the just and the true?
deem-er be-hold, Hymning his praises with harps of pure gold?
val-ley of rest? Land of the beau-ti-ful, land of the blest!

Rit.

TRIO.
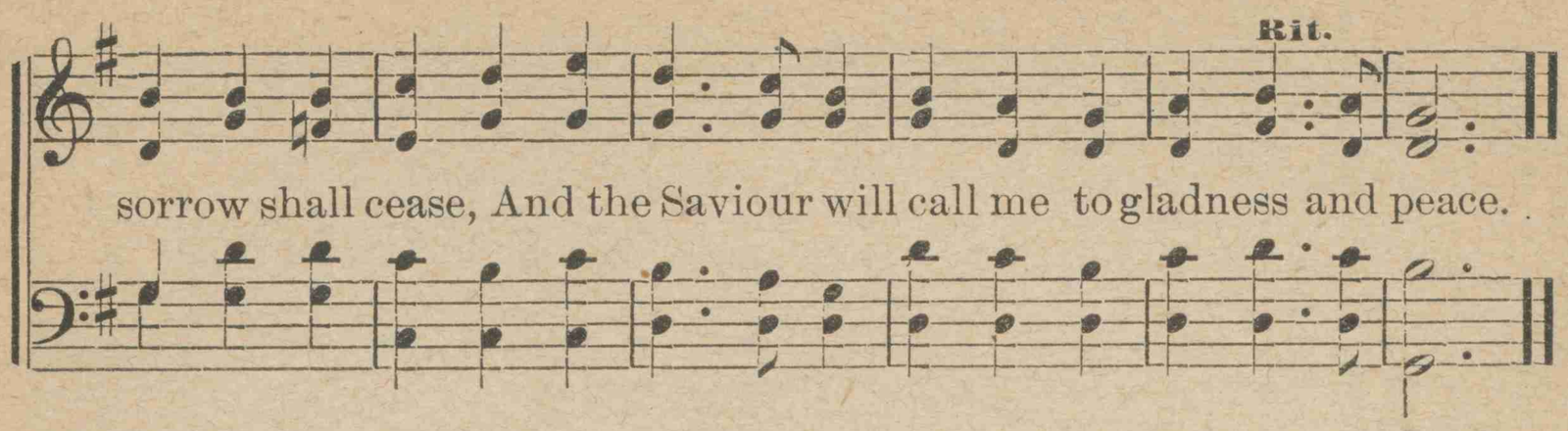
Oh, tell me, sweet breezes that blow from the skies, Where the fair land of

Rit. CHORUS.

beau-ty and hap-pi-ness lies? The country where sickness and

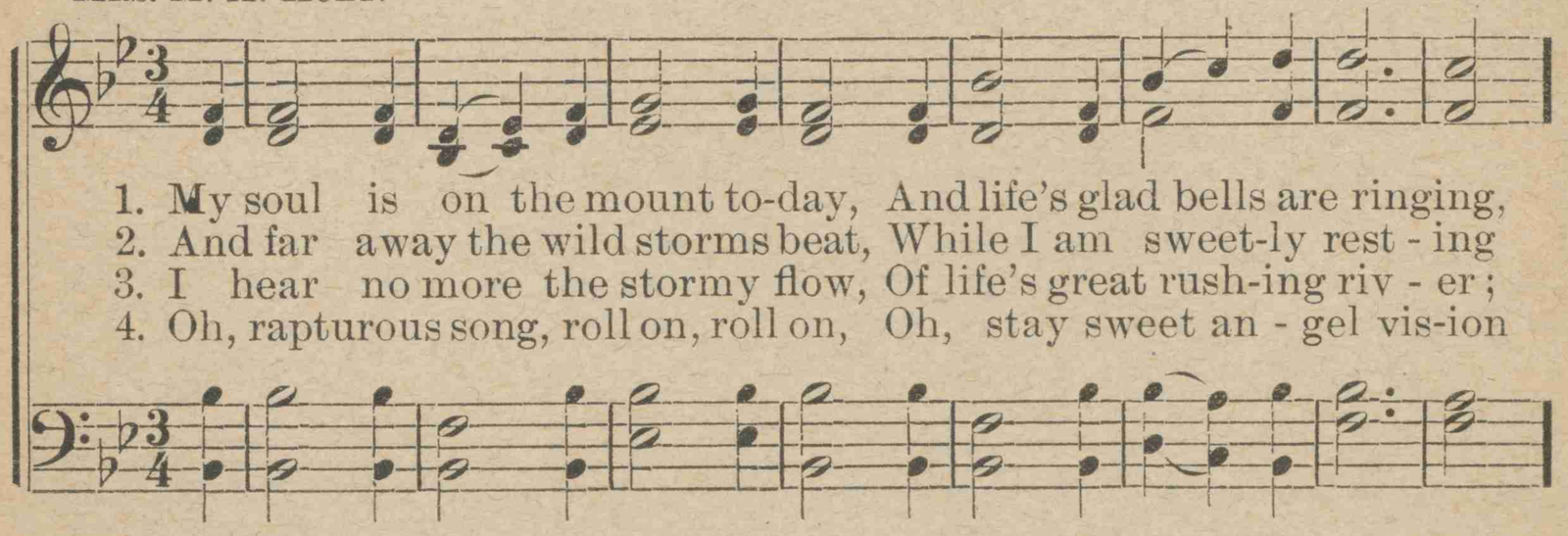
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Land of the Beautiful.



115 Upon the Mount.

MRS. M. A. HOLT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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116 Tell It To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. If the name of the Sav - iour is precious to you, If his
2. If your faith in the Sav - iour has brought its reward, If a
3. If the souls all a - round you are liv - ing in sin, If the

care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of his
strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
Mas - ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi -

pre-sence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
rest in his pal - ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, brother, the
ta - tion they nev - er have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

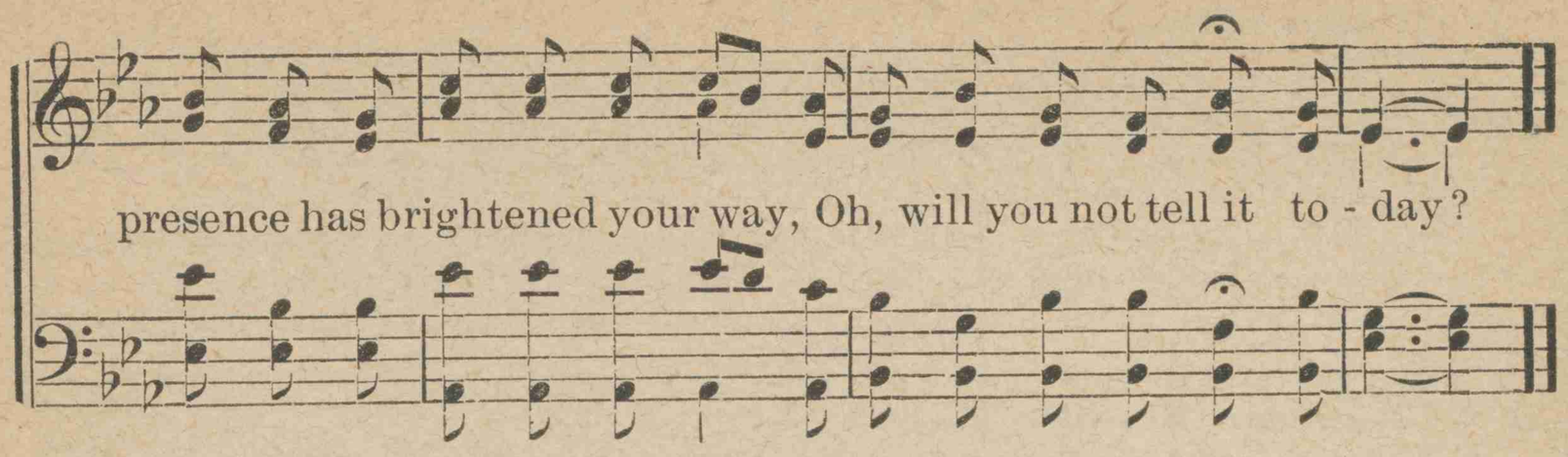
REFRAIN.

glad-ness to - day? Oh, will you not tell it to - day? . . .
sto - ry re - peat?
cheer-bringing word? Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to - day? . . . . If the light of his
Will you not, will you not tell it to - day?

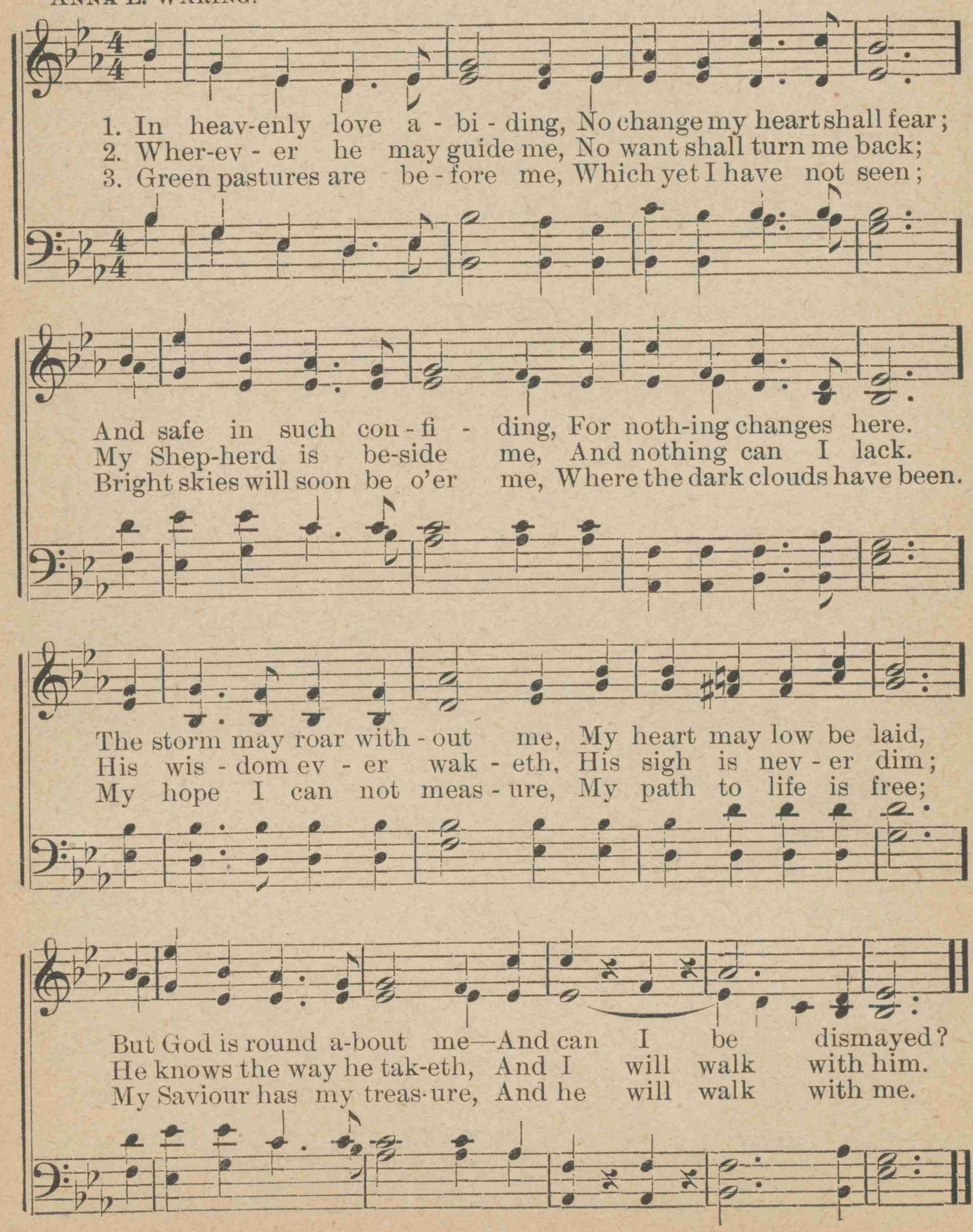
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Tell it To-day.



117 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING. MENDELSSOHN.



118 I Will Tell of the Saviour.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. I will tell of the Sav-iour who died That the world might be saved thro his love, For may be I can win to his side Some dear soul for his king-dom a - bove. Day by day, All my way,
2. I will tell of the peace he has sent To the hearts that are rest- ing in trust, For who knows but that perfect content May uplift some poor life from the dust?
3. I will tell of the home where he waits To re-ceive me, beyond the dark sea, For perchance I may lead thro its gates One who learned of its glo - ries from me. Day by day, all my way,

CHORUS.

I will tell the sweet story a - gain, and again, Day by day, day by day,
All the way, all the way, I will tell of the Saviour of men.

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119 Can I Forget.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Remember thee! can I for-get How thou didst leave thy home a-
2. Remember thee! can I for-get The gracious words that thou didst
3. Remember thee! can I for-get The tears of pit - y thou didst
4. Remember thee! can I for-get The suffering of Geth-sem-a-
5. Remember thee! if I for-get Thy goodness and thy gracious-

bove, And choose earth's poverty to prove, God's infinite, e-ter-nal love—
speak To bruised hearts that else would break; Thy help and strength for all the weak—
shed With those who mourned uncomforted, Till thou didst raise their precious dead—
ne, The thorns, the scourge, the cruel tree, The blood so freely shed for me—
ness, Thy boundless love and tenderness, Which bring me so much blessed- (*Omit*)

Ending for first four verses. **Rit.**

Can I for-get all these! Can I for-get all these!

Rit.

Ending for last verse. **Rit.**

ness, Then, Lord, forget thou me! Then, Lord, forget thou me!

Rit.

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120 The Home of the Soul.

SOLO (OR DUET) AND CHORUS.

G. S. JUDD. From S. S. Steele by G. S. J.

1. There's a cit - y of glo - ry, the home of the soul, Where the
2. Oh, its walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold, Its found-
3. There's no temple with-in it, no plead-ing in prayer, Neither
4. Oh, the beau - ti - ful robes all the right-eous will wear, For the

bil-lows of sor - row no long-er shall roll, There no toil - ing, no
a - tions are precious, are jew - els un-told, All its gates are of
light of the sun, for the glo - ry is there Of the Lord and the
pu - ri - fied spir - its a - lone en - ter there, Oh, the joy of the

weep-ing, no part-ing nor pain, Ev - er en - ter that home where the
pearls from the depths of the sea, Oh, the home of the soul is for
Lamb, who for-ev - er and aye, Are the light and the joy of that
blest in the home of the soul, While the a - ges of bliss for e-

CHORUS.

loved meet a - gain.
you and for me. Oh, the home of the soul, not a shadow shall
land far a - way.
ter - ni - ty roll.

come, While the a - ges shall roll in that beau - ti - ful home.

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121 When the Waiting Time.

J. H. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When the waiting time is over, When the Master bids us come, In the glad and bright forev - er, We shall rest in peace at home. When the
2. When the waiting time is over, Battles fought and victories won, We shall hear the Saviour's welcome, "Good and faithful one, well done."
3. When the waiting time is over, When the toils of life are past, We shall sing with holy rapture, "Praise the Lord, we're home at last." When the

CHORUS.

wait - ing time is o - ver, - . When from sin . . . .
waiting, waiting, waiting, When the waiting time is over, When the waiting time is

. . . and sorrow free, We shall meet . . . beyond the
over, When from sin and sorrow free, We shall meet beyond the river, When the

riv - er, ... There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.
wait-ing time is o - ver, e - ter-nal-ly.

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122 Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

ANON. J. H. F.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my happy home, (happy home,) O how I long for
2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, (precious stones,) Most glorious to be-
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens, (pleasant greens,) My study long have
4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord, (glorious, Lord,) Why should I stay from

thee! (long for thee!) When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when
hold; (to behold;) Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl, Thy streets are
been; (long have been;) Such sparkling gems by human sight Have never
thence? (stay from thence?) What folly 'tis that I should dread To die and

CHORUS.

shall I see? Je - ru - sa-lem, my hap-py home, O how I long for
paved with gold.
yet been seen.
go from hence! * Home, home, sweet,

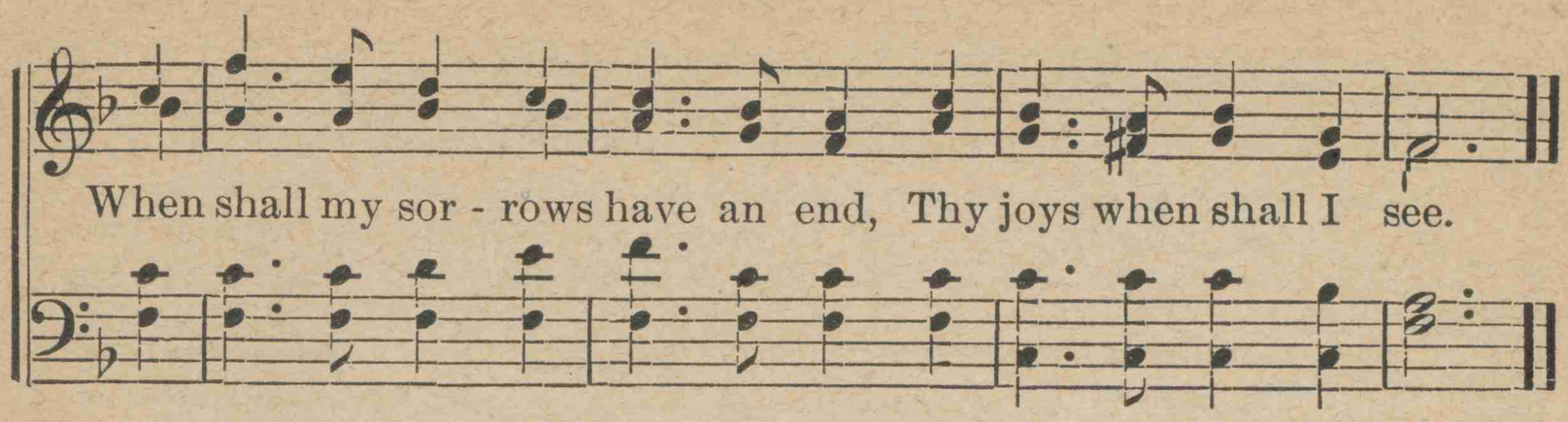
thee, I long for thee, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall my
sweet, home, When shall my sor - rows

sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see, Je - ru - sa - lem,
have an end,

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* In the Chorus the tenor has the melody of "Home, Sweet, Home," and it should be made prominent.

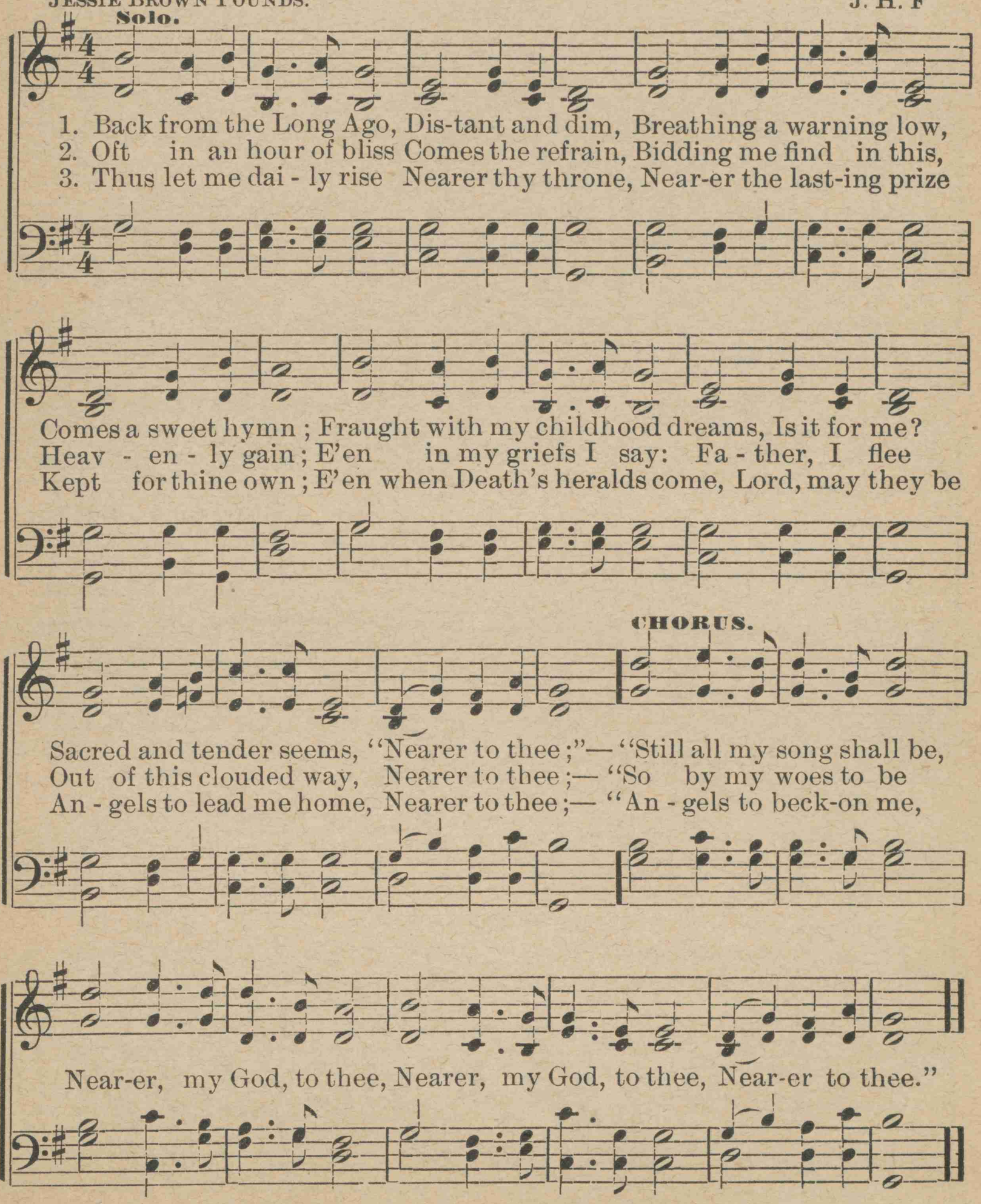
Jerusalem, My Happy Home.



123 Back From the Long Ago.

SUITABLE FOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F



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124 In That City.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. In the house of ma - ny mansions, in that cit - y bright and fair,
2. All the toils and tri - als end-ed, all the per - ils safe-ly past,
3. Oh, the prospect, how it thrills me as I jour-ney here be - low,

With the friends who've gone before us we shall dwell, And no
Ev - ery ves - sel moored up - on the gold - en shore, We shall
And my long - ing soul would now be with the blest, For my

pain shall ev - er en - ter, and no sorrow shall be there, But the
sing in glad re - un - ion while e - ter - ni - ty shall last, And in
home is in that coun-try and I on - ly wait to go, Till my

CHORUS.

prais-es of our Sav-iour we shall swell.
bliss su - per-nal dwell for ev - er-more.
Sav-iour calls me to his per-fect rest.

Oh, the beauty of that

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In That City.

cit - y, Oh, the glo - ry of that mansion, Oh, the love-li - ness of

heaven we shall see; And the song that will be sweetest, And the
We shall see;

strain that will be highest, Will be "Glory unto him who died for me."
who died for me.

125 We Follow Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Thro good report and evil, Lord, Still guided by thy faithful word,
2. Strengthened by thee, we forward go, Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
3. O Master, point thou out the way,—Nor suffer thou our steps to stray;

Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—We follow thee, we follow thee.
Thro pain or ease, thro joy or woe;—We follow thee, we follow thee.
Then in that path that leads to day,—We follow thee, we follow thee.

126 The Home that Used to Be.

H. S. TAYLOR. Arr. by J. B. HERBERT.

1. I re - mem-ber well a cottage, With its ros - es climbing o'er:
2. Oh, a cloud shut out the sunshine, And the ros - es fa - ded lay:
3. Oh, I've fall-en and I've suffered, But my heart is still with hope

The bird-ies in the orchard, And the sunshine at the door;
The cheerful hearth-stone music, Sobbing, wailing died a-way;
That the Saviour, he will help me, And the gold-en gate will ope;

The lit-tle blue-eyed prattlers, And the wife so dear to me;
As the ser-pent came to E - den, So the tempter came to me,
For the sake of wife and children, If the Lord be good to me,

Oh, the moments ran like mu-sic, In the home that used to be!
And he drove me from my heaven, In the home that used to be!
I'll bring the gladness back again, To the home that used to be!

Rit.

By permission.

The Home that Used to Be.

CHORUS.

Oh, the warb-ling birds have flown! The flow-ers are all gone!

And shadows fall where sunshine used to fall so warm and free!
fall so warm and free!

My heart is full of care, I can on - ly breathe a prayer,

Rit e dim.

That God may give me back a - gain The home that used to be.

127 Lord Dismiss Us.

J. H. F.

{ Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ; } Amen, and Amen.
{ Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace. }

128 Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip-ping a - way, Si - lent - ly on - ward they glide; Still are their voices, as backward they stray,
2. Dim - ly thro gath - er - ing darkness I see Je - sus, my Friend and my Guide; An - gels are watching and waiting for me,
3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tranquil the shore, There my be- lov - ed a - bide,—Christ and the angels and friends gone before,

REFRAIN.

Call - ing me o - ver the tide. Call - ing to me, call-ing to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o - ver the tide; They are call-ing to me, calling to me, Calling me over the tide.

Rit.

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129 Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be perfect - ly whole; I want thee for -
2. Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus for this I most humby en - treat, I wait, blessed
4. Lord Je-sus, thou see-est I pa-tiently wait, Come now, and with -

ev - er, to live in my soul. Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
Lord, at thy cru - ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee thou

out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
see thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
never said'st no; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
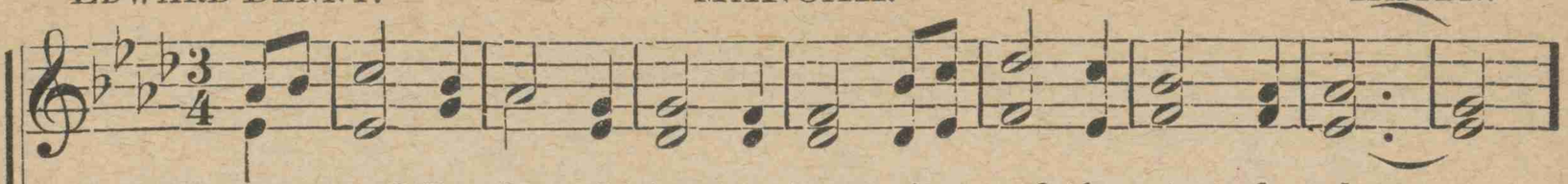
CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

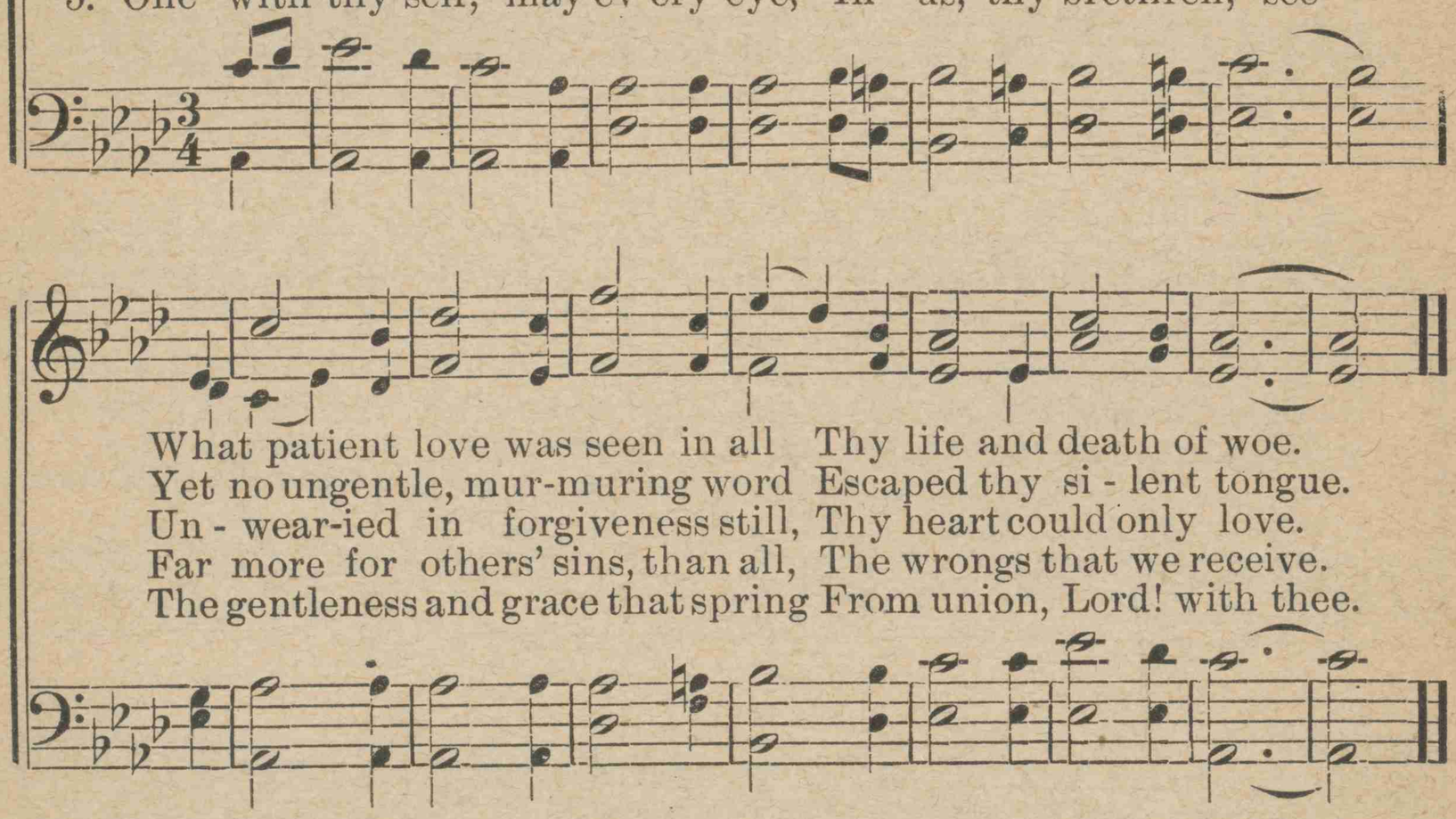
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130 What Grace, O Lord.

EDWARD DENNY. MANOAH. HAYDN.



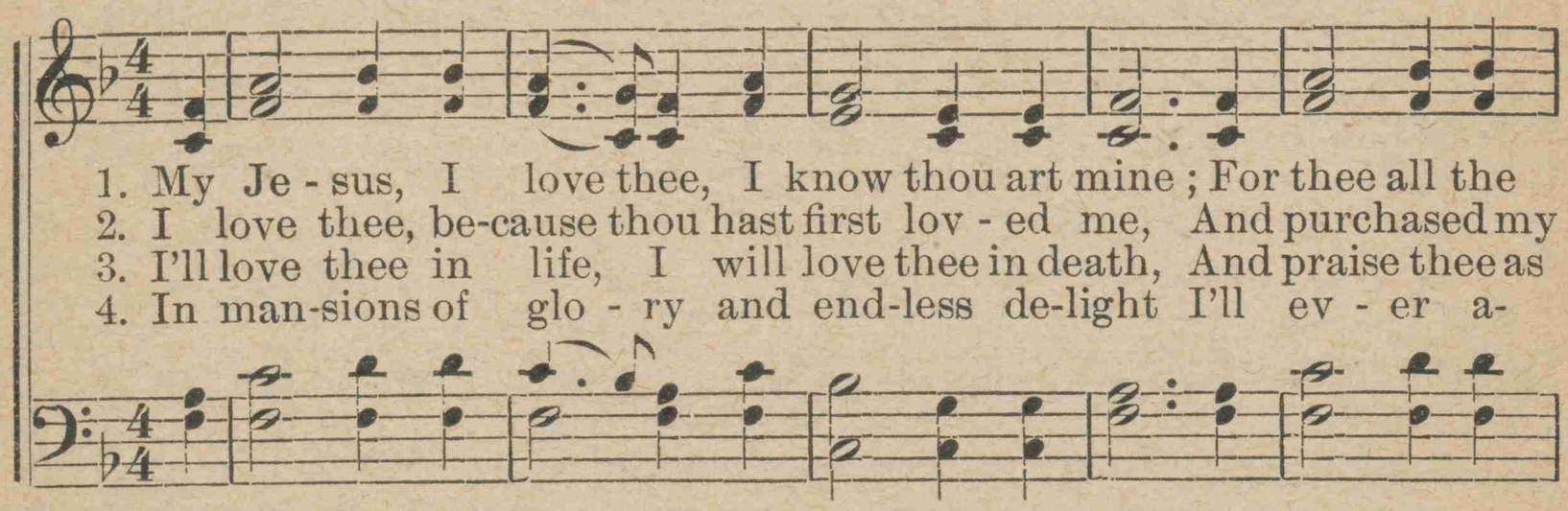
1. What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone Around thy steps be - low;
2. For, ev - er on thy burdened heart A weight of sor - row hung;
3. Thy foes might hate, despise, re-vile, Thy friends unfaithful prove;
4. Oh, give us hearts to love like thee! Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
5. One with thy-self, may ev-ery eye, In us, thy brethren, see



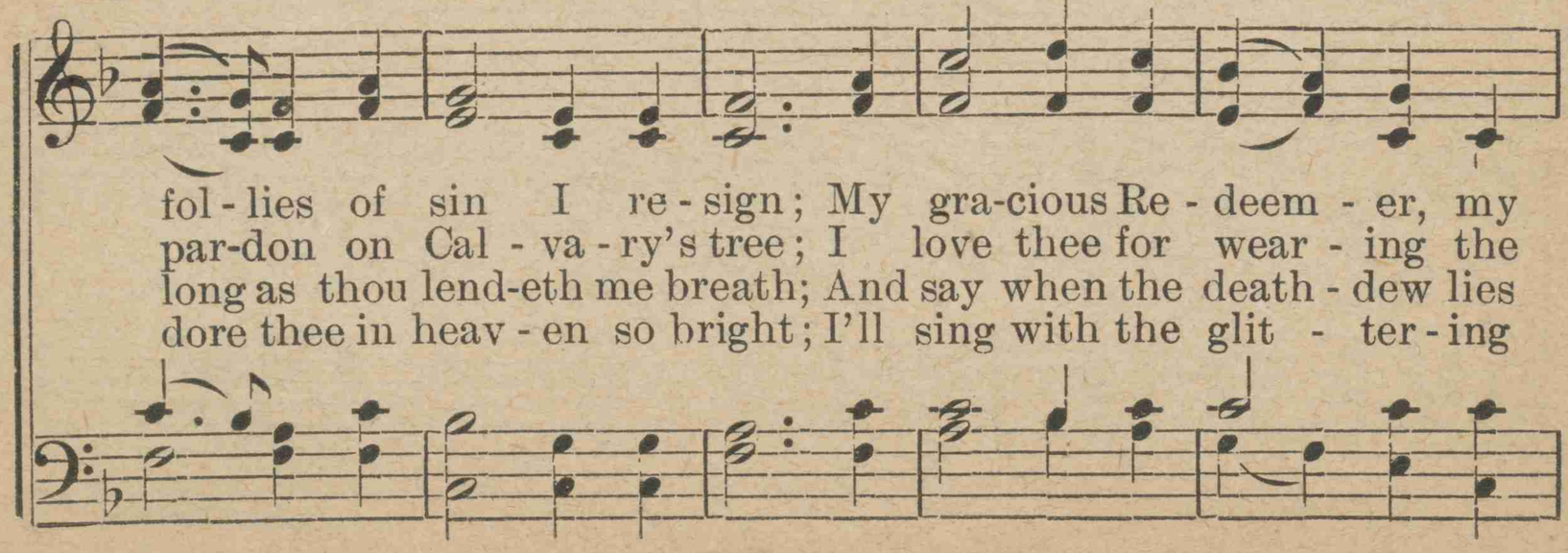
What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
Yet no ungentle, mur-muring word Escaped thy si - lent tongue.
Un - wear-ied in forgiveness still, Thy heart could only love.
Far more for others' sins, than all, The wrongs that we receive.
The gentleness and grace that spring From union, Lord! with thee.

131 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.
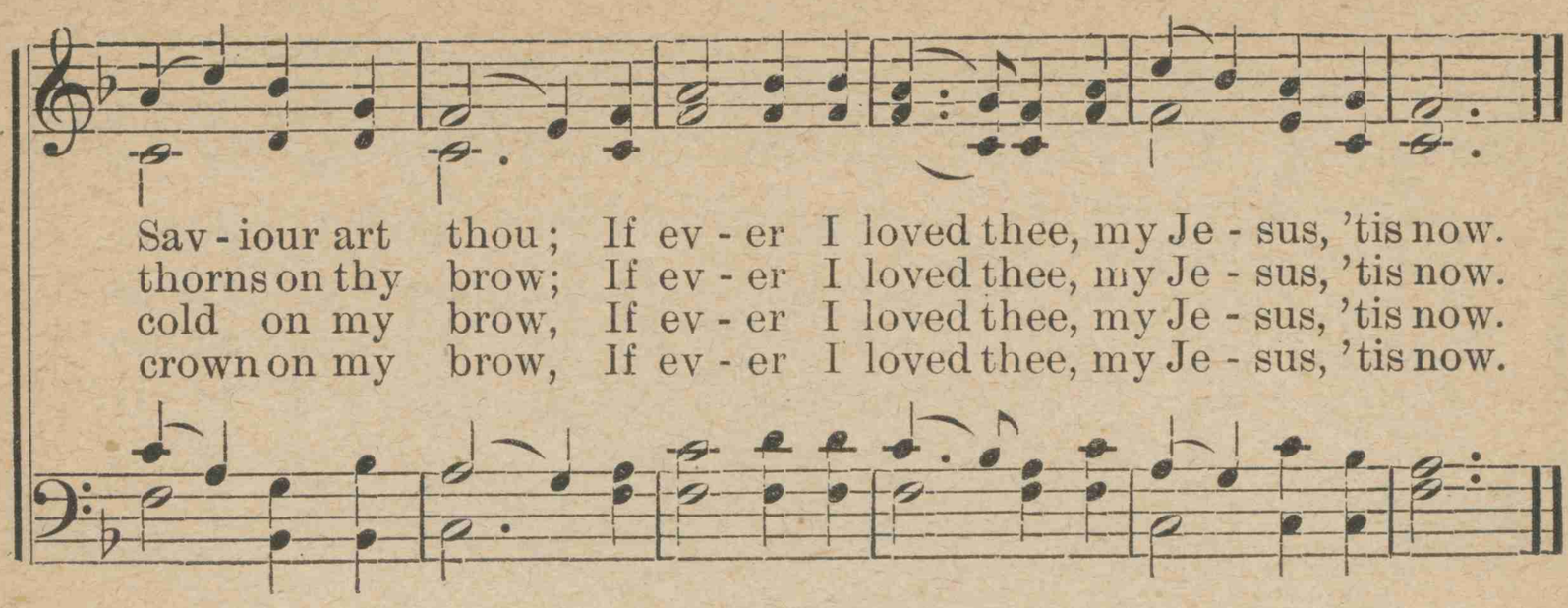


1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the
2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light I'll ev - er a-



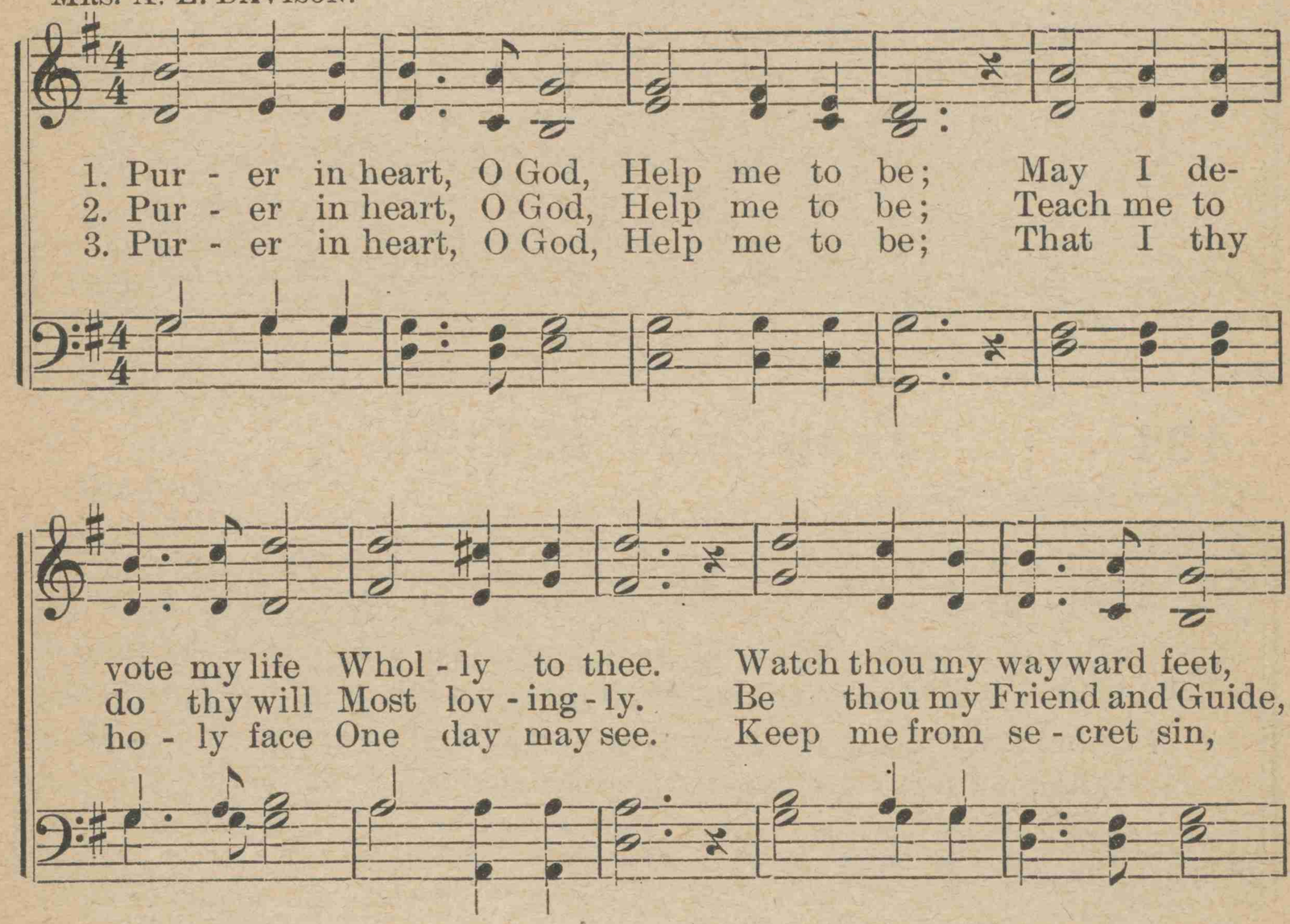
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend-eth me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

My Jesus, I Love Thee.



132 Purer in Heart.

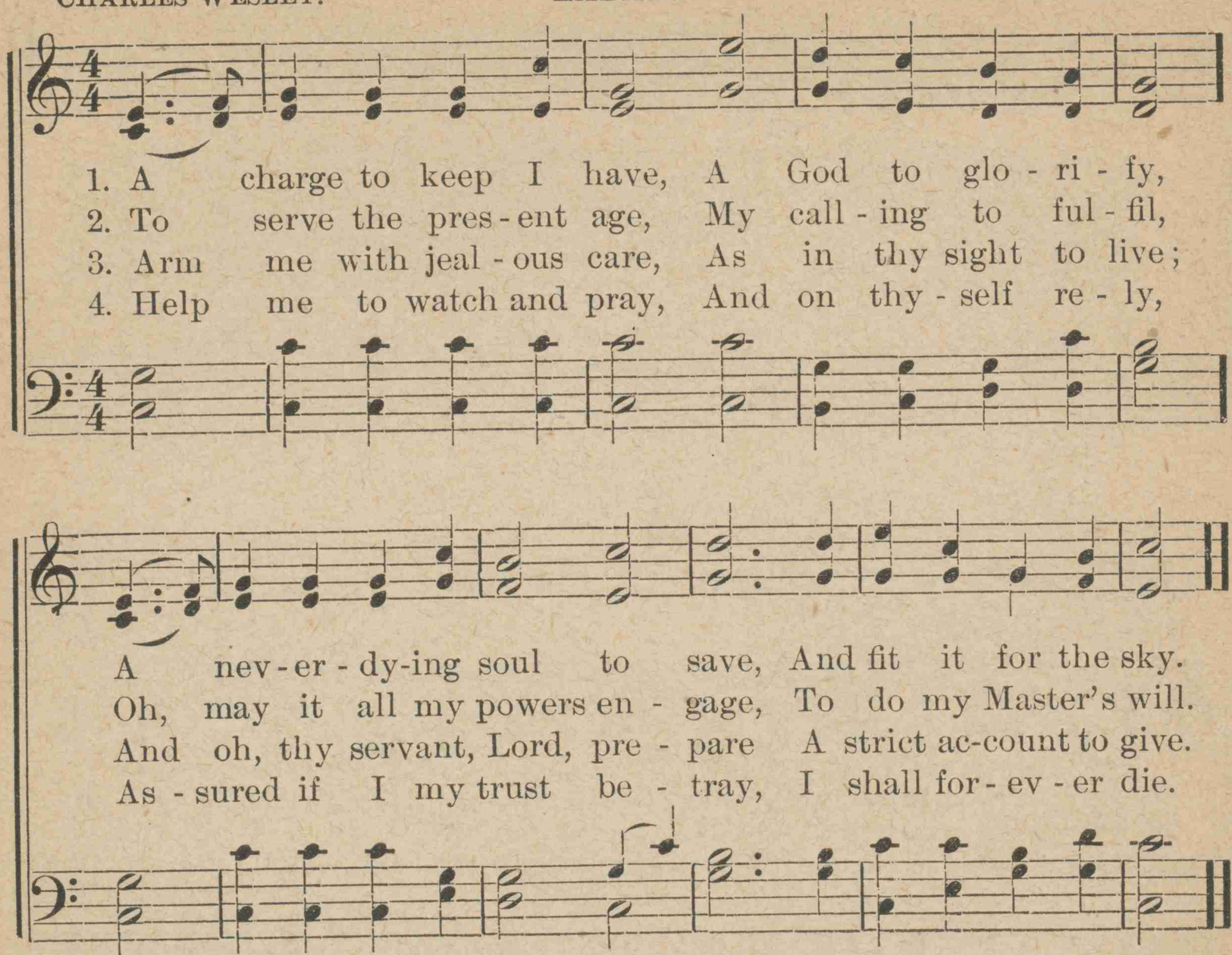
MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.



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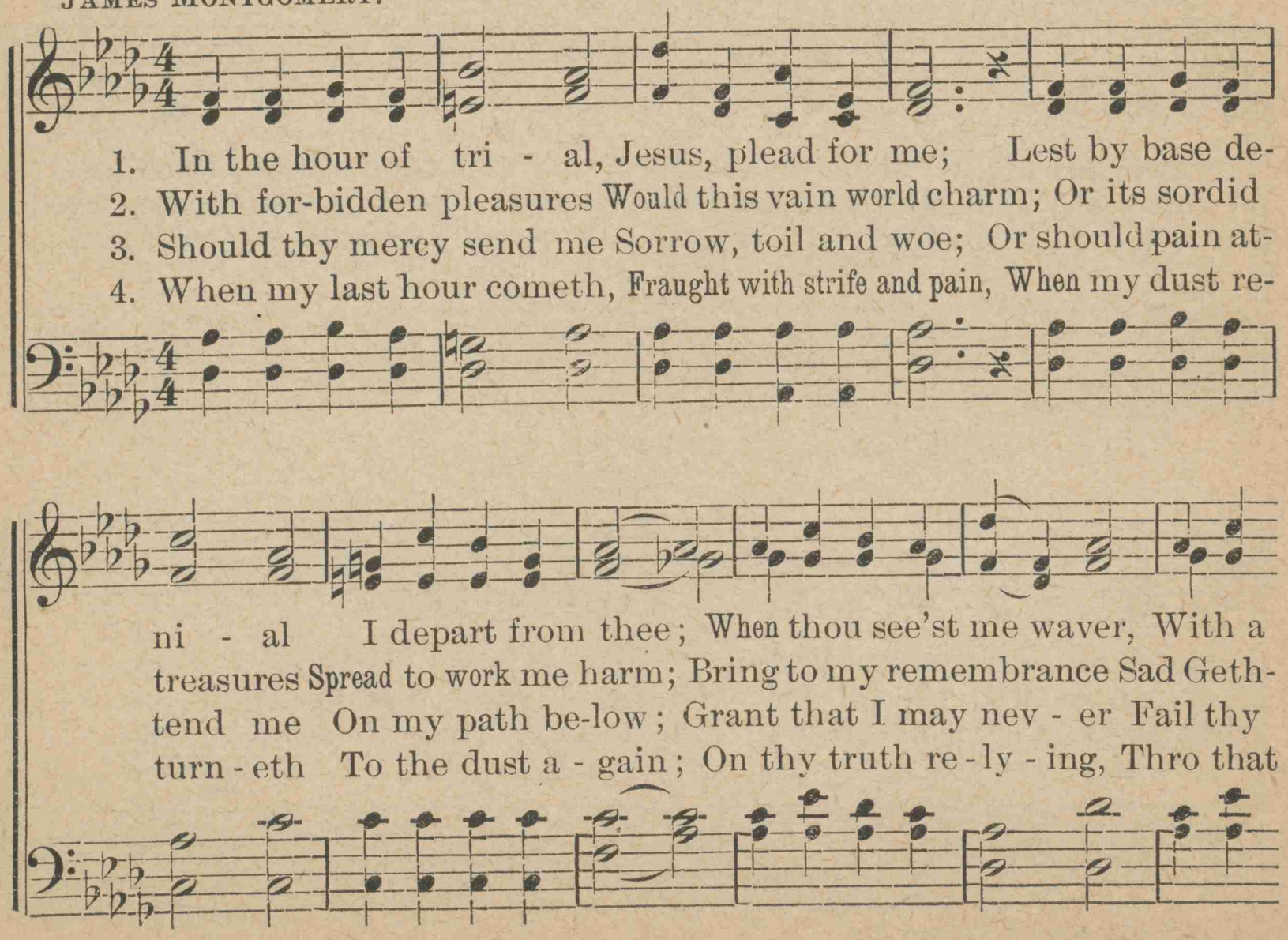
133 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. LABAN. LOWELL MASON.

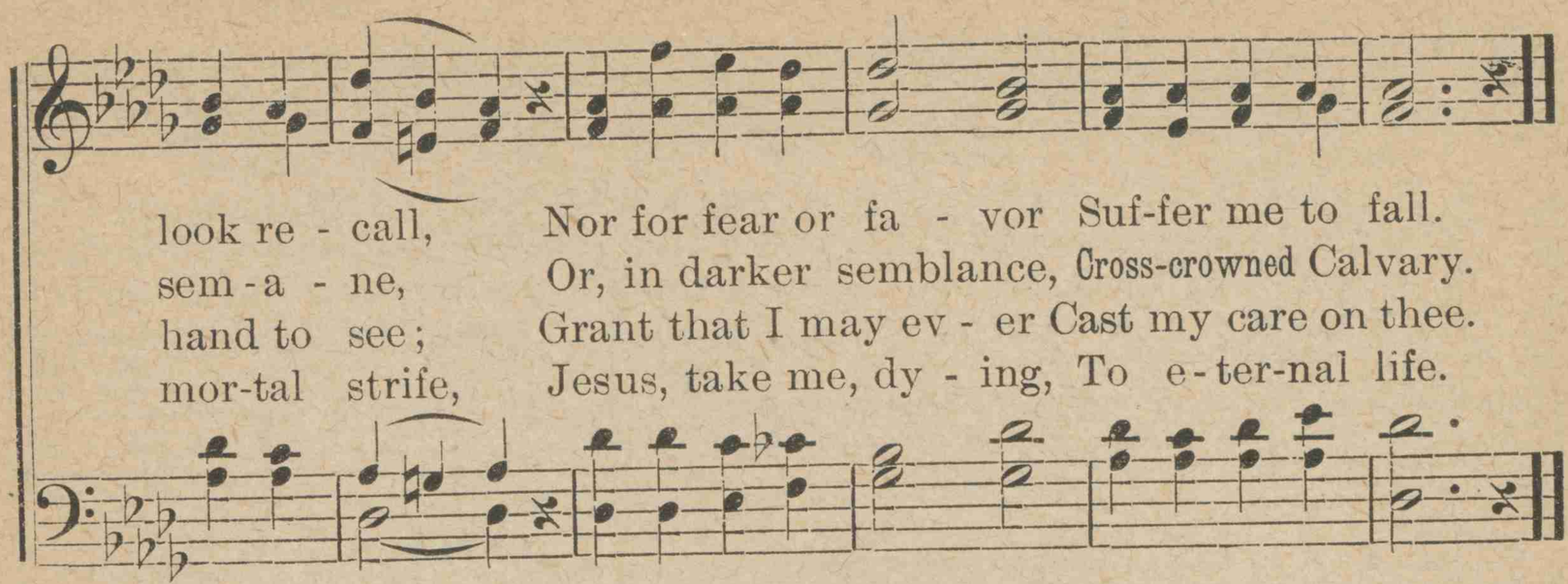


134 In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

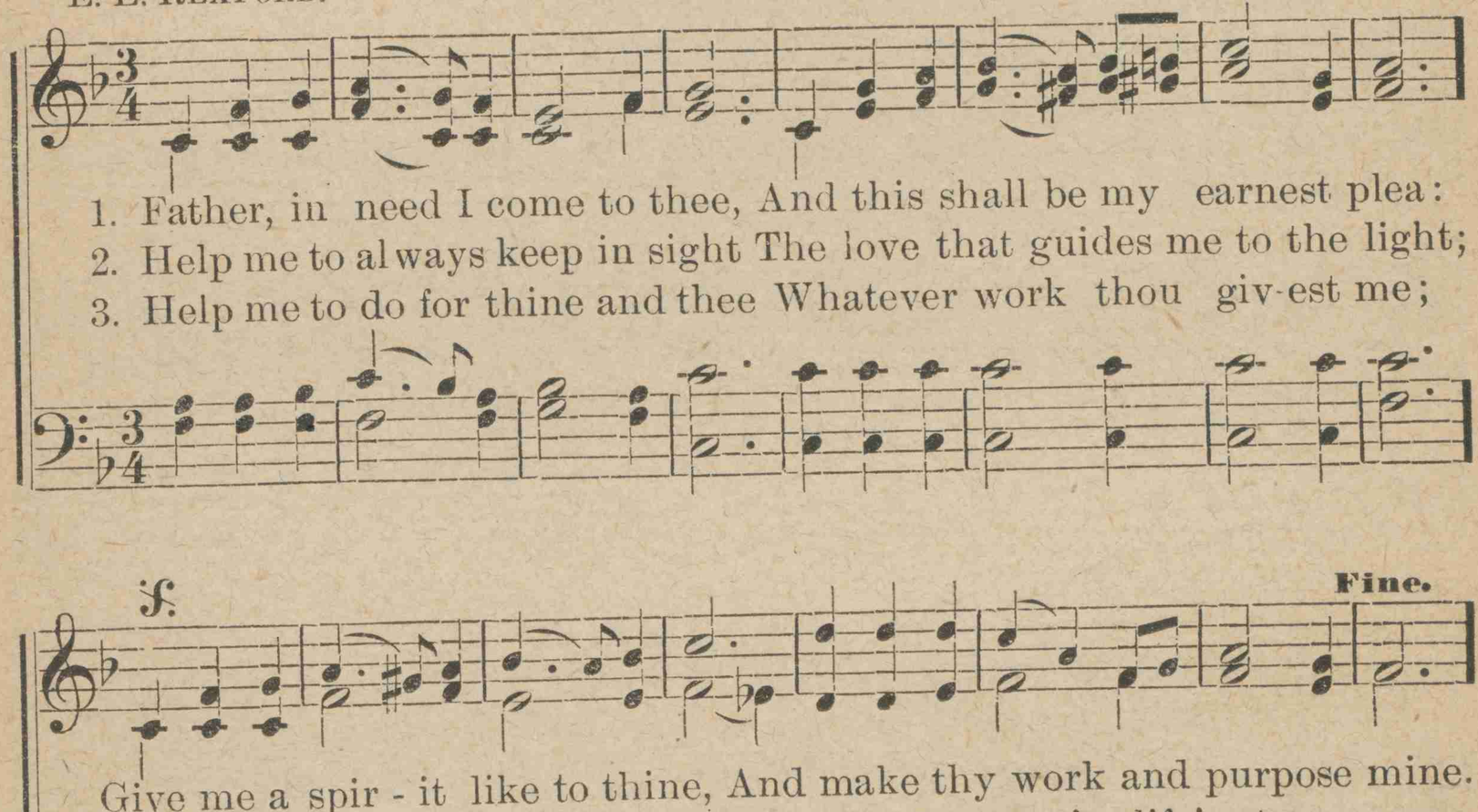


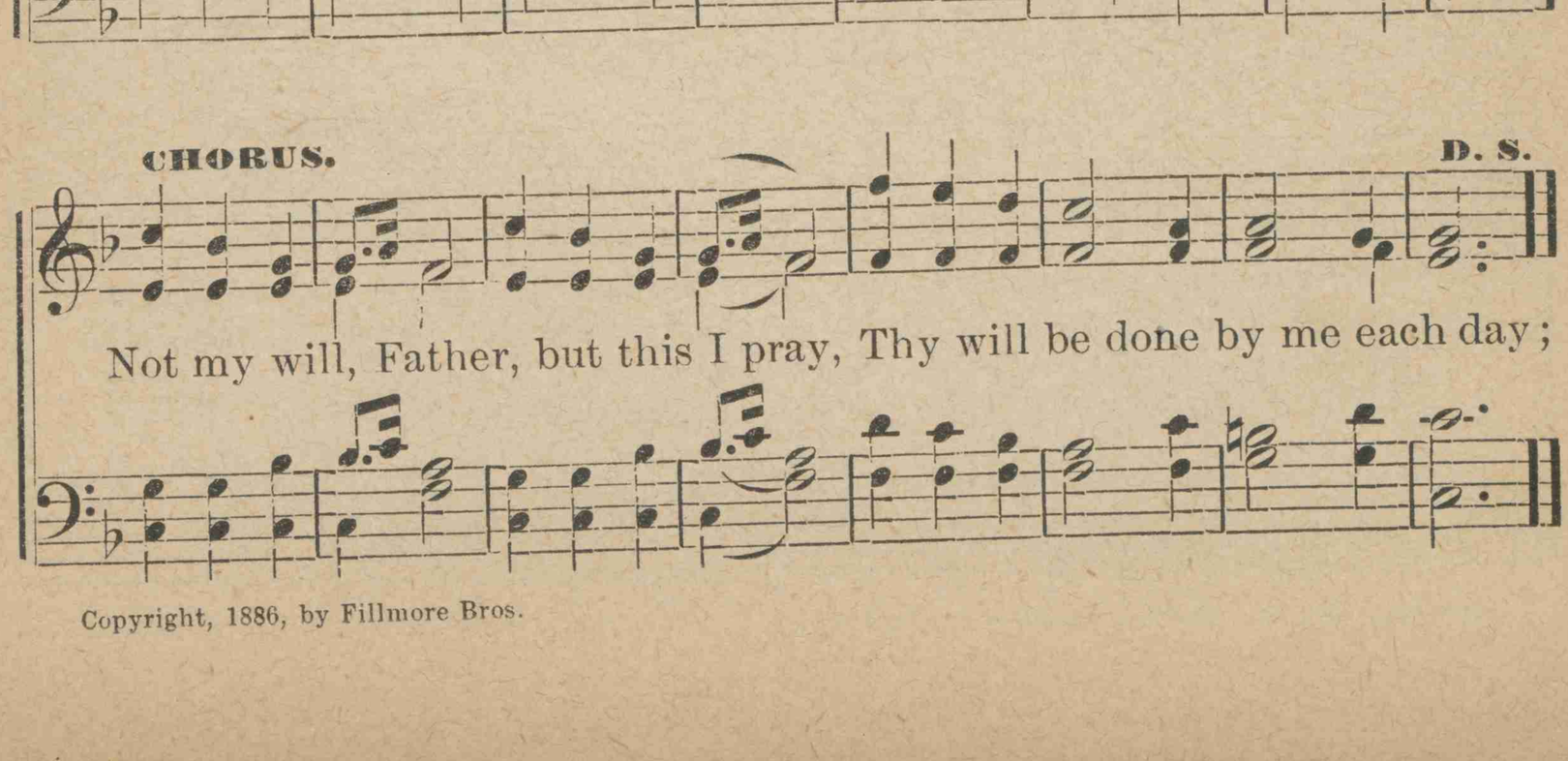
In the Hour of Trial.



135 Thy Will be Done.

E. E. REXFORD. FRED. A. FILLMORE.





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136 All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. E. M. HALL. Alt. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small: Come to me—I'll be thy stay; Find in me thine all in all.
2. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—Je-sus diedmy soul to save, And bless - ed be his name. Je - sus died for me,
3. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus diedmy soul to save," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in him complete, "Jesus diedmy soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

CHORUS.

All to him I owe—Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

137 Pass Me Not.

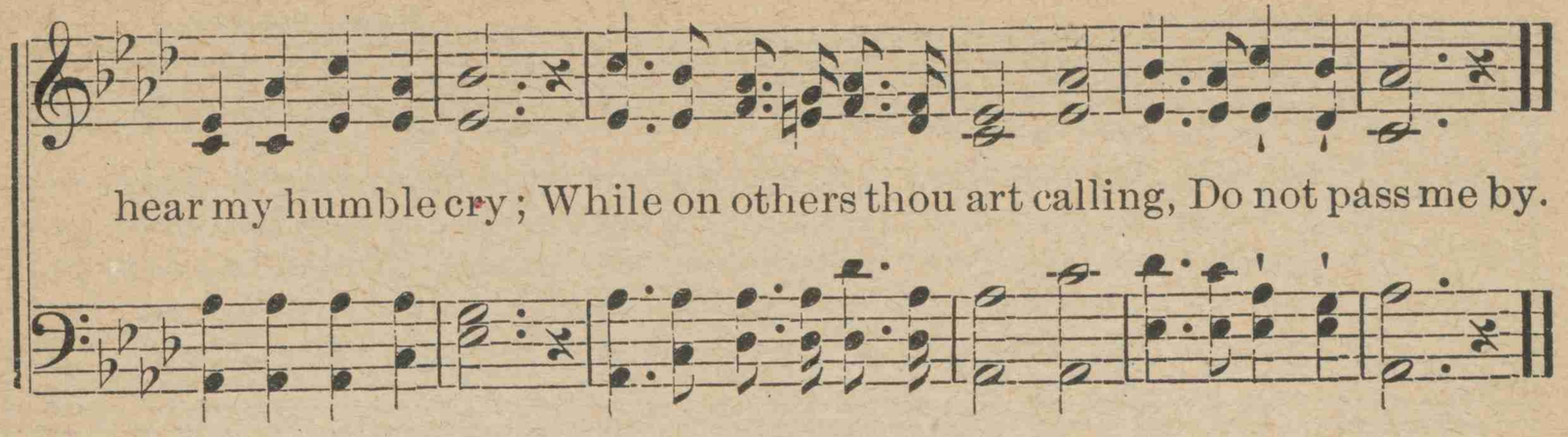
F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour; Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at thy throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief, Kneel-ing there in deep contri-tion; Help mine unbelief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face: Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort More that life to me, Whom on earth have I be-side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?

CHORUS.

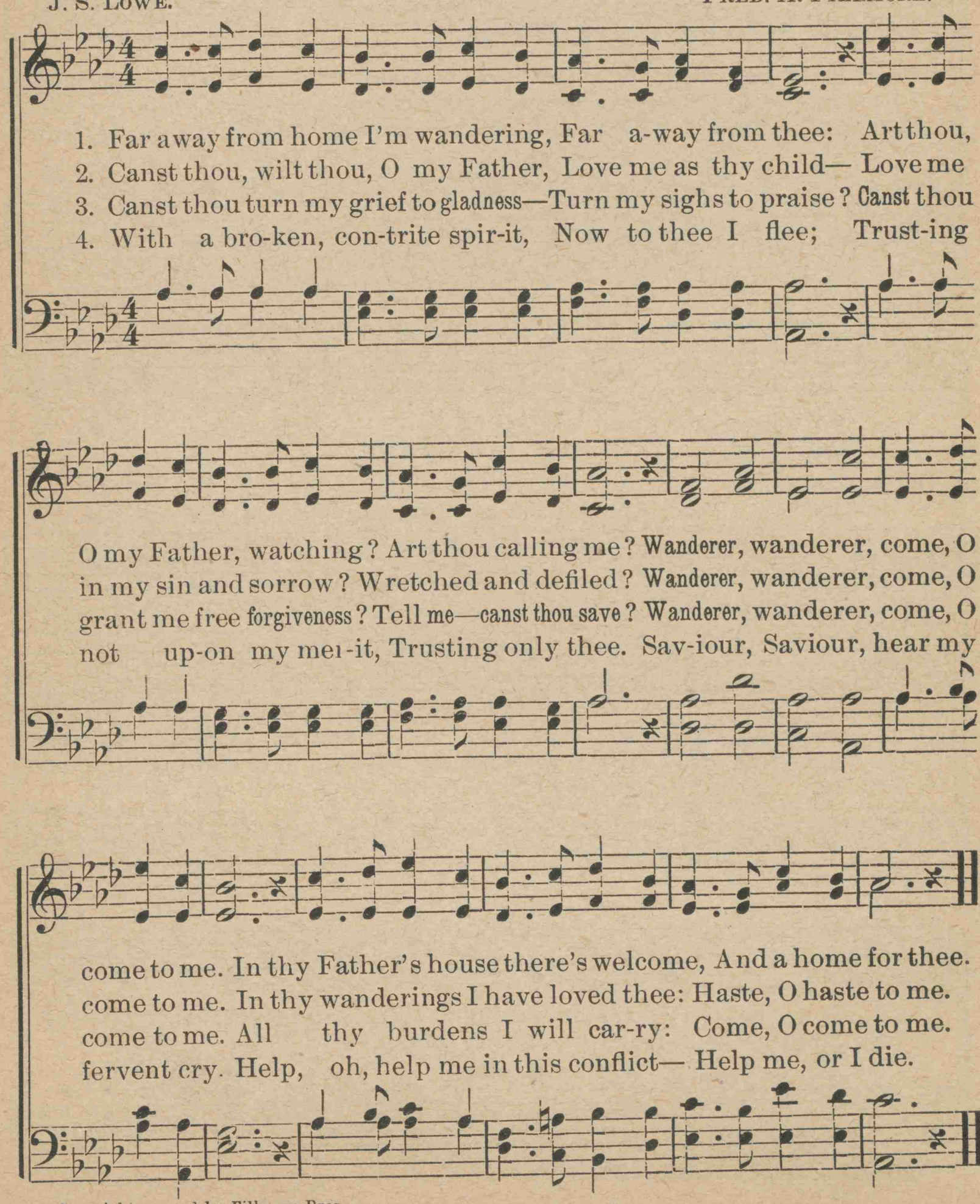
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Pass Me Not.



138 Come, O Come to Me.

J. S. LOWE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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139 Jesus is Calling To-day.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Duet. **Semi-Chorus.**

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes,
2. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee now, Calling thee now, yes,
3. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing, O come! Calling to - day, yes,

Duet.

call - ing for thee, List - en and hear him say, "fol-low thou me,"
call - ing thee now, Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow,
call - ing to - day, All who are wea-ry and longing for home,

Semi-Chorus. **Full Chorus.**

Fol - low, yes, fol - low thou me. Je - - - sus is
Call - ing, yes, call - ing just now.
Je - sus is call - ing to - day. Je - sus is call-ing,

call - ing to - day, Je - - - sus is call-ing to - day;
call - ing to - day, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing to - day;

Je - - - sus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.
Je - sus is call-ing, calling to-day,

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140 I am Resolved.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith -ful and true each day,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with- out de - lay,

Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
He is the true one, He is the just one,
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

These have al-lured my sight.
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'nly way.

CHORUS.

I will hast-en to Him
I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,
Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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141 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me;
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing, Pass- ing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won-der - ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See at the portals he's waiting and watching,
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
Tho we have sinned he has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

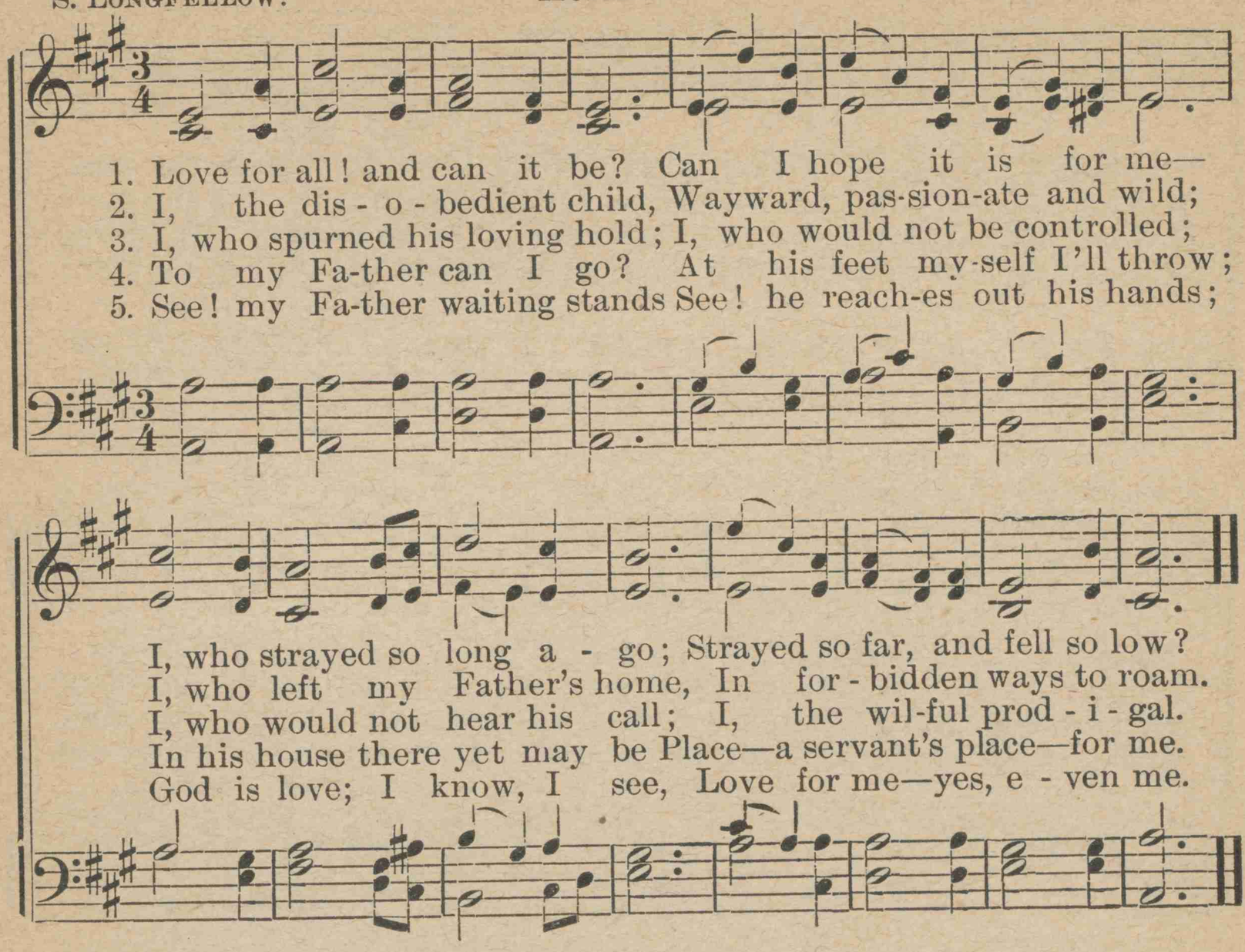
Ye who are weary, come home; Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly,

Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home.

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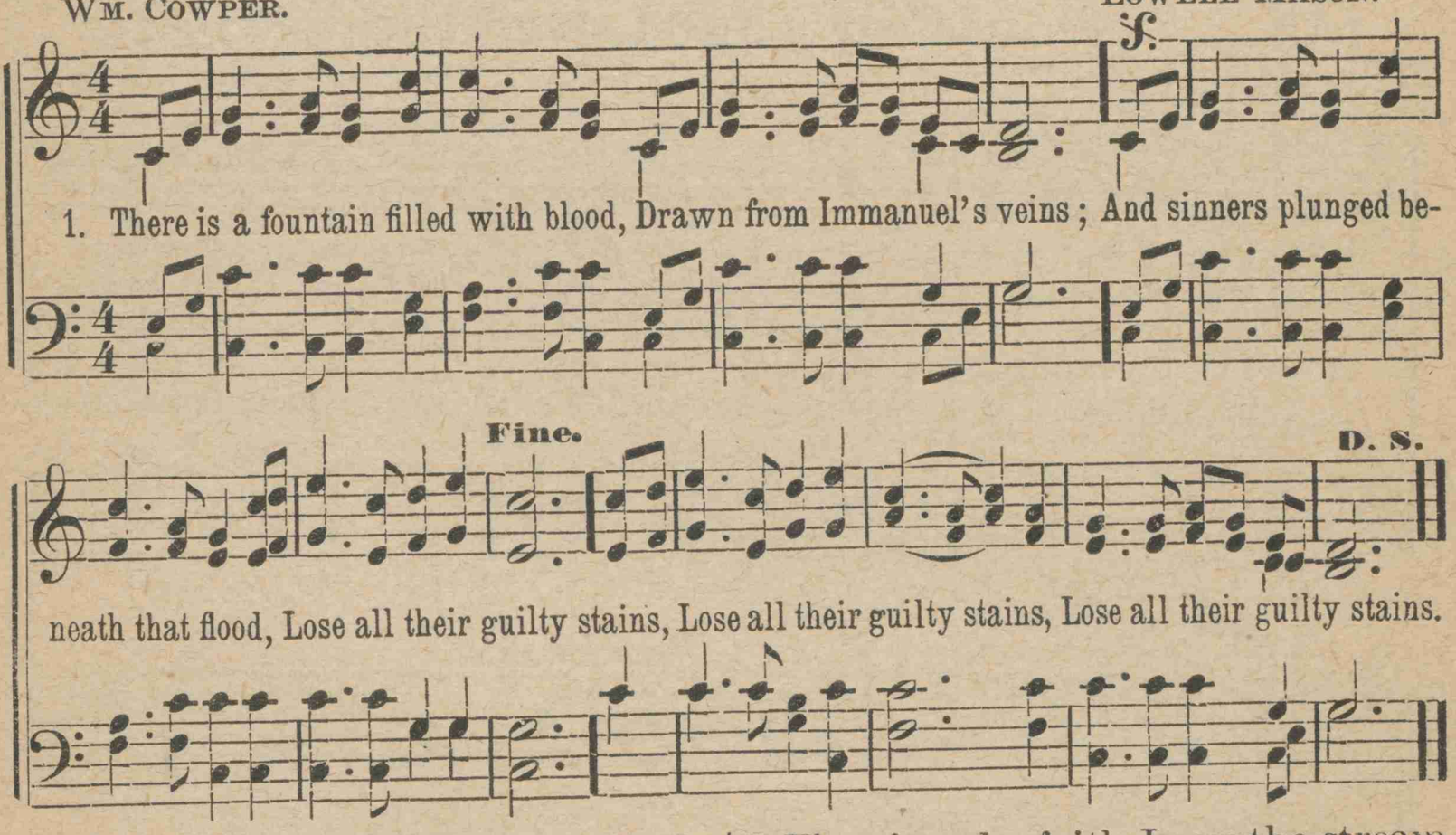
142 Love for All! and can it Be?

S. LONGFELLOW. HORTON. XAVIER SCHNYDER.



143 There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
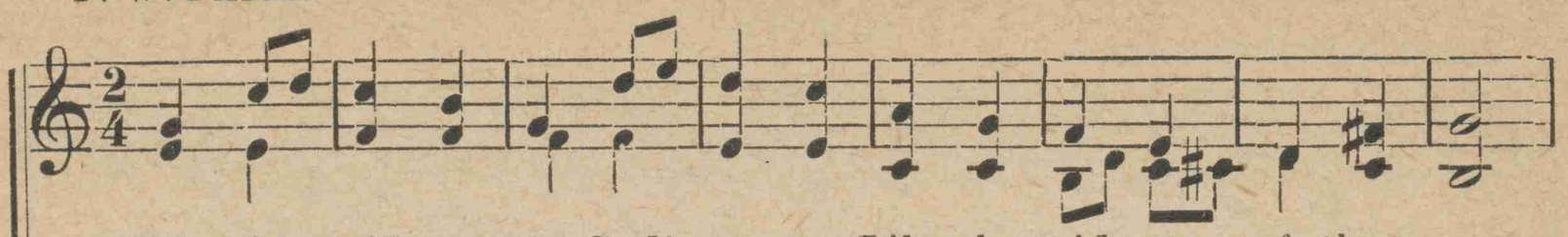
3 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

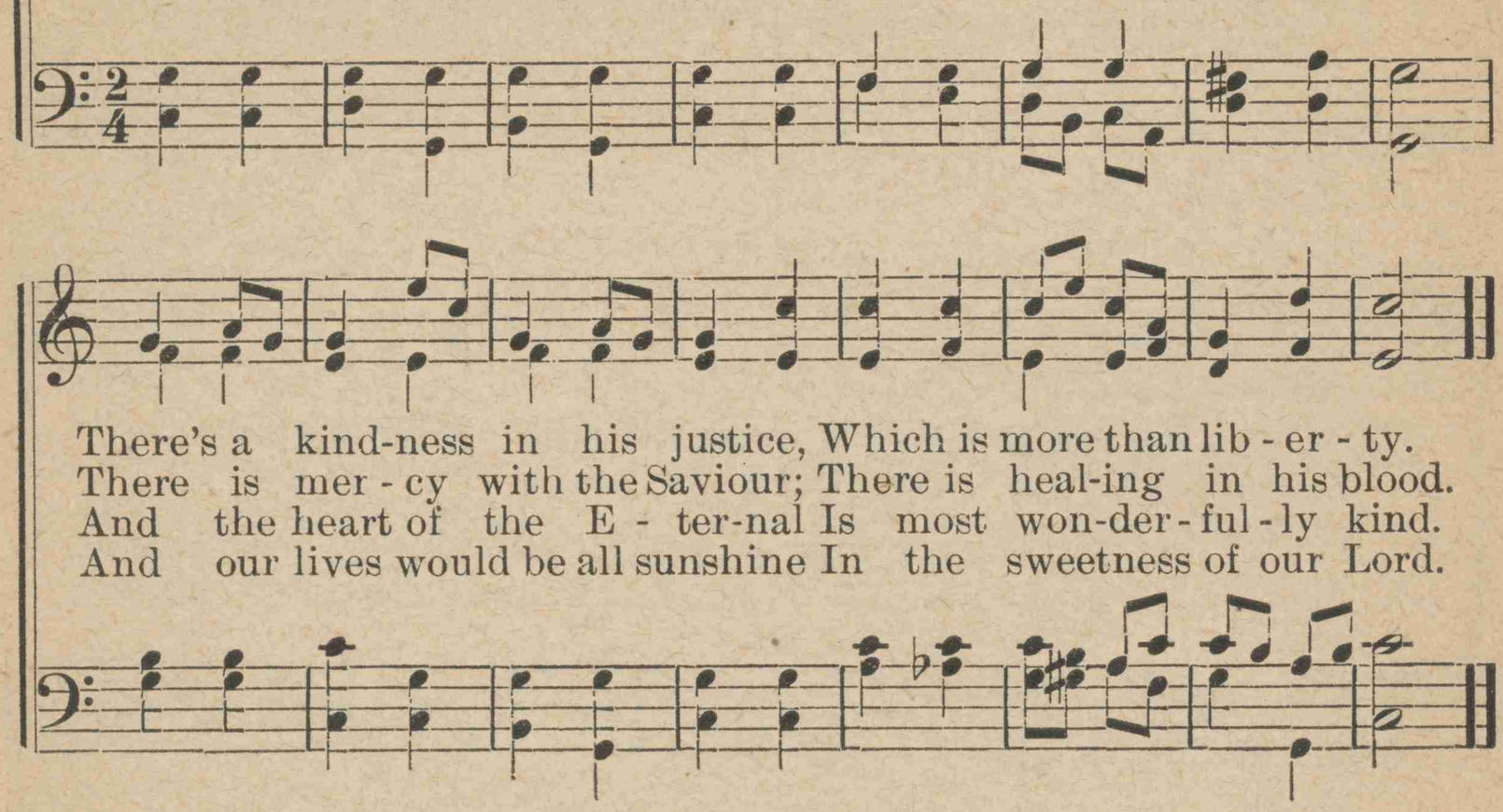
5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

144 There's a Wideness.

F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



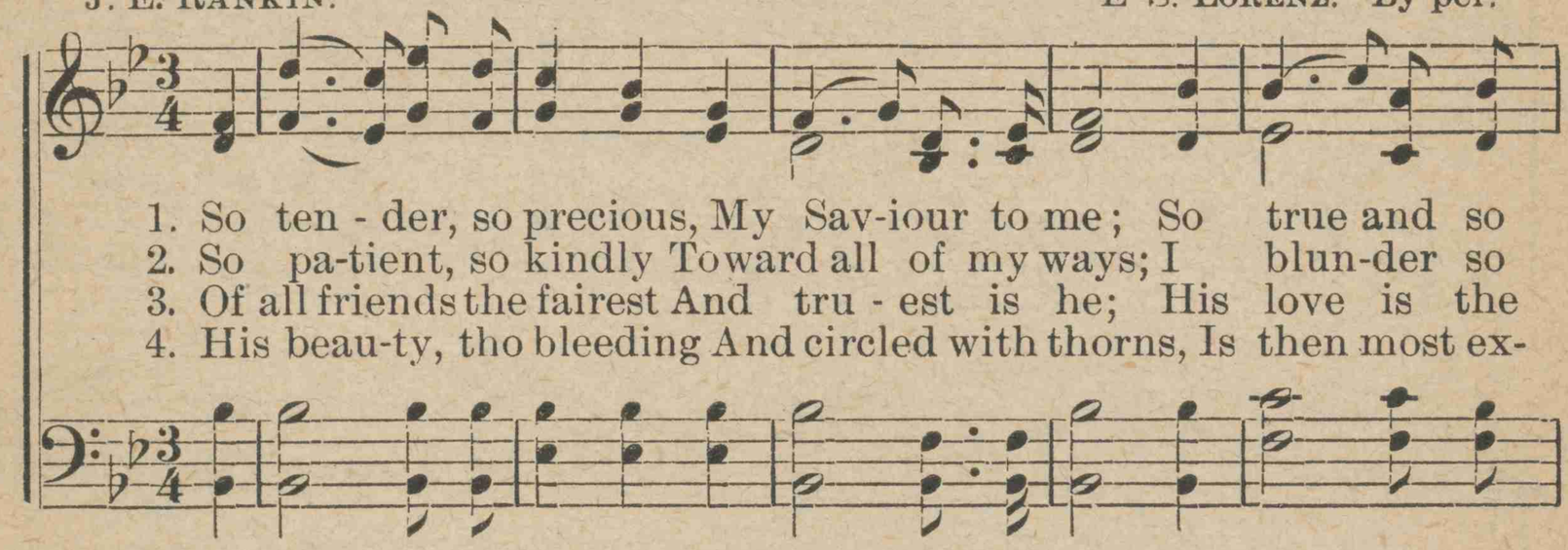
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sinner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;



There's a kind-ness in his justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

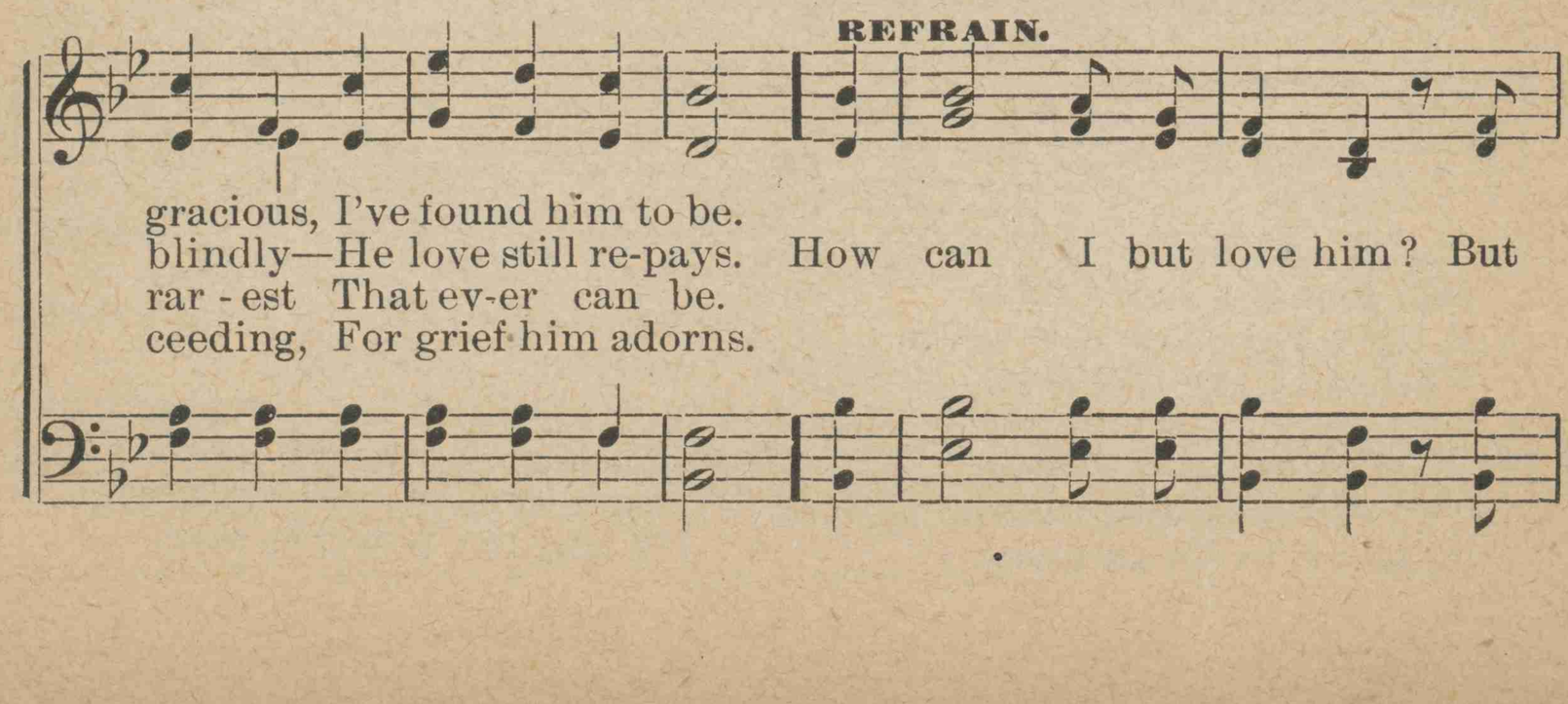
145 How Can I but Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN. E S. LORENZ. By per.
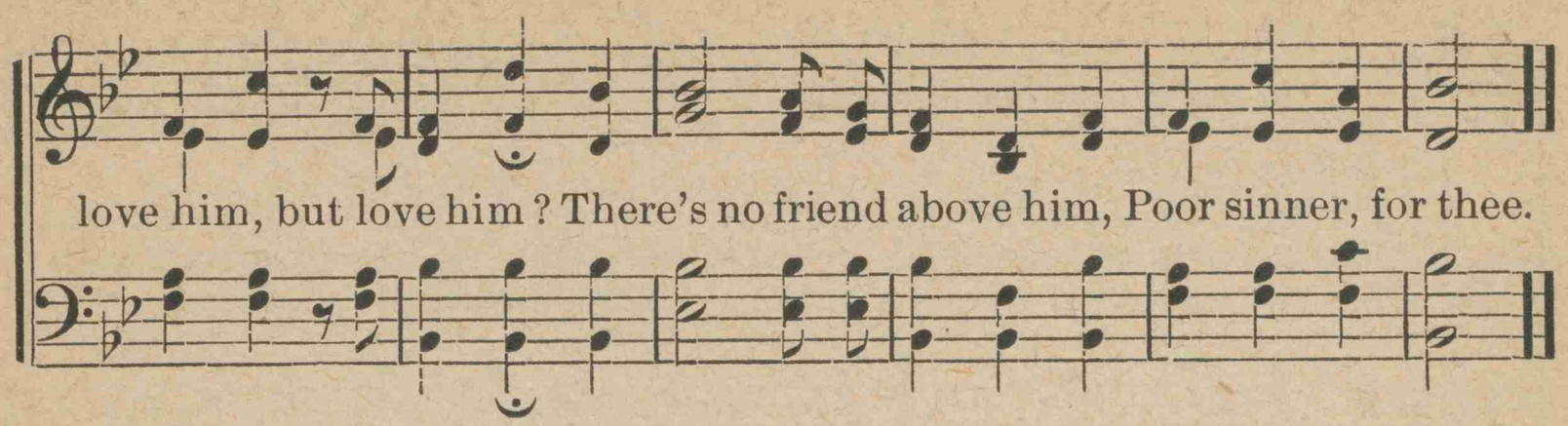


1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav-iour to me; So true and so
2. So pa-tient, so kindly Toward all of my ways; I blun-der so
3. Of all friends the fairest And tru - est is he; His love is the
4. His beau-ty, tho bleeding And circled with thorns, Is then most ex-

REFRAIN.



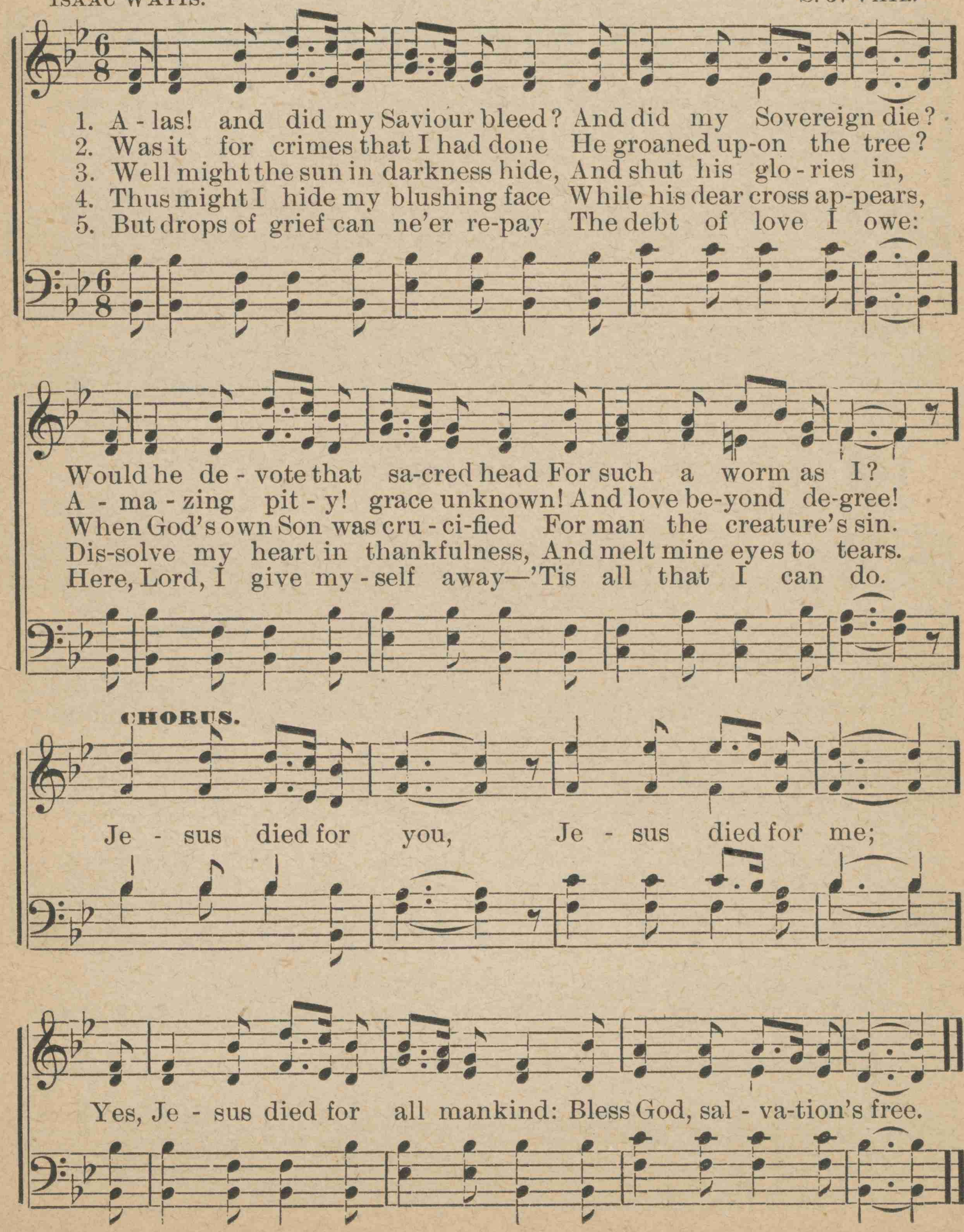
gracious, I've found him to be.
blindly—He love still re-pays. How can I but love him? But
rar - est That ev-er can be.
ceeding, For grief him adorns.

How Can I but Love Him?
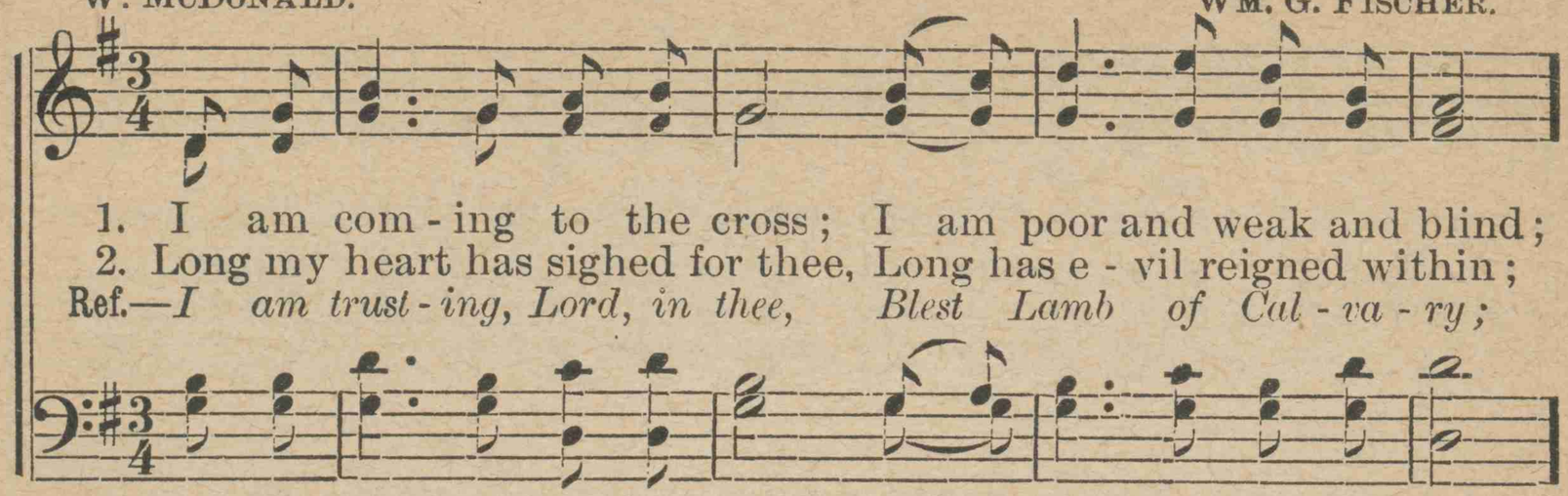


146 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

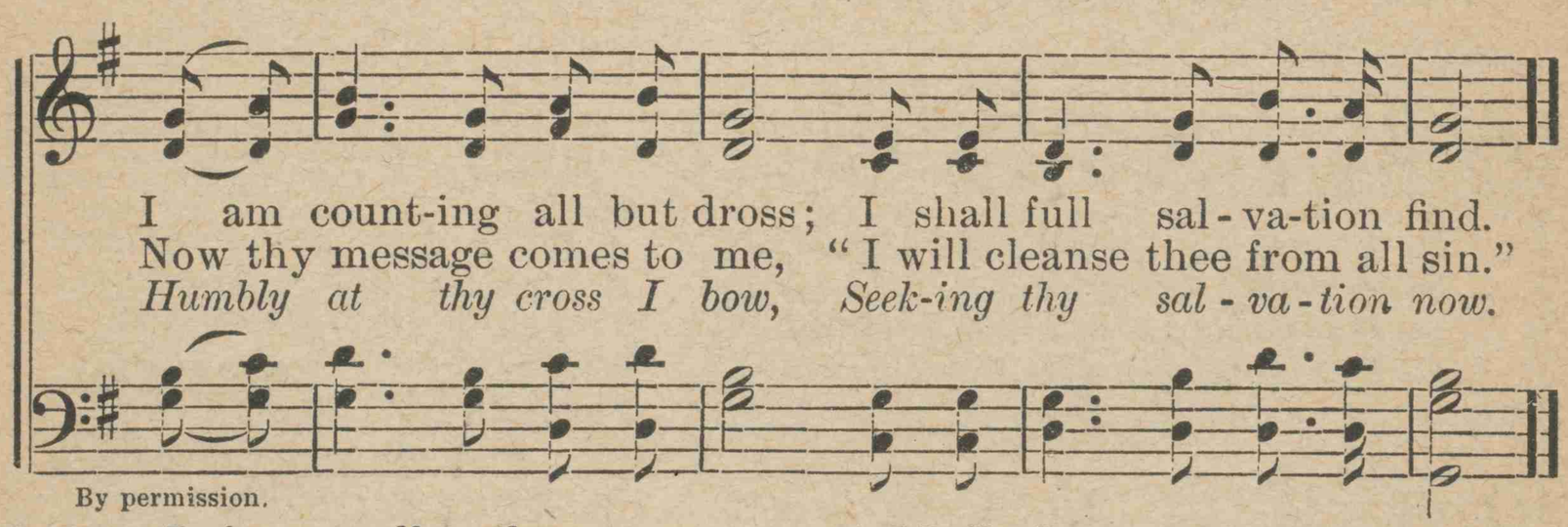
ISAAC WATTS. S. J. VAIL.



147 Coming to the Cross.

W. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.





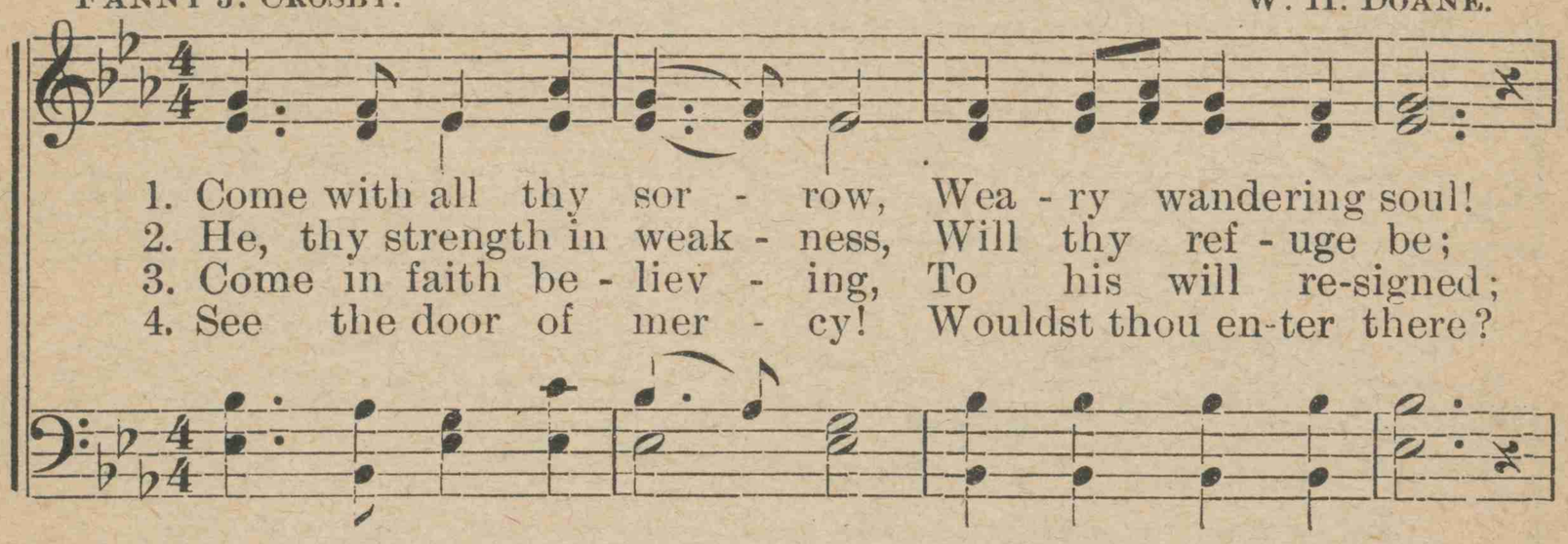
By permission.

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends and time and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 Gladly I accept thy grace;
Gladly I obey thy word;
All thy promises embrace,
Oh my Saviour and my Lord!
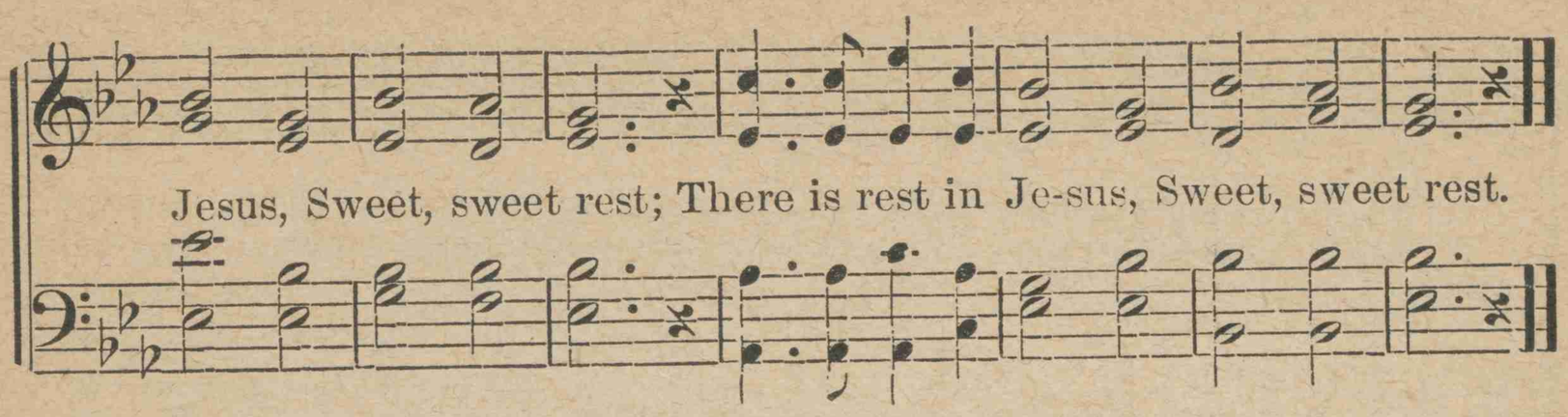
148 Rest in Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



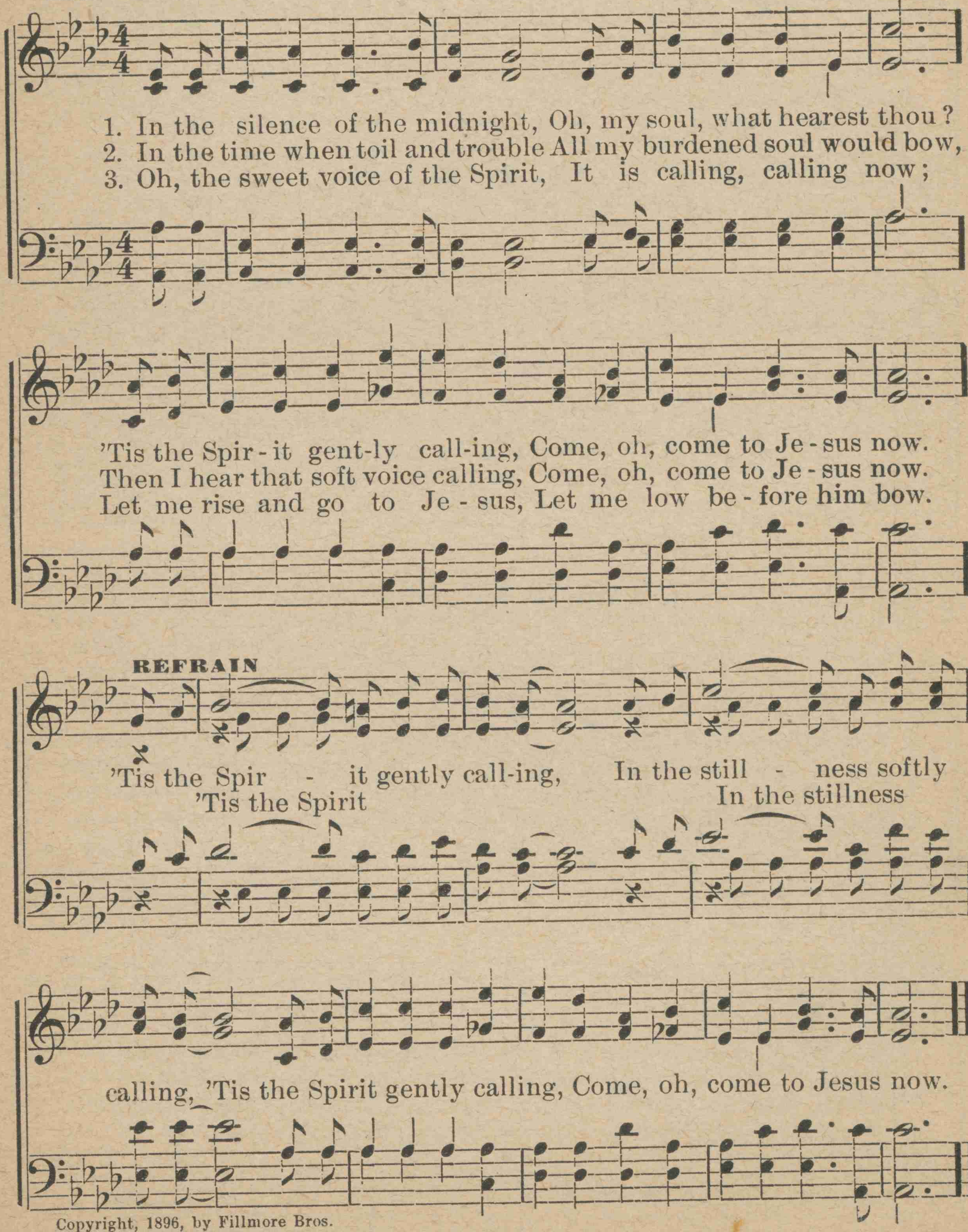
Copyright, 1868, by W. H. Doane.

Rest in Jesus.



149 'T is the Spirit Gently Calling.

P. H. J. H. F.



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150 Come, Sinner, Come!

WILL E. WITTER H. R. PALMER.

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. Oh, hear his tender pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-ceive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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151 Come to the Saviour.

A. D. FILLMORE. J. H. F.
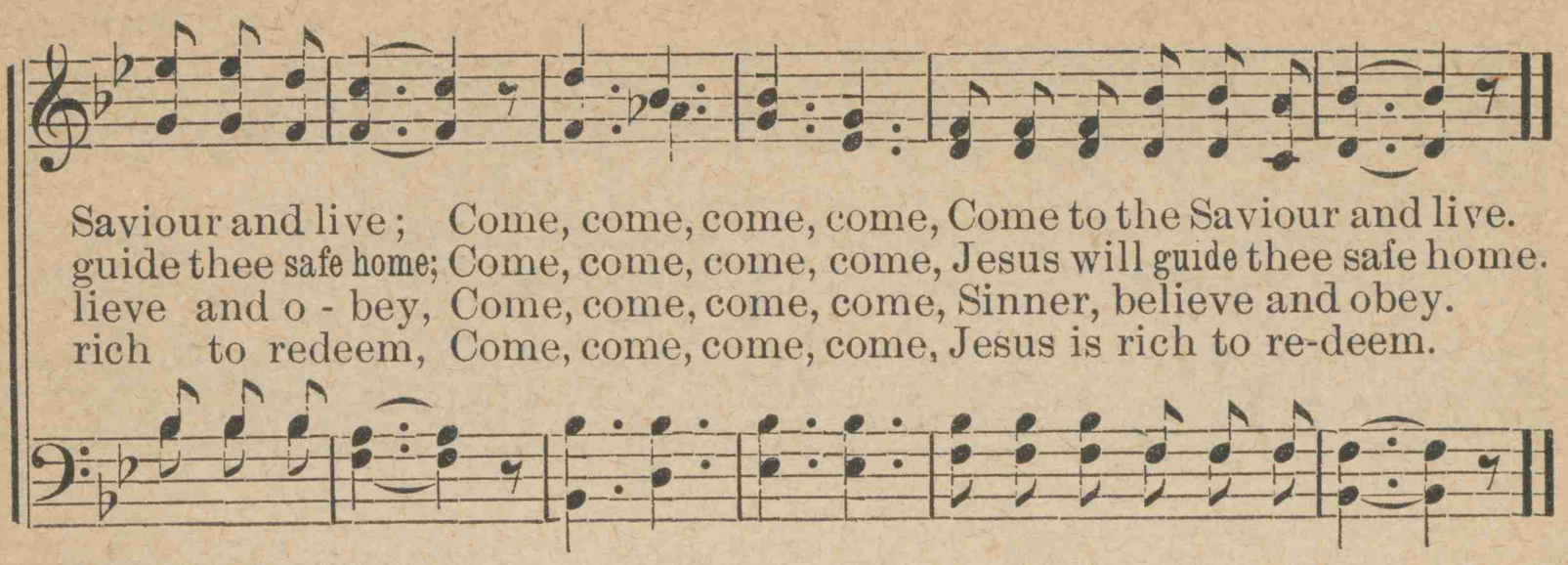
1. Come, come to the Saviour, Rich mer-cy re - ceive; Here you will find par-don, Jesus from sin will re-lieve.
2. Come laden and wea-ry, Christ calls thee to come; Leave paths dark and dreary, Cease from the Saviour to roam.
3. Come seek his salvation, Now hear and o - bey; Hark! the sweet invi-ta-tion, An - gels in-vite you a-way.
4. Hark! angels are sing-ing, Love, love is their theme; Peace joy-ful-ly bringing, Mercy from God the Supreme.

REFRAIN.

Come, come, come, come, Come to the Saviour to-day.
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus will hear you pray.
Come, come, come, come, Sinner, be-lieve and live.
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus is willing to give.

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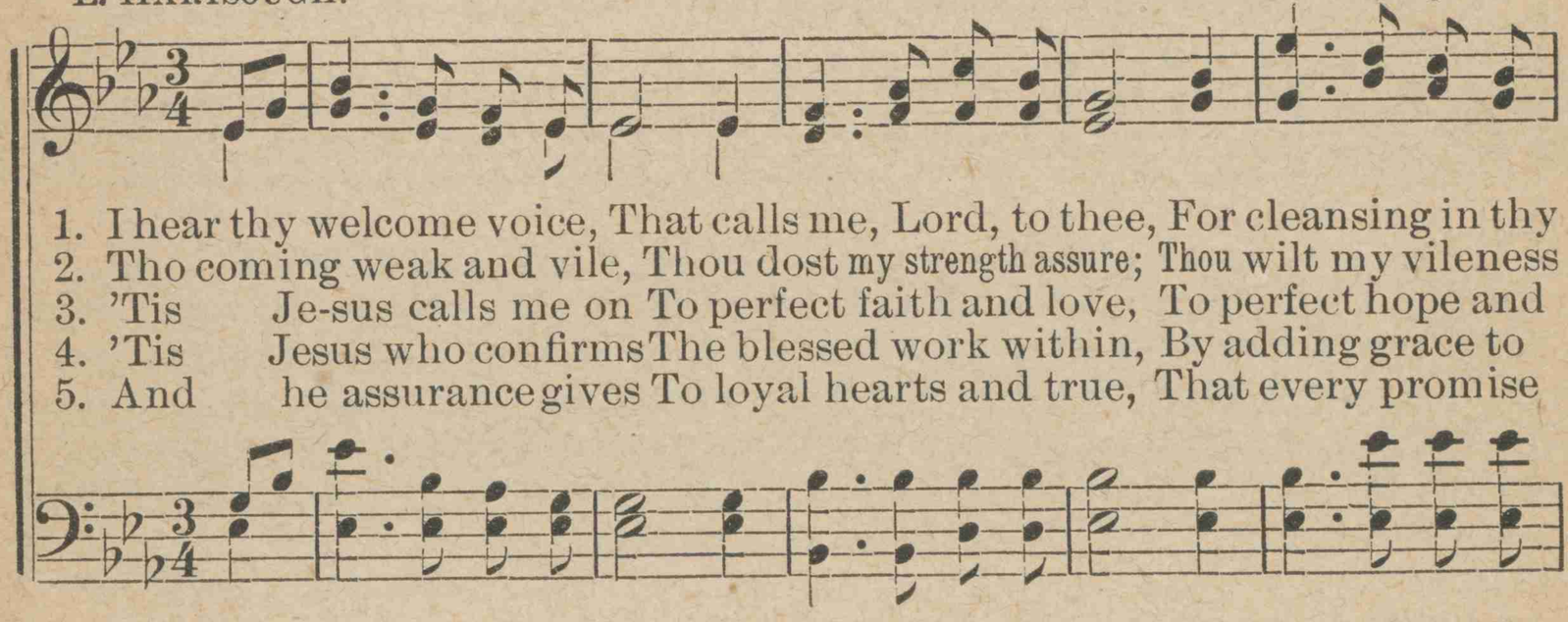
Come to the Saviour.



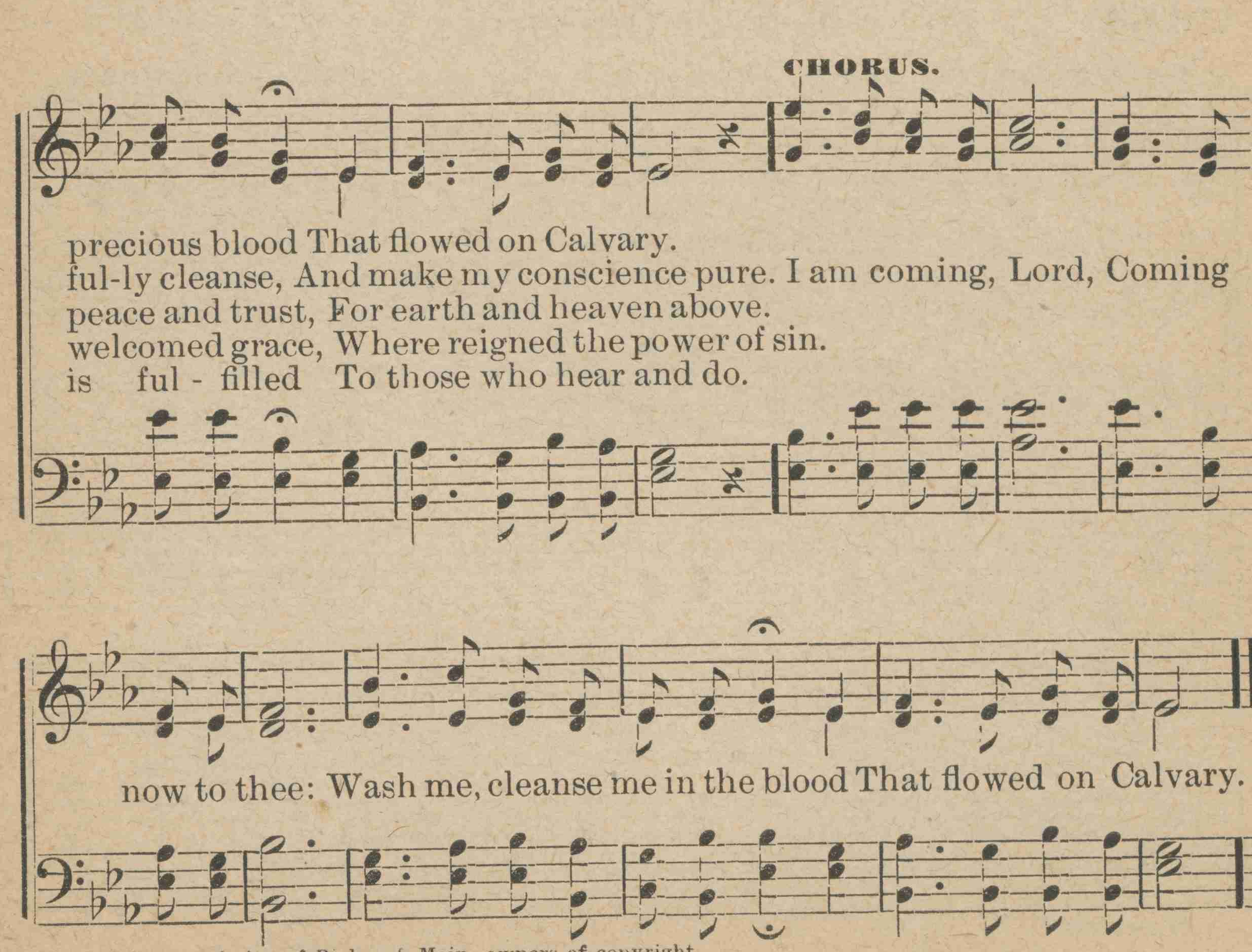
Saviour and live; Come, come, come, come, Come to the Saviour and live.
guide thee safe home; Come, come, come, come, Jesus will guide thee safe home.
lieve and o - bey, Come, come, come, come, Sinner, believe and obey.
rich to redeem, Come, come, come, come, Jesus is rich to re-deem.

152 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. HARTSOUGH. From "Hallowed Songs."

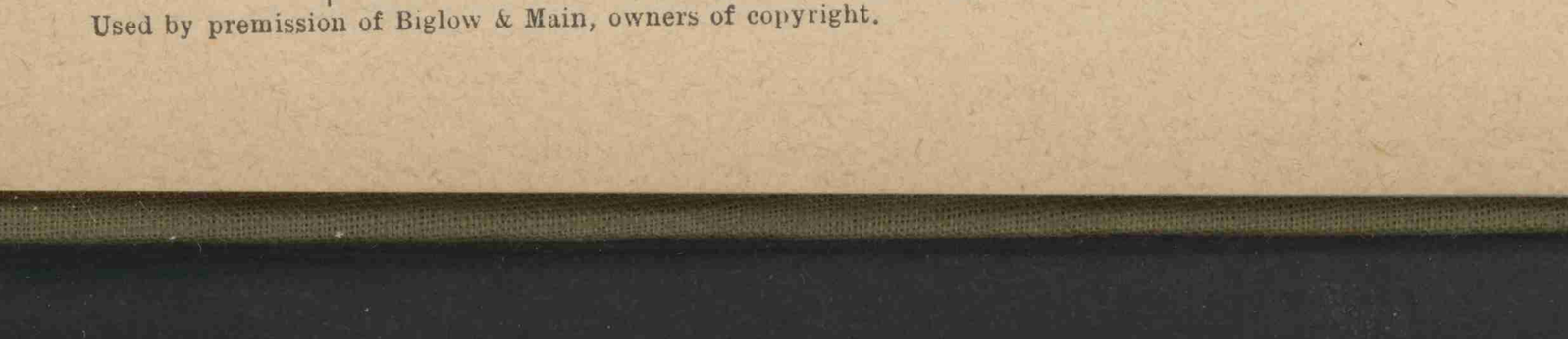


1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy
2. Tho coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou wilt my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope and
4. 'Tis Jesus who confirms The blessed work within, By adding grace to
5. And he assurance gives To loyal hearts and true, That every promise



CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
ful-ly cleanse, And make my conscience pure. I am coming, Lord, Coming
peace and trust, For earth and heaven above.
welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
is ful - filled To those who hear and do.



now to thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

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153 Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

f. CHORUS.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On thee, my Saviour and my God! { Happy day,
   { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. { *D. S.* Happy day,

Fine. D. S.

hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away; { He taught me how to watch and pray,
hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { And live re-joic - ing ev-ery day;

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

154 Nearer the Cross.

FANNIE CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. "Nearer the cross," my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Near-er the
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat, I am coming nearer, Feasting my
3. Nearer in prayer my hope aspires, I am coming nearer, Deeper the

cross from day to day, I am coming near - er; Nearer the cross where
soul on manna sweet, I am coming near - er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul desires, I am coming near - er; Near-er the end of

By permission.

Nearer the Cross.

Je - sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crimson tide, Nearer my Saviour's
clear I see, Je - sus who gave himself for me; Nearer to him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share; Nearer the crown I

wounded side, I am com - ing near-er, I am coming near - er.
still would be: Still I'm com - ing near-er, Still I'm coming near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near-er, I am coming near - er.

155 Jesus, I am Coming Now.

ROBERT MOFFETT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus, I am coming now, Coming to the fountain; Precious is th'a-
2. Jesus, make me true to thee, Pure, and meek, and lowly, While I walk the
3. Jesus, fill my heart with peace, Flowing like a riv - er; Day by day my

CHORUS.

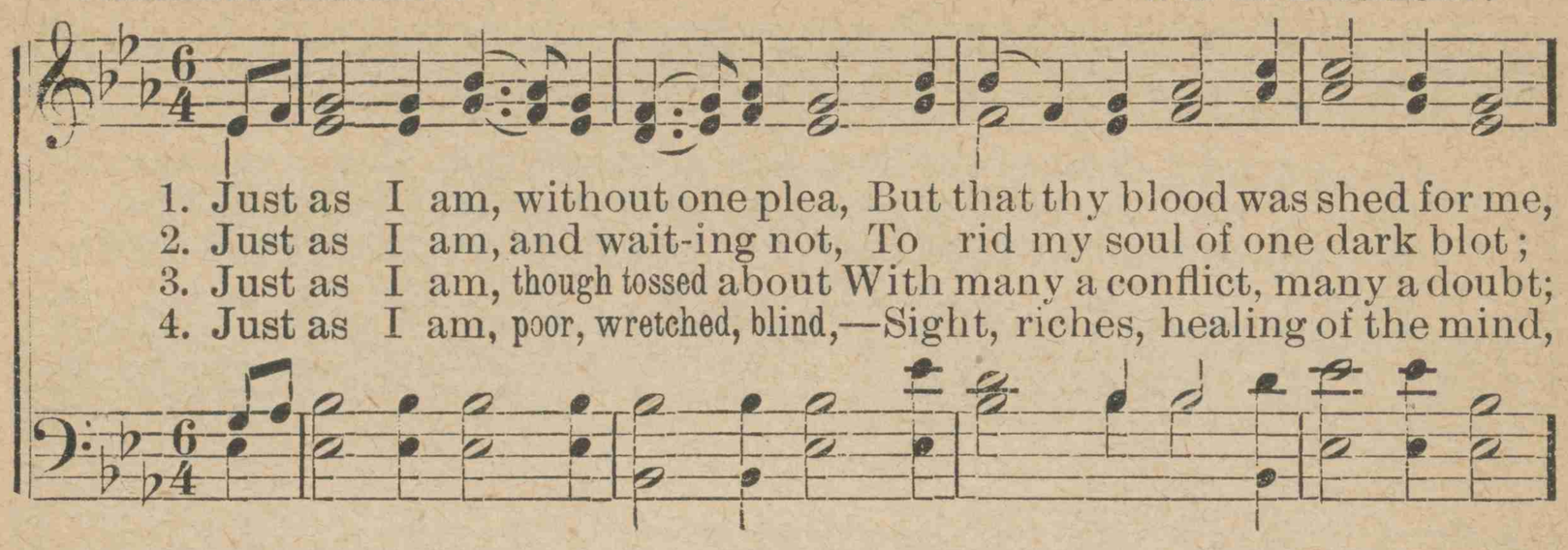
toning blood Shed on Calvary's mountain.
nar-row way To the cit - y ho-ly. Coming now, coming now, Seeking
joy increase, Till the glad for-ev-er.

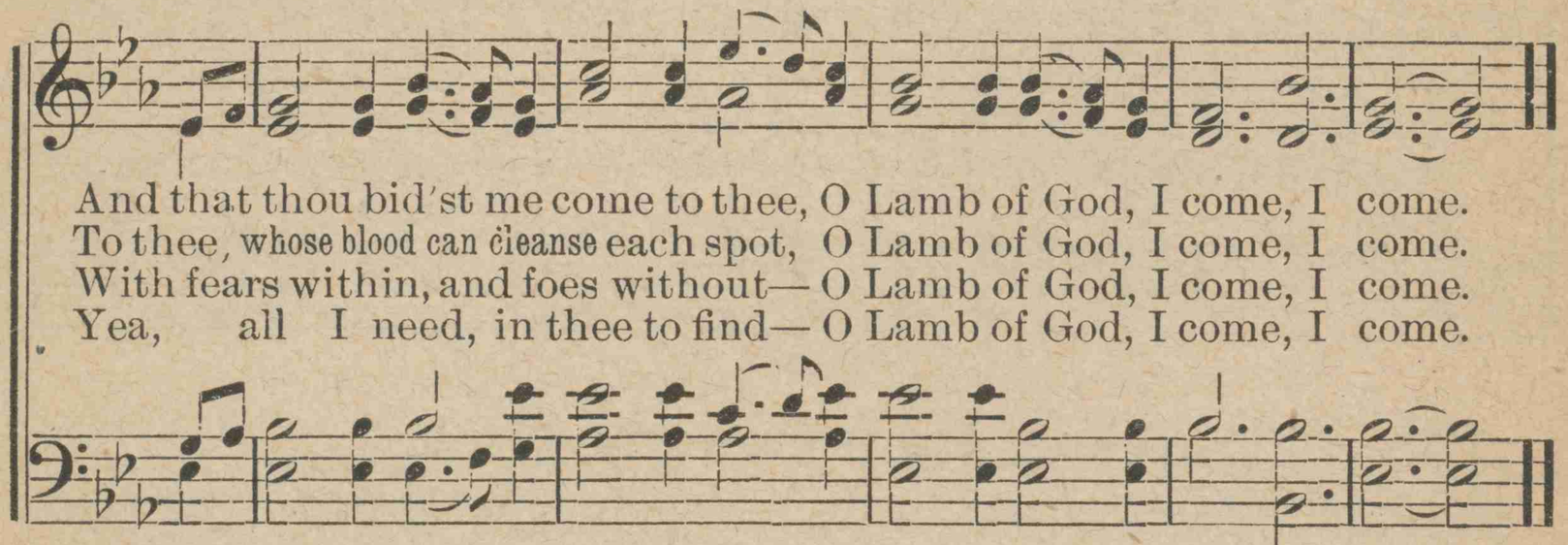
grace and fa - vor, That my weary soul may find Rest in thee forever.

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156 Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



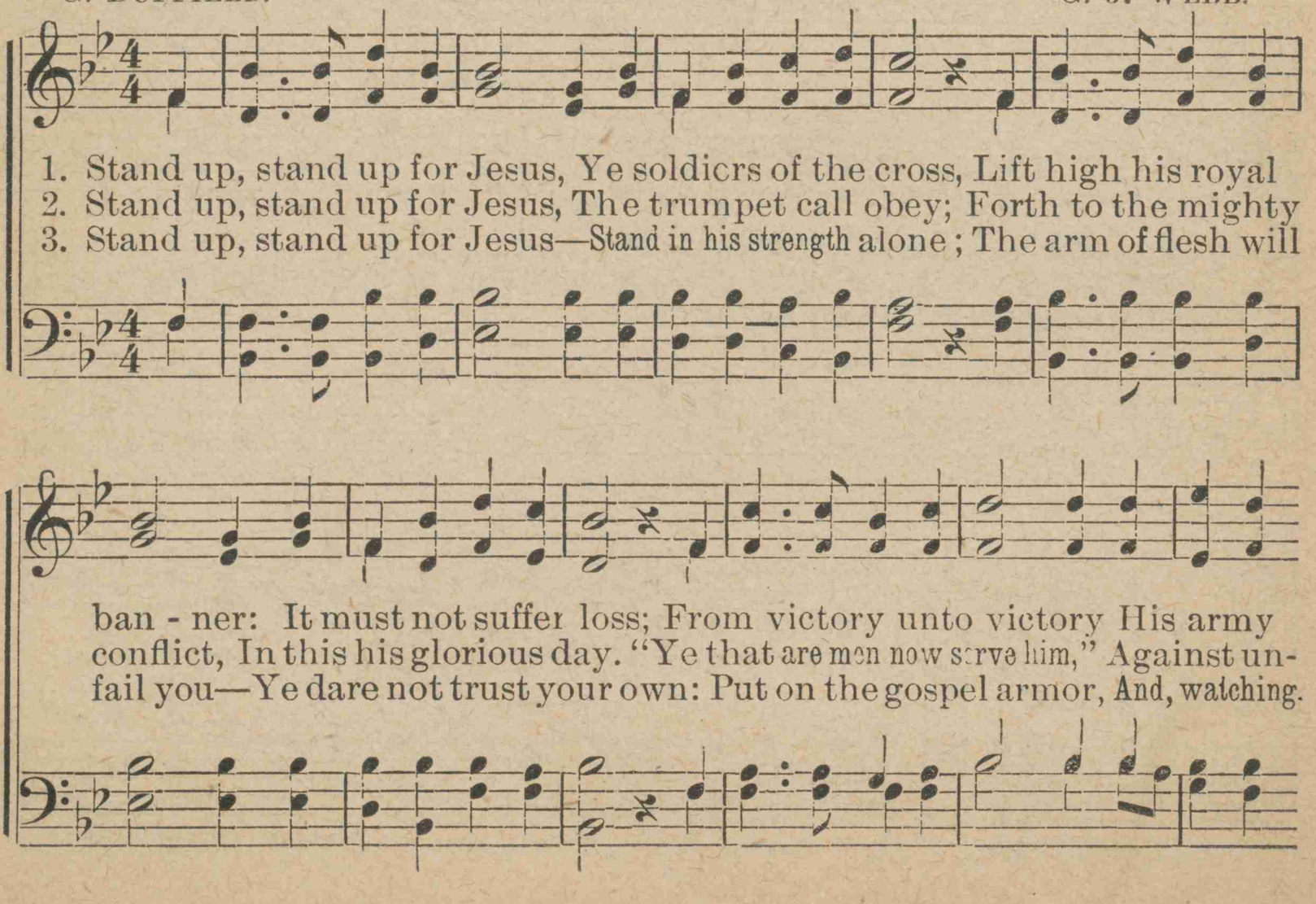


5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

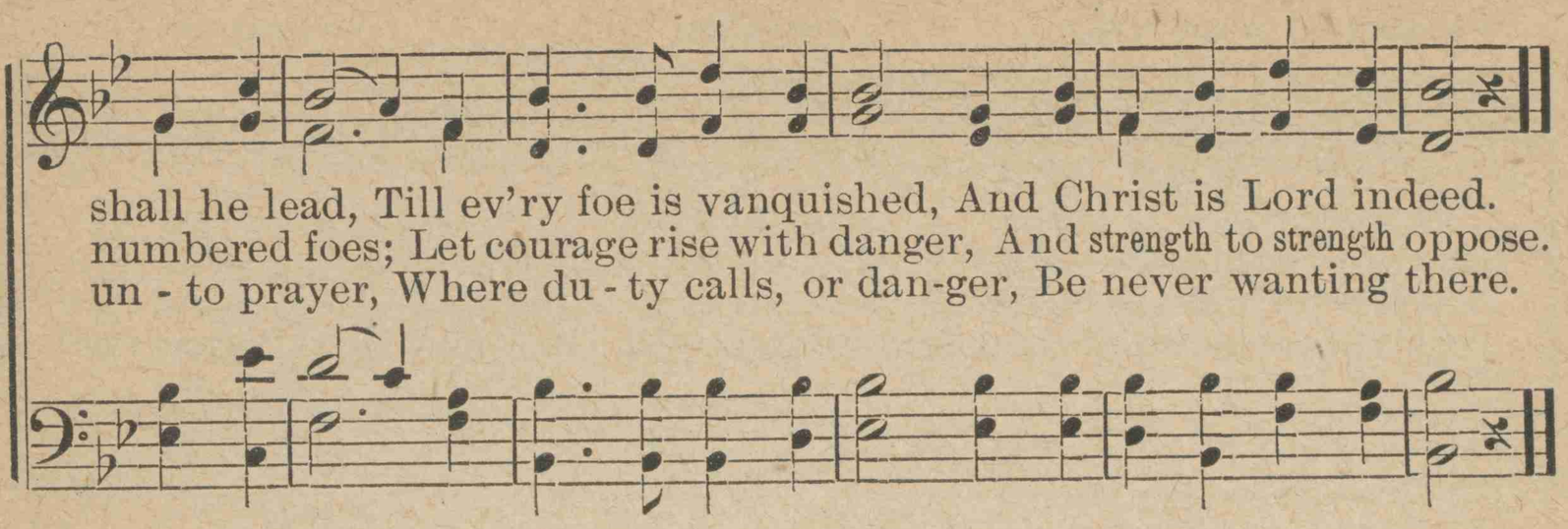
6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken ev'ry barrier down,
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

157 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.
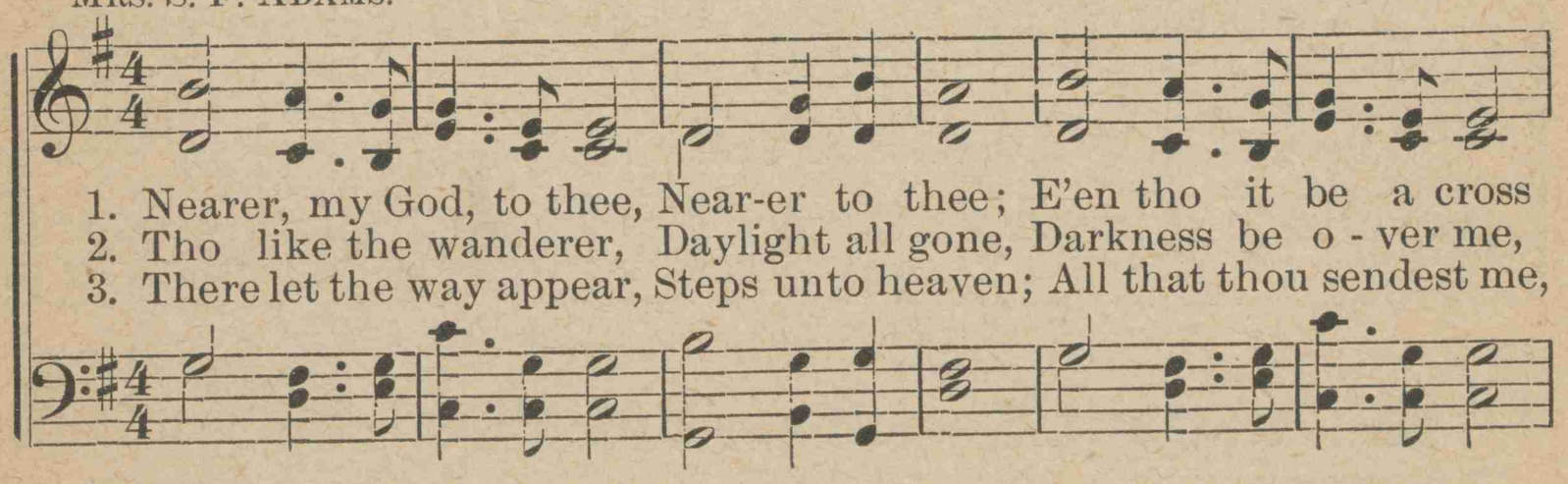


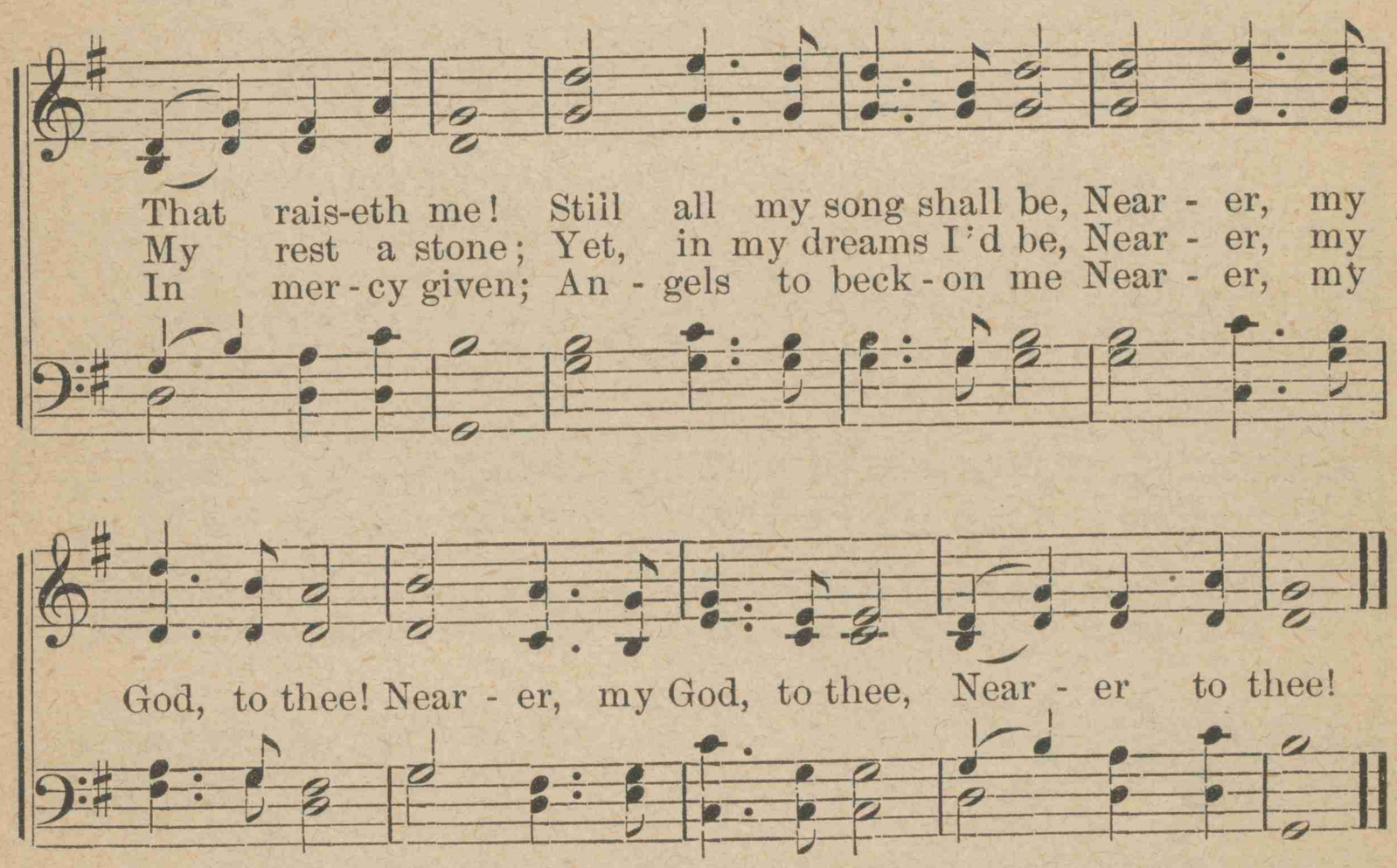
Stand Up for Jesus.



158 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.
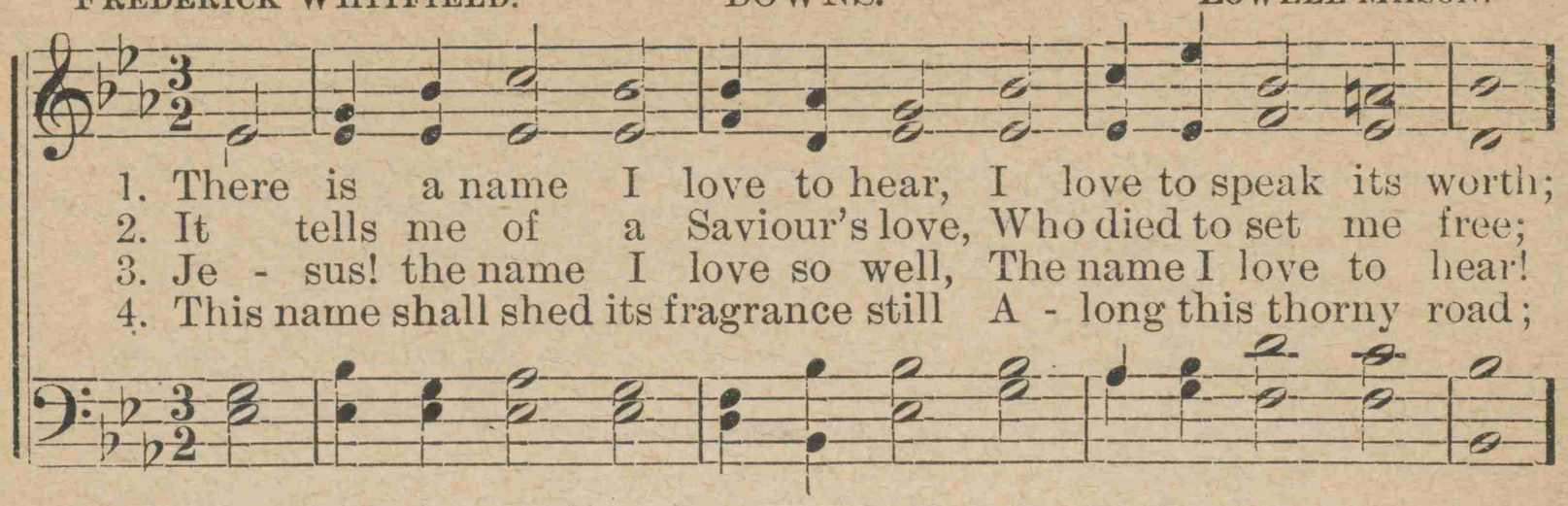




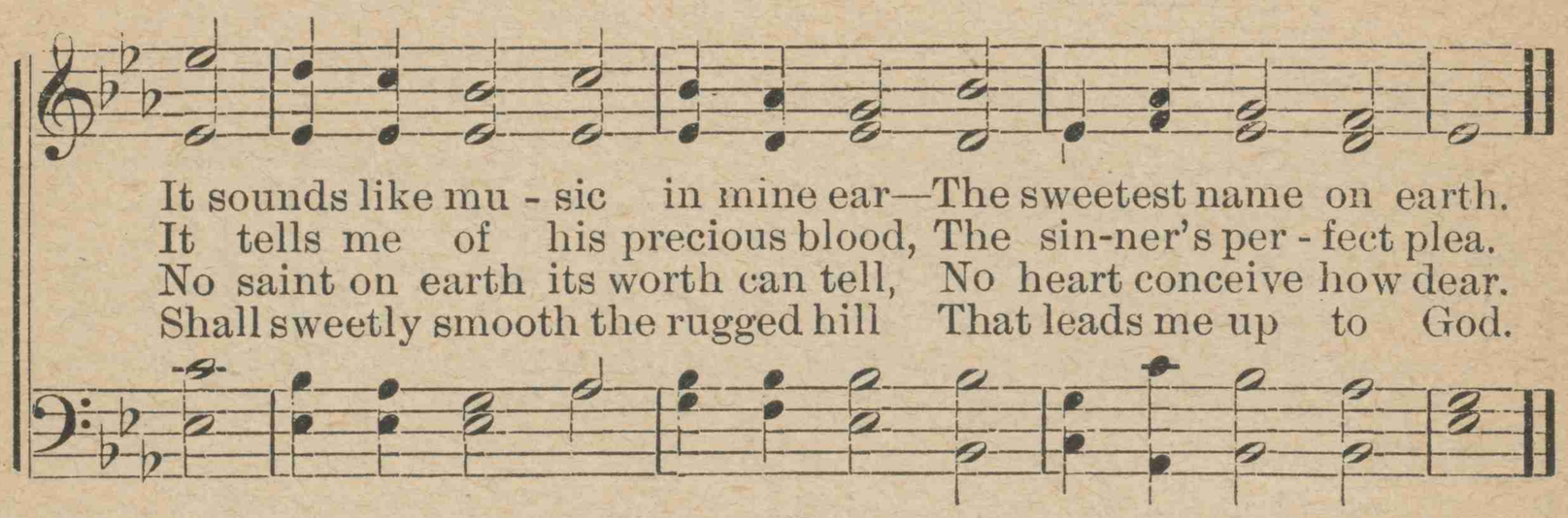
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

159 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

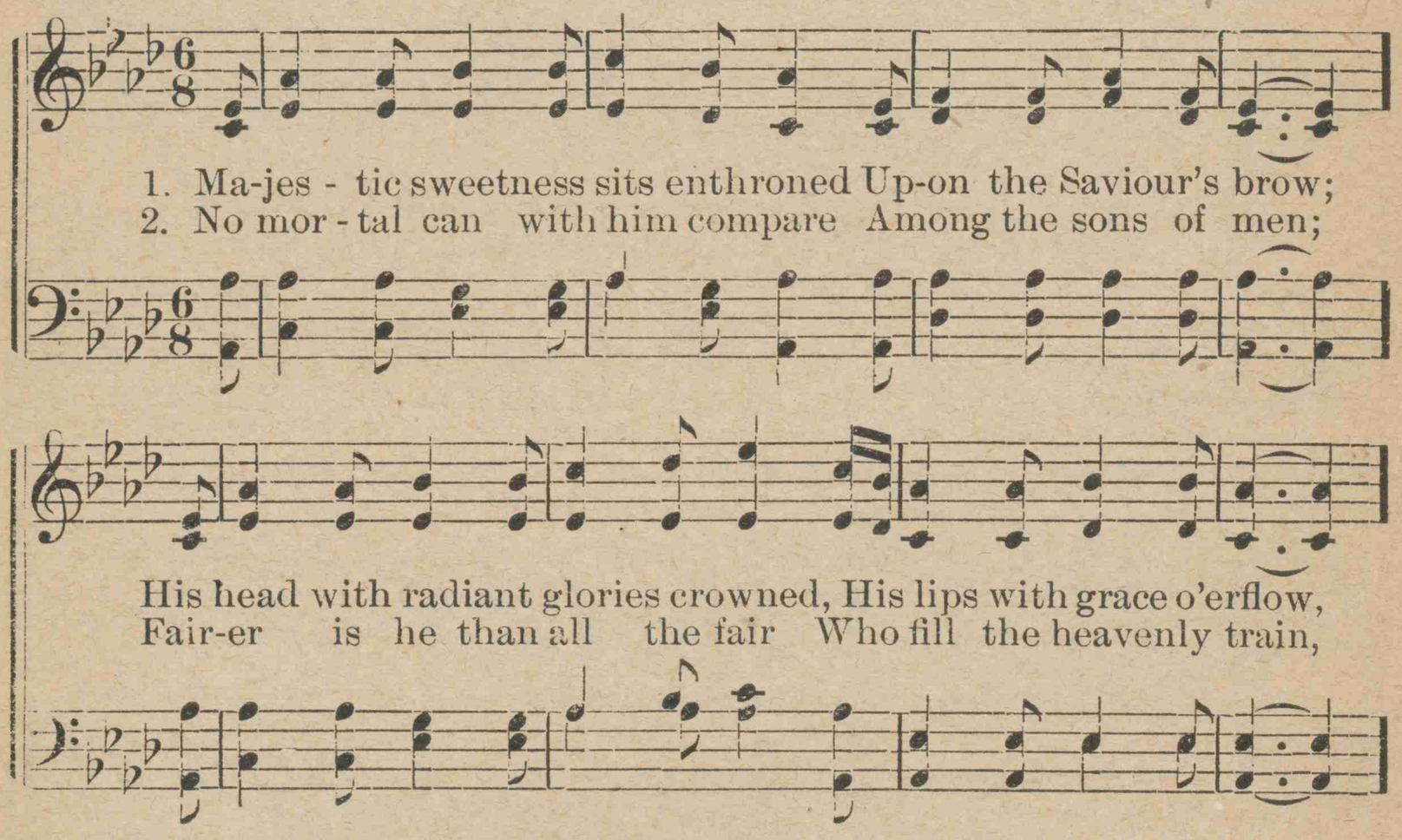
FREDERICK WHITFIELD. DOWNS. LOWELL MASON.

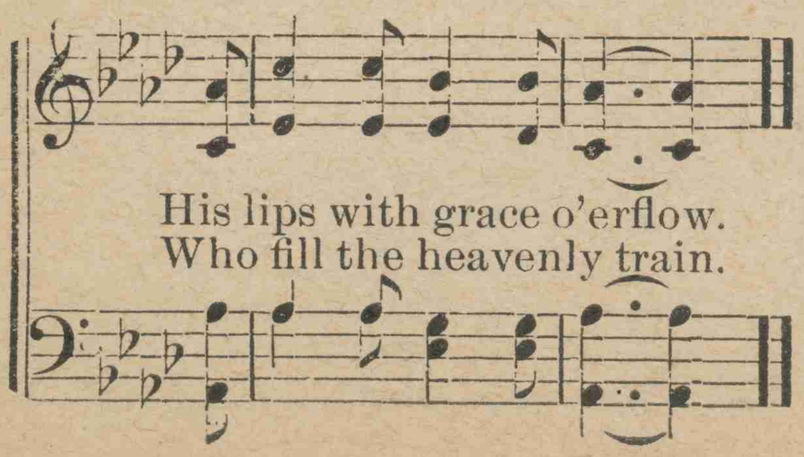




160 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

S. STENNETT. ORTONVILLE. THOS. HASTINGS.
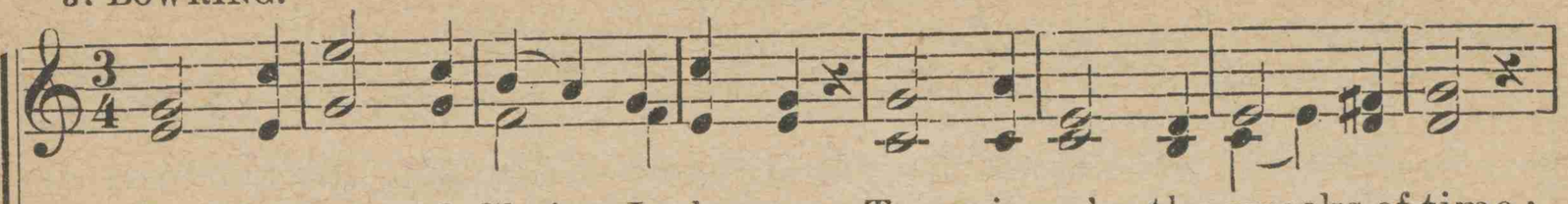




3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;.
For me he bore the shameful cross,
‖:And carried all my grief.:‖

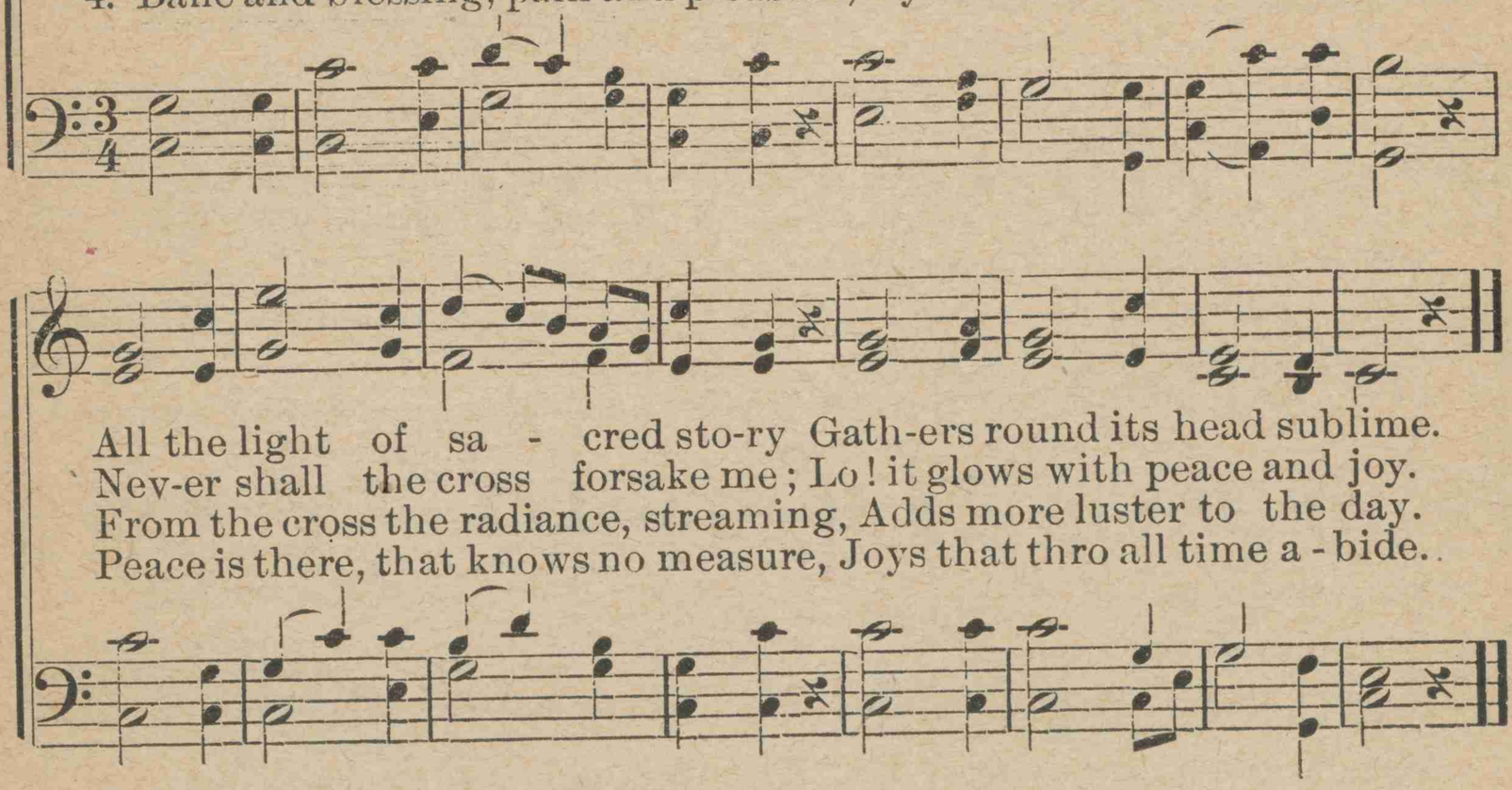
4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
‖:And saves me from the grave.:‖

161 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. BOWRING. RATHBUN. I. CONKEY.
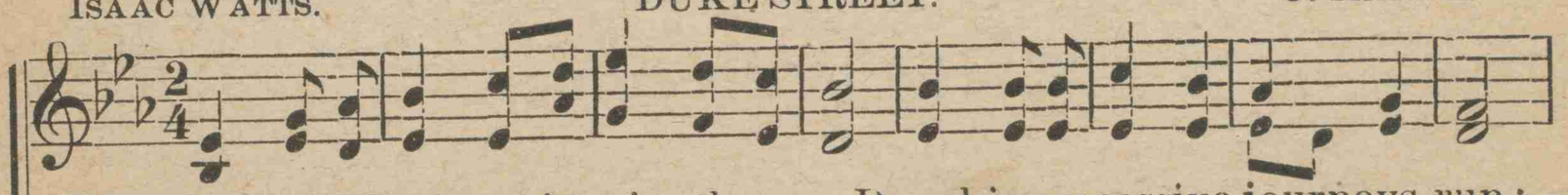


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
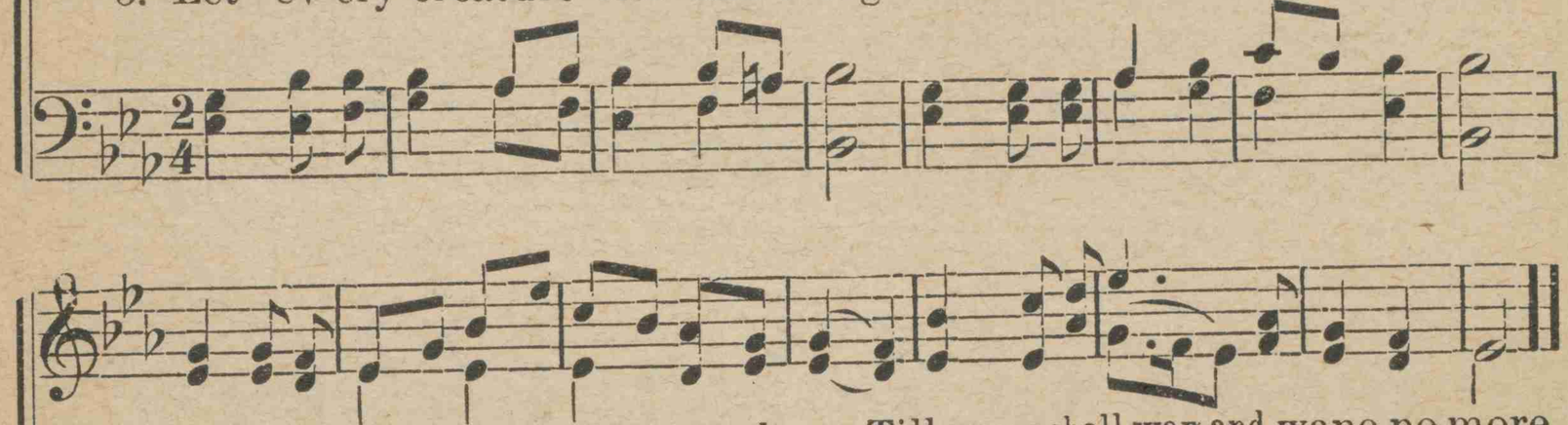


All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance, streaming, Adds more luster to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro all time a - bide.

162 Jesus shall Reign.
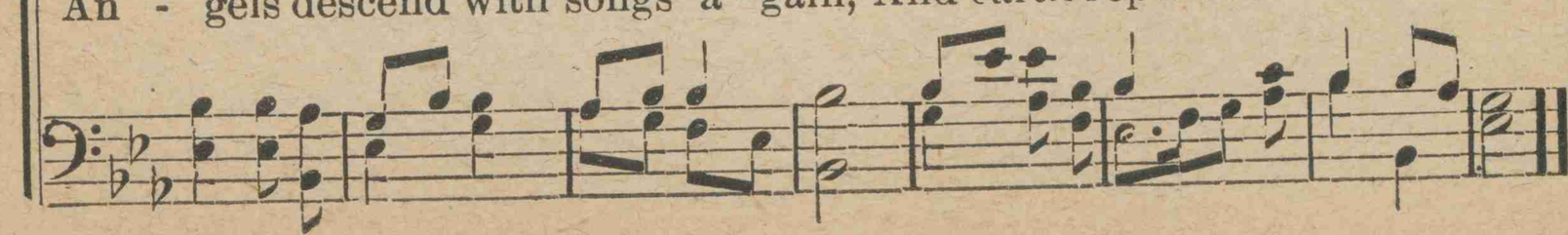
ISAAC WATTS. DUKE STREET. J. HATTON.



1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;
2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head;
3. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
5. Let ev-ery creature rise and bring Pe-cu-liar honors to our King;

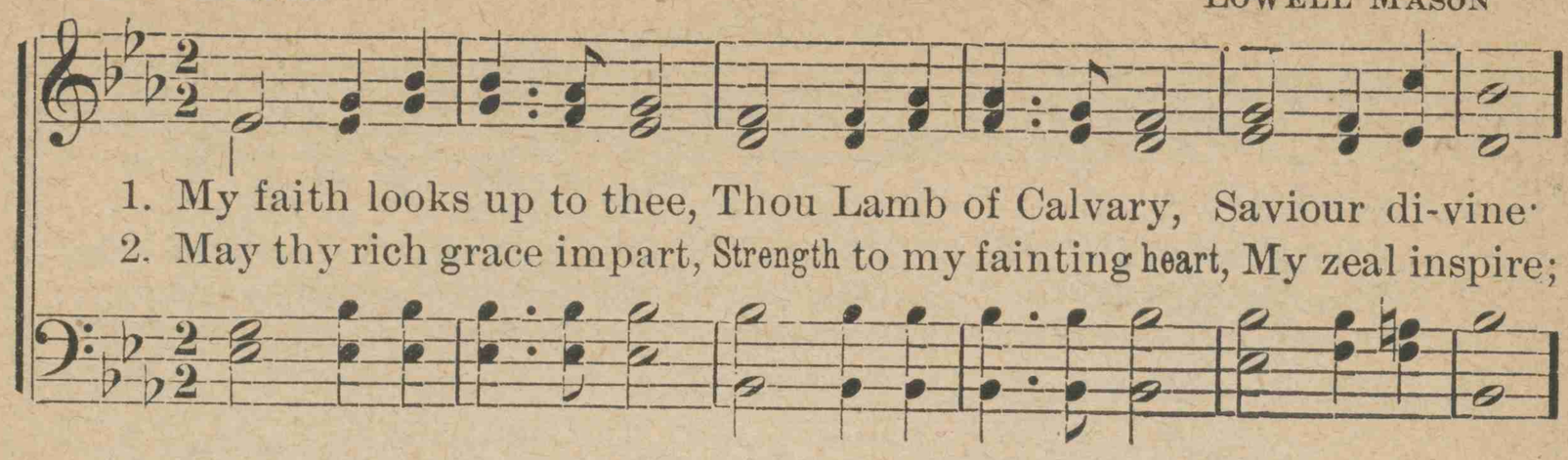


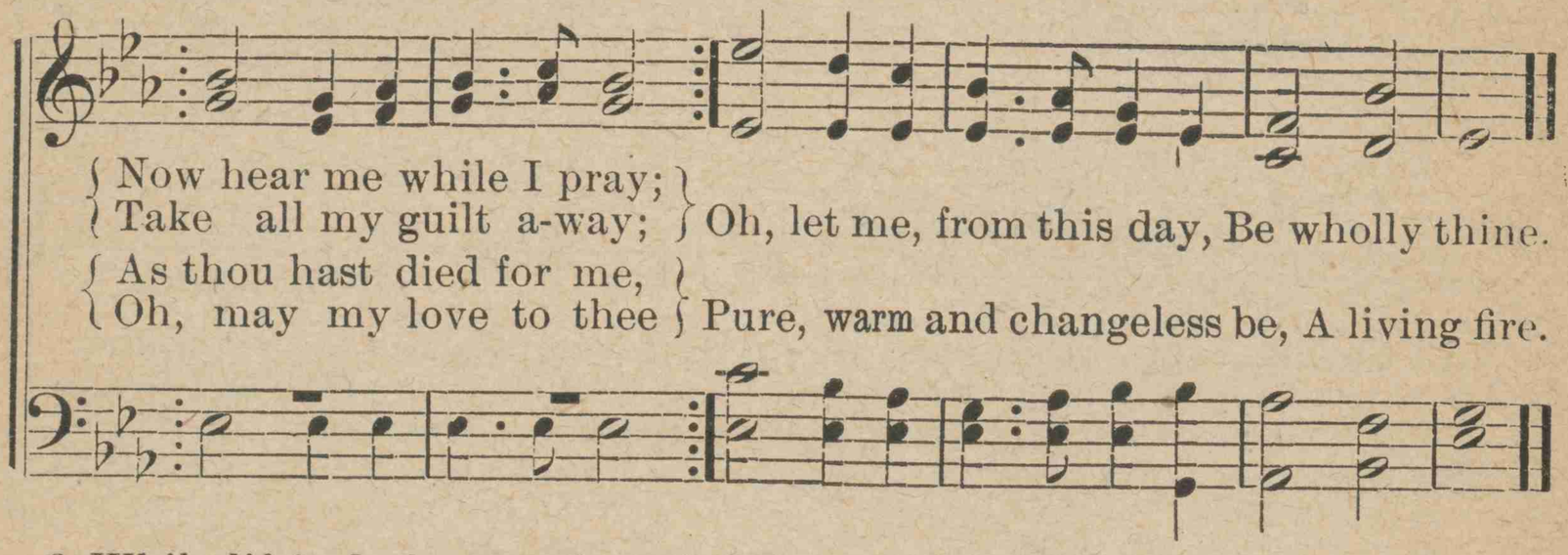
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their early bless-ings on his name.
The weary find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels descend with songs a - gain, And earth repeat the loud A-men!



163 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON



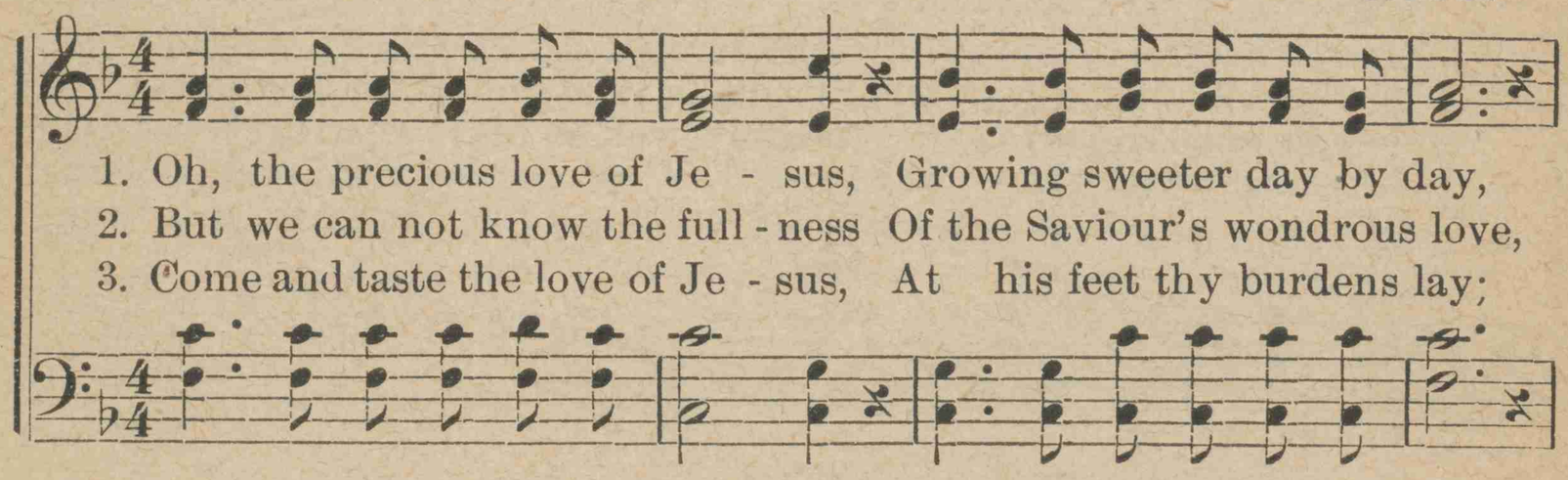


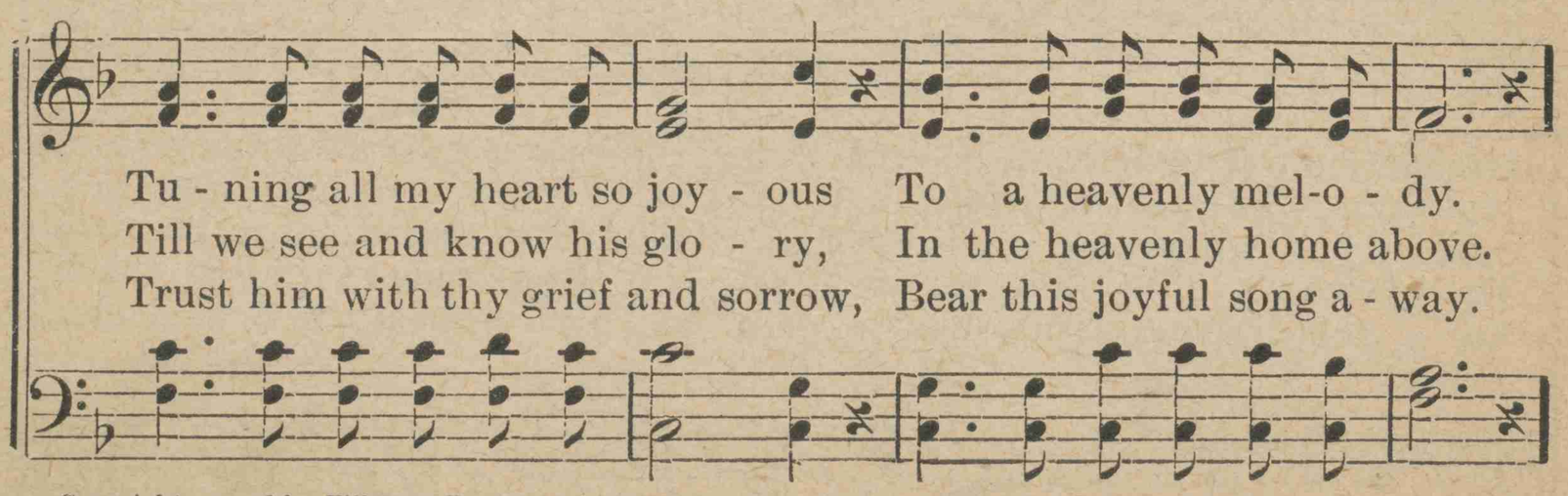
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

164 Christ is Precious.

ELIZA SHERMAN. — J. H. F.





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Christ is Precious.

CHORUS.

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey he will lead thee;

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

165 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

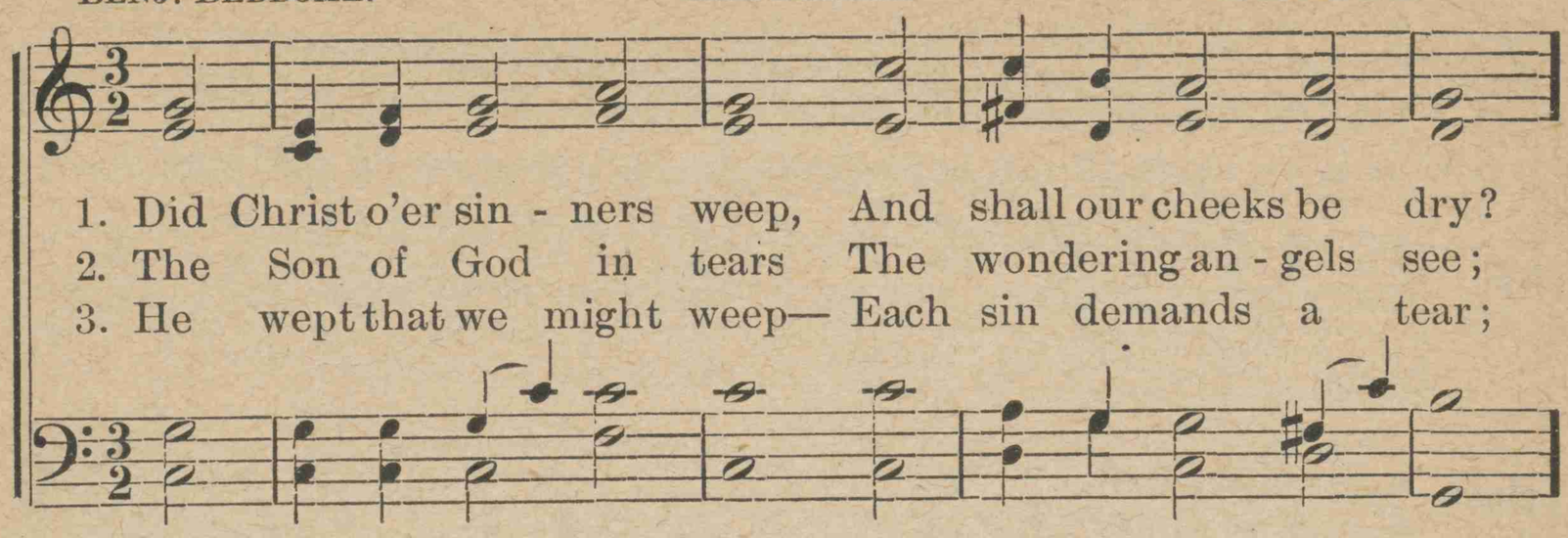
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!
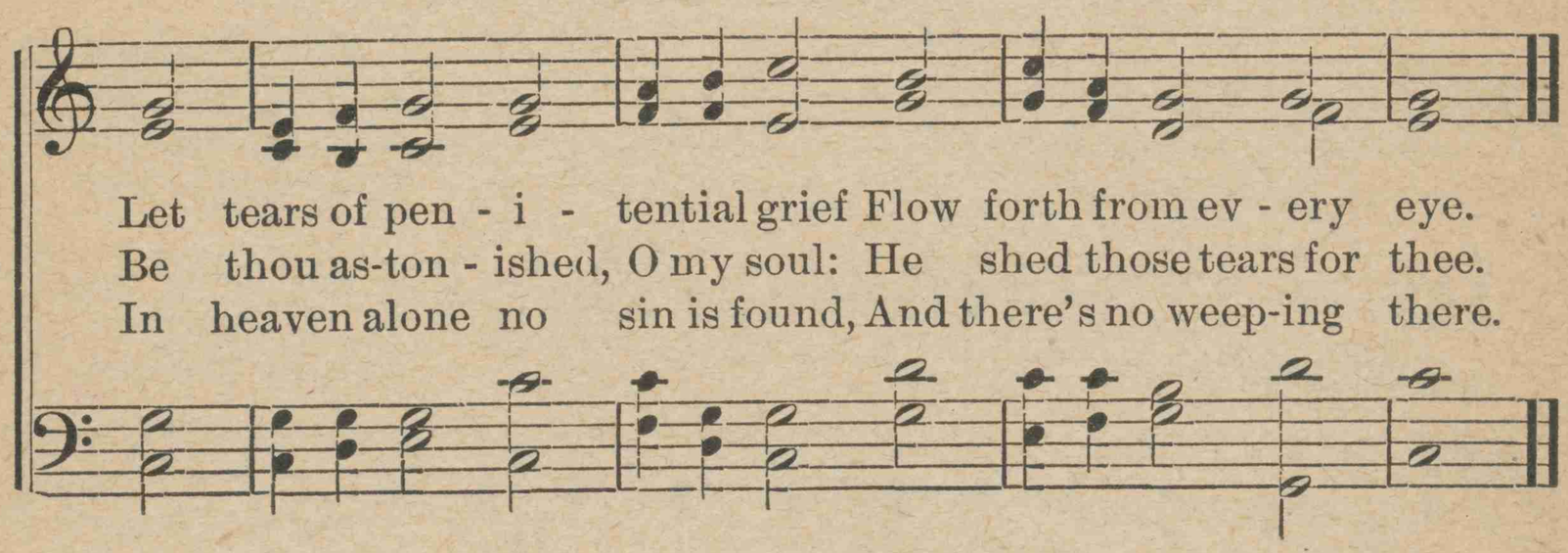
Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

166 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

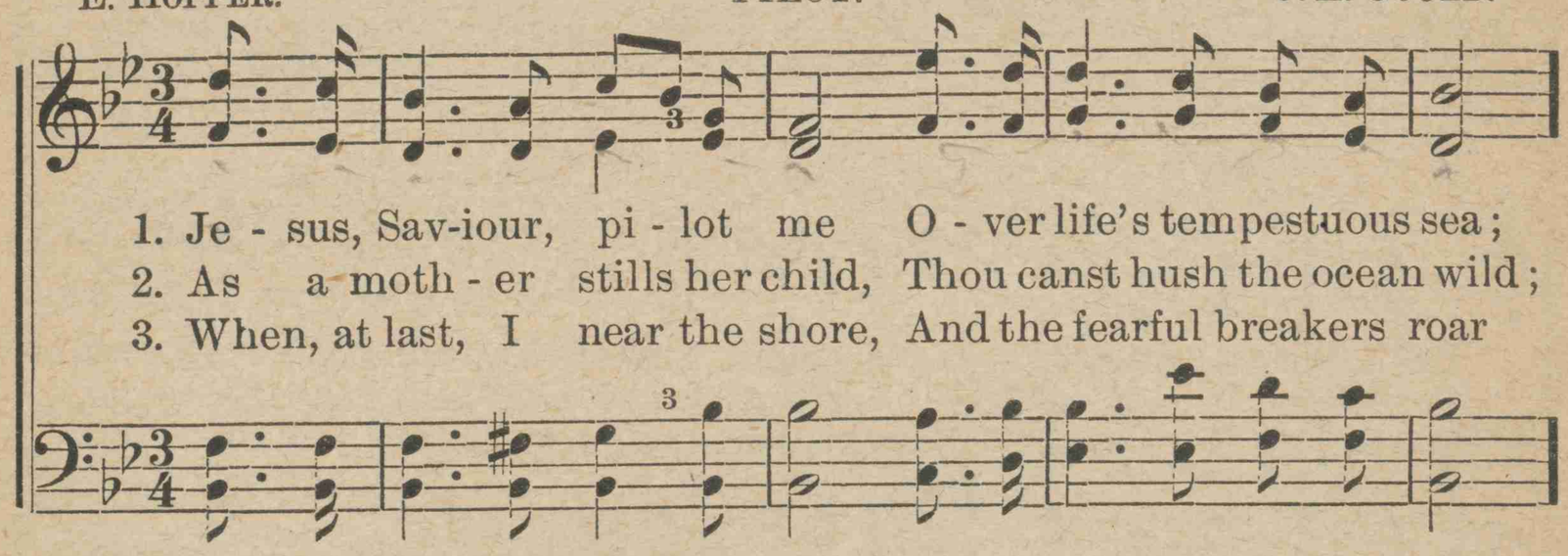
BENJ. BEDDOME. BOYLSTON. LOWELL MASON.





167 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. PILOT. J. E. GOULD.



Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Chart and com-pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not: I will pi - lot thee!"

168 Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER. Alt. NICÆA. JOHN B. DYKES.
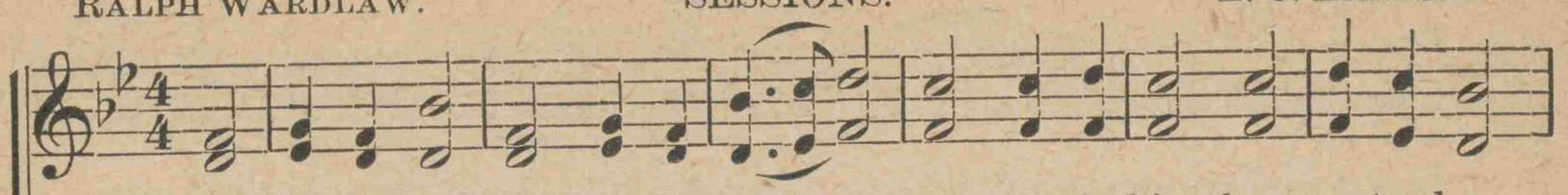
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho the darkness hide thee, Tho the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
golden crowns around the crystal sea; Cherubim and Seraphim
sin-ful men thy glo - ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly,
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
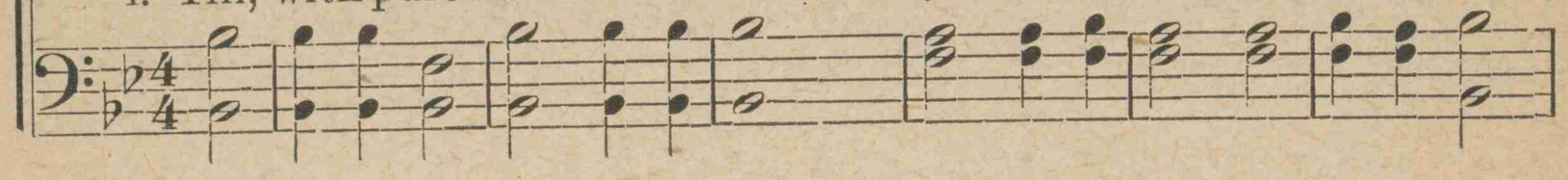
mer - ciful and mighty! God o-ver all, and blest e - ter-nal-ly.
falling down before thee, Who wast, and art, and ev-ermore shalt be.
there is none beside thee; Per - fect in power, in love and puri - ty.
mer - ci-ful and mighty! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter-nal-ly.
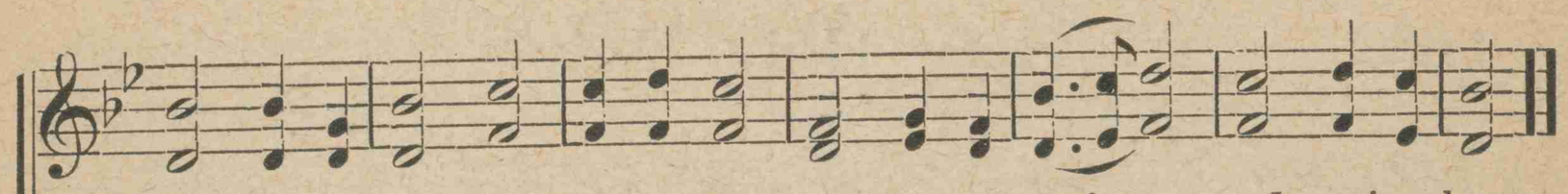
169 King Jesus, Reign.

RALPH WARDLAW. SESSIONS. L. O. EMERSON.
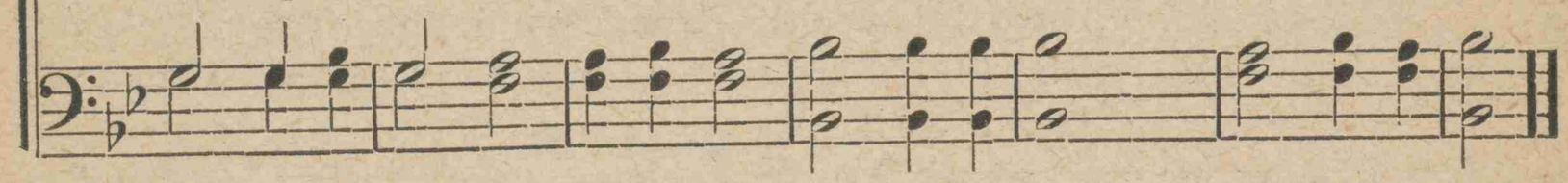


1. King Jesus, reign for ev-er - more, Un - rivaled in thy courts above,
2. No other Lord but thee we'll know, No other power but thine confess;
3. We'll sing along the heavenly road That leads us to thy blest a-bode;
4. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet;
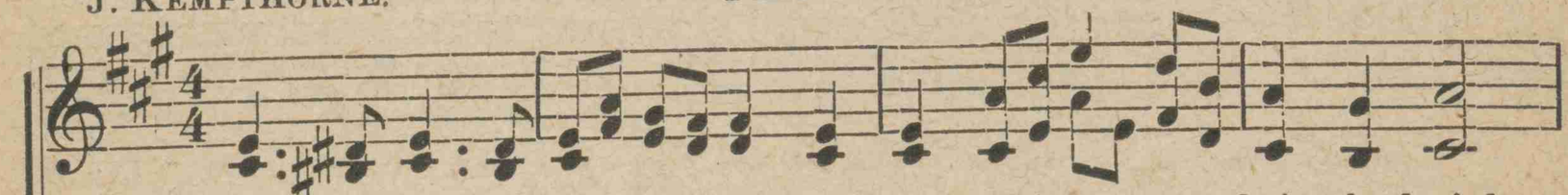




While we, with all thy saints, adore The wonders of redeeming love.
We'll spread thine honors while below, And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.
Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng, We join in heaven's triumphant song.
And sing of ev - er - lasting love, In ev-er - last - ing strains above.
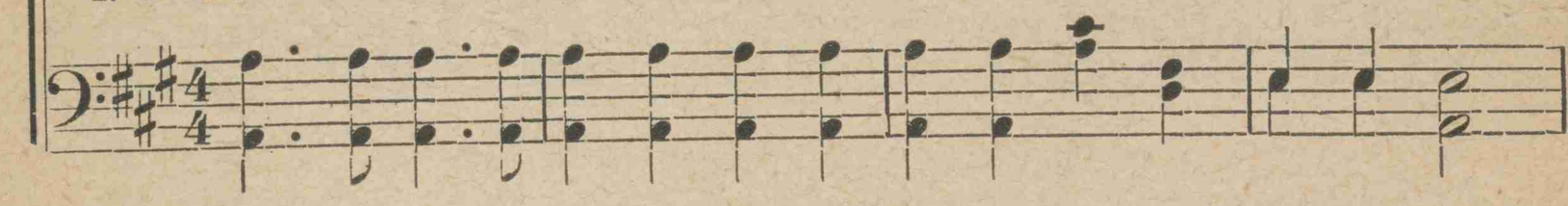


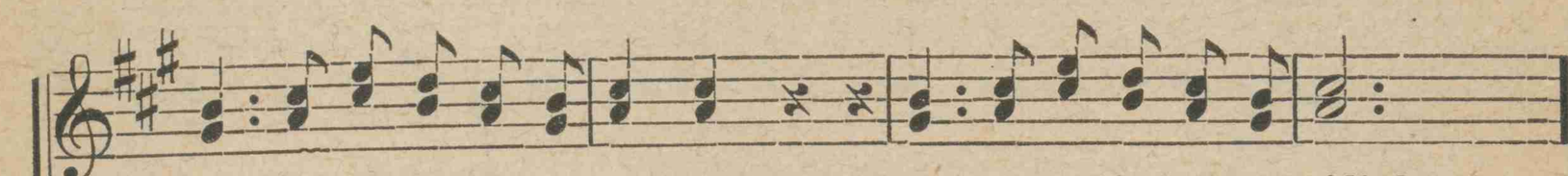
170 Praise the Lord.

J. KEMPTHORNE. PEREZ. LOWELL MASON.
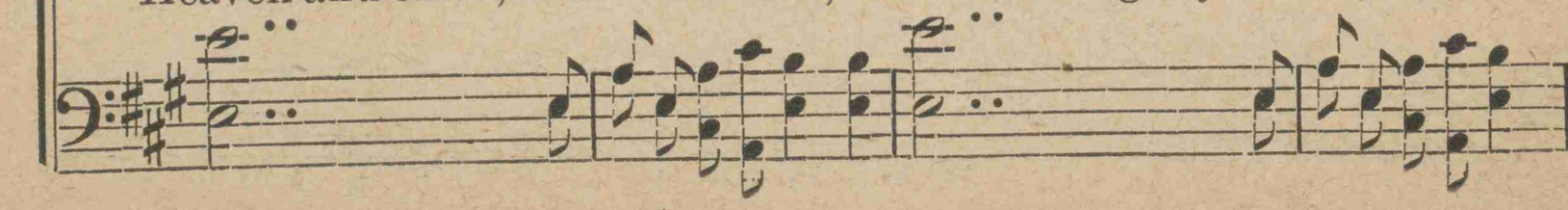


1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore him; Praise him, angels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord: for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
3. Praise the Lord: for he is glorious; Nev-er shall his promise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va-tion; Hosts on high his power proclaim;
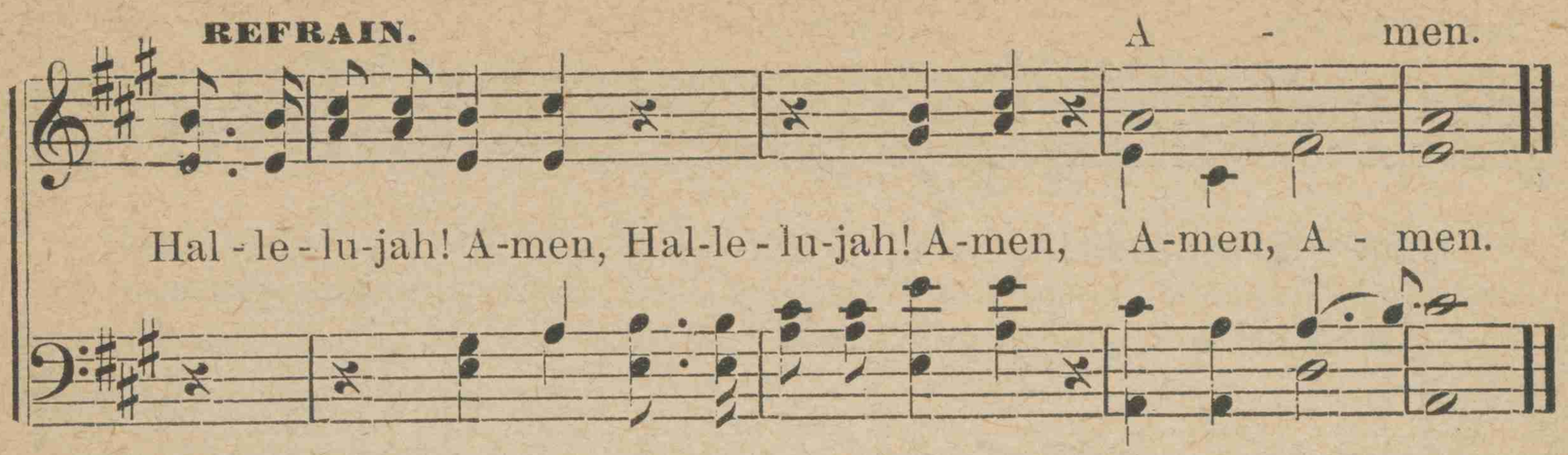




Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance he hath made.
God hath made his saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heaven and earth, and all creation, Laud and magnify his name.

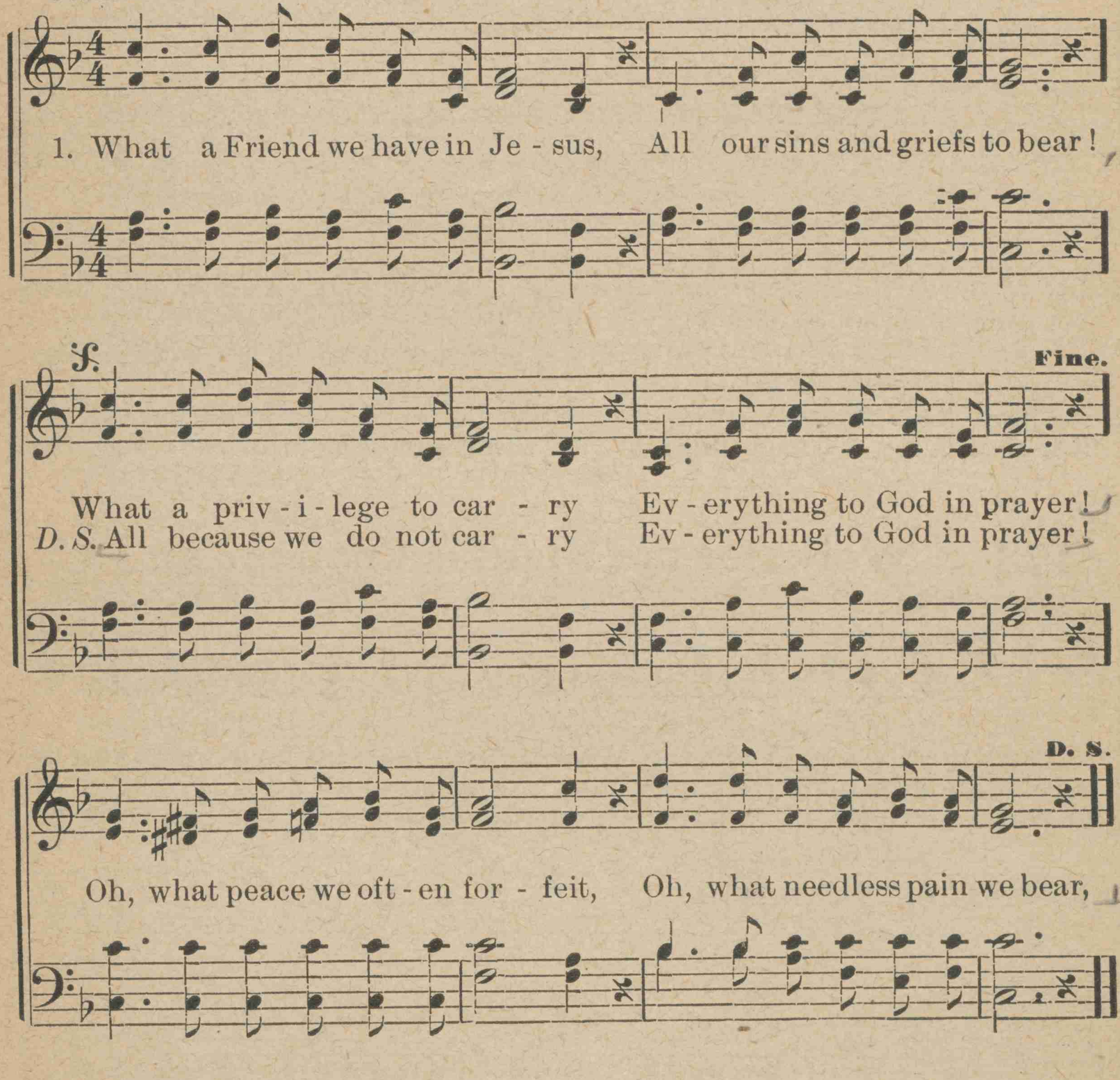


Praise the Lord.



171 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

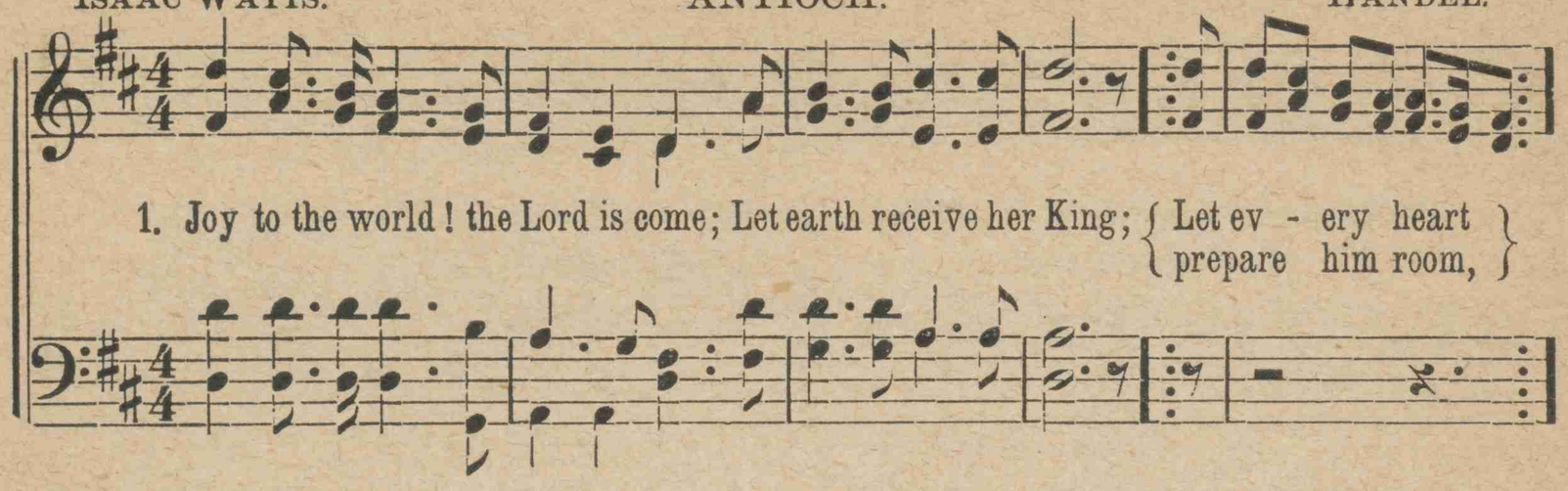


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

172 Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. HANDEL.



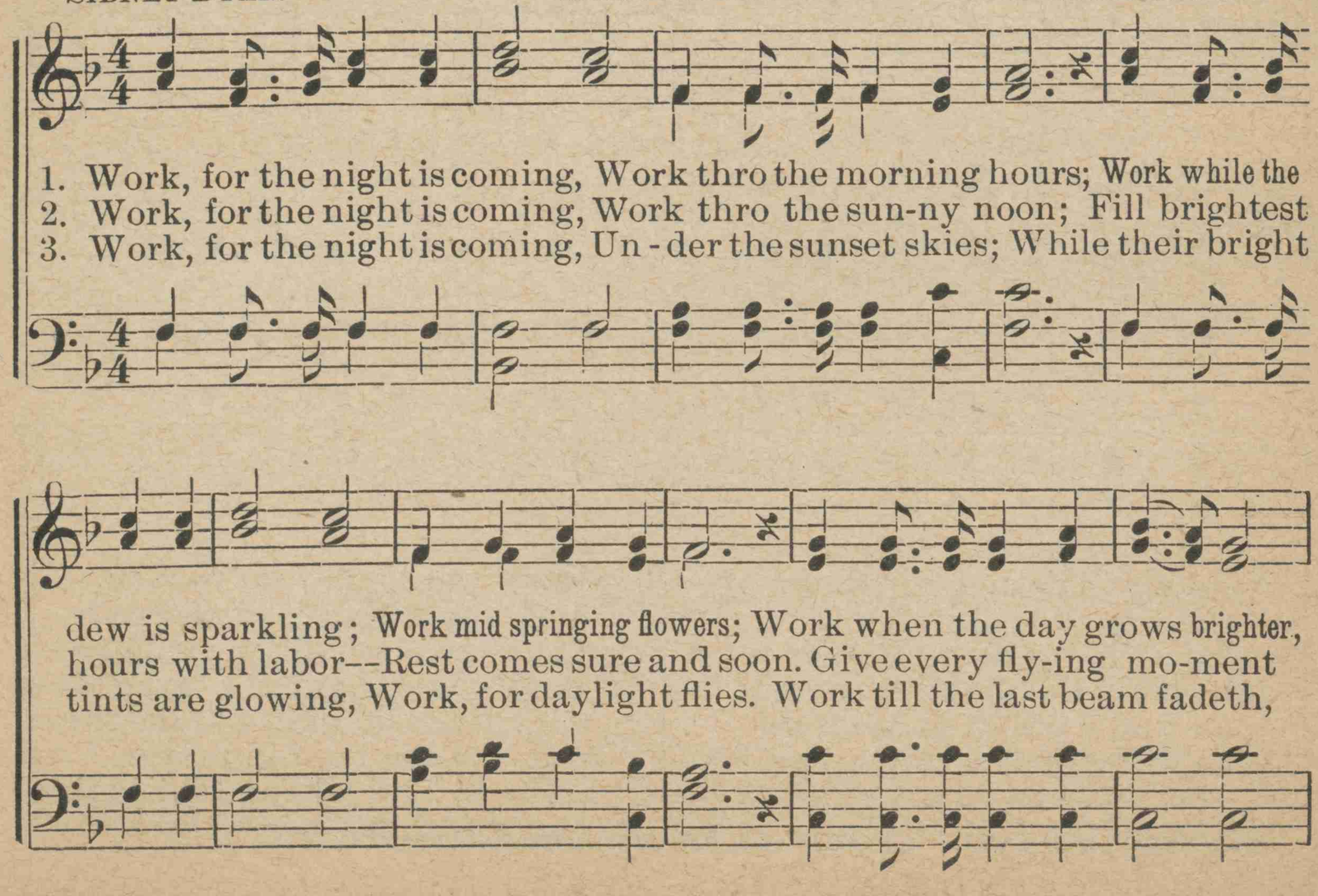
2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

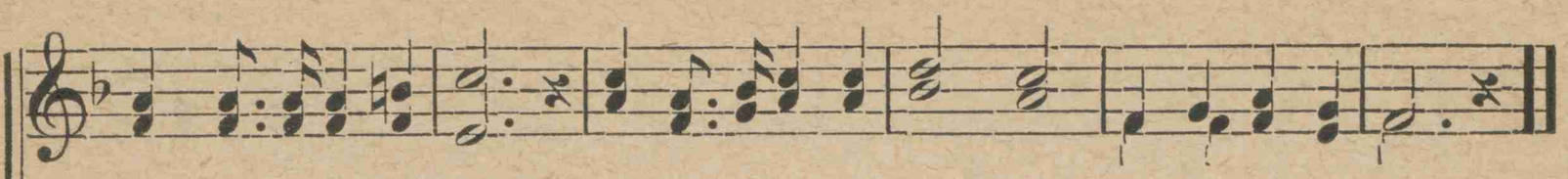
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

173 Work, for the Night is Coming.
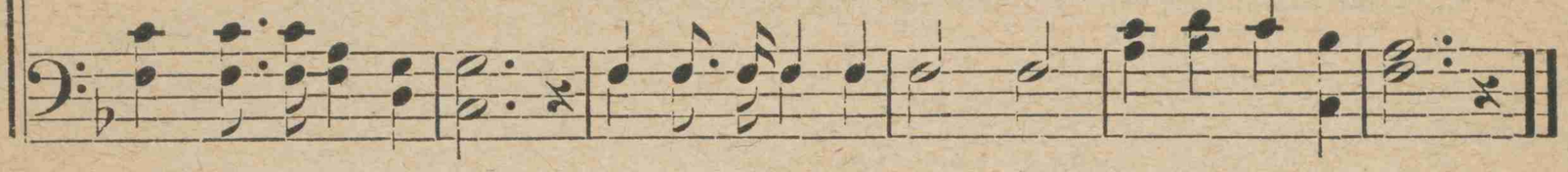
SIDNEY DYER. WORK SONG. LOWELL MASON.



Work for the Night is Coming.
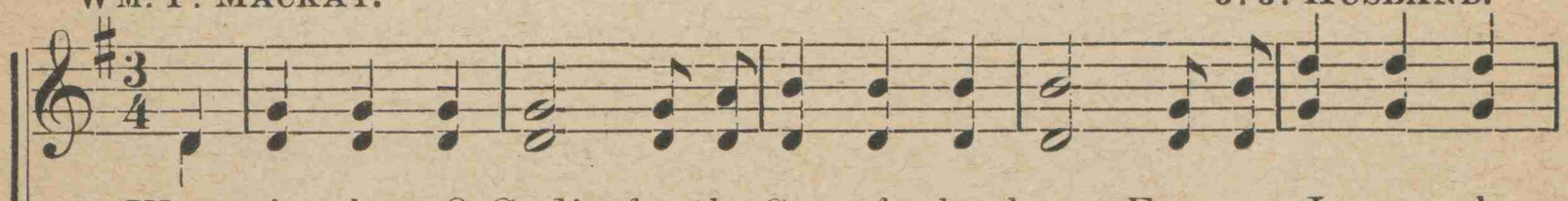


Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.
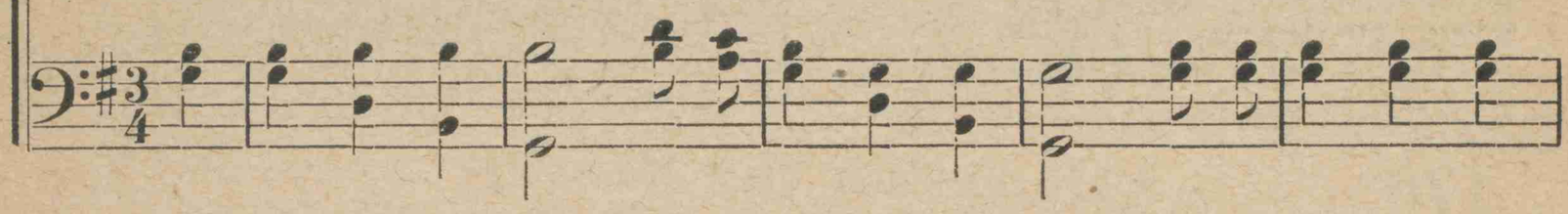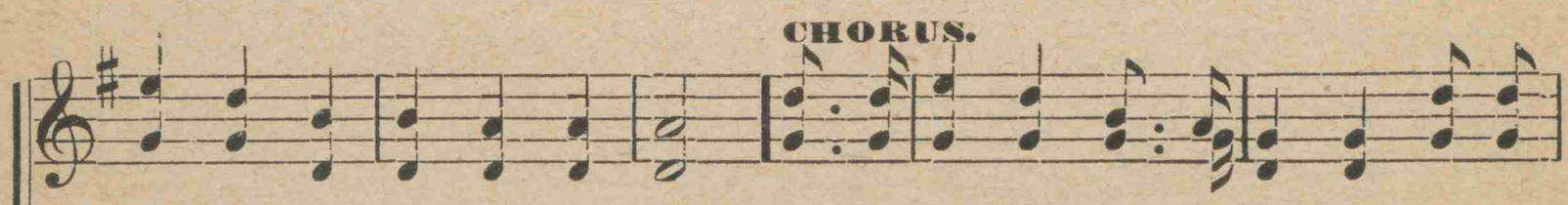


174 We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.
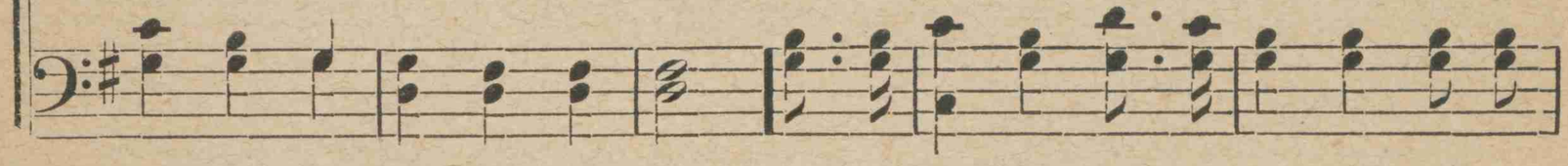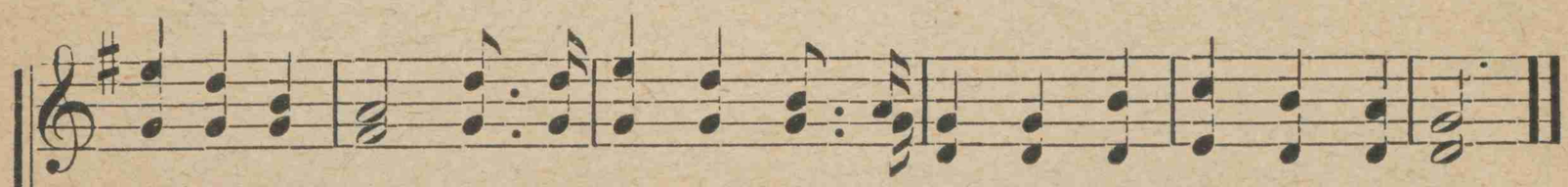


1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be
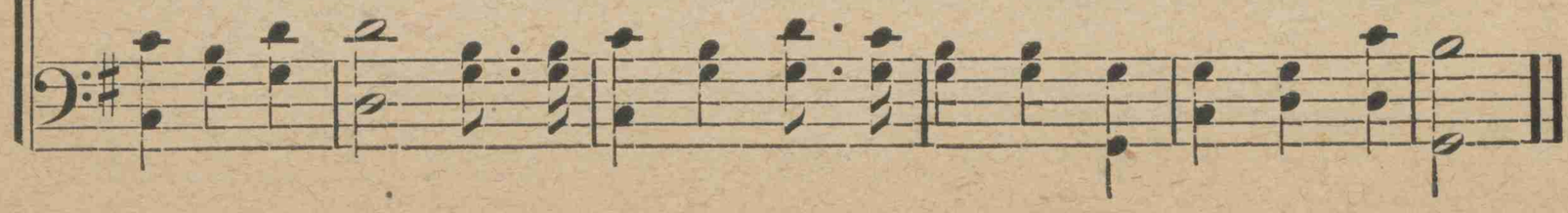




died, and is now gone a - bove.
Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed every stain.
sought us, and guided our ways.
re - kin-dled with fire from above.



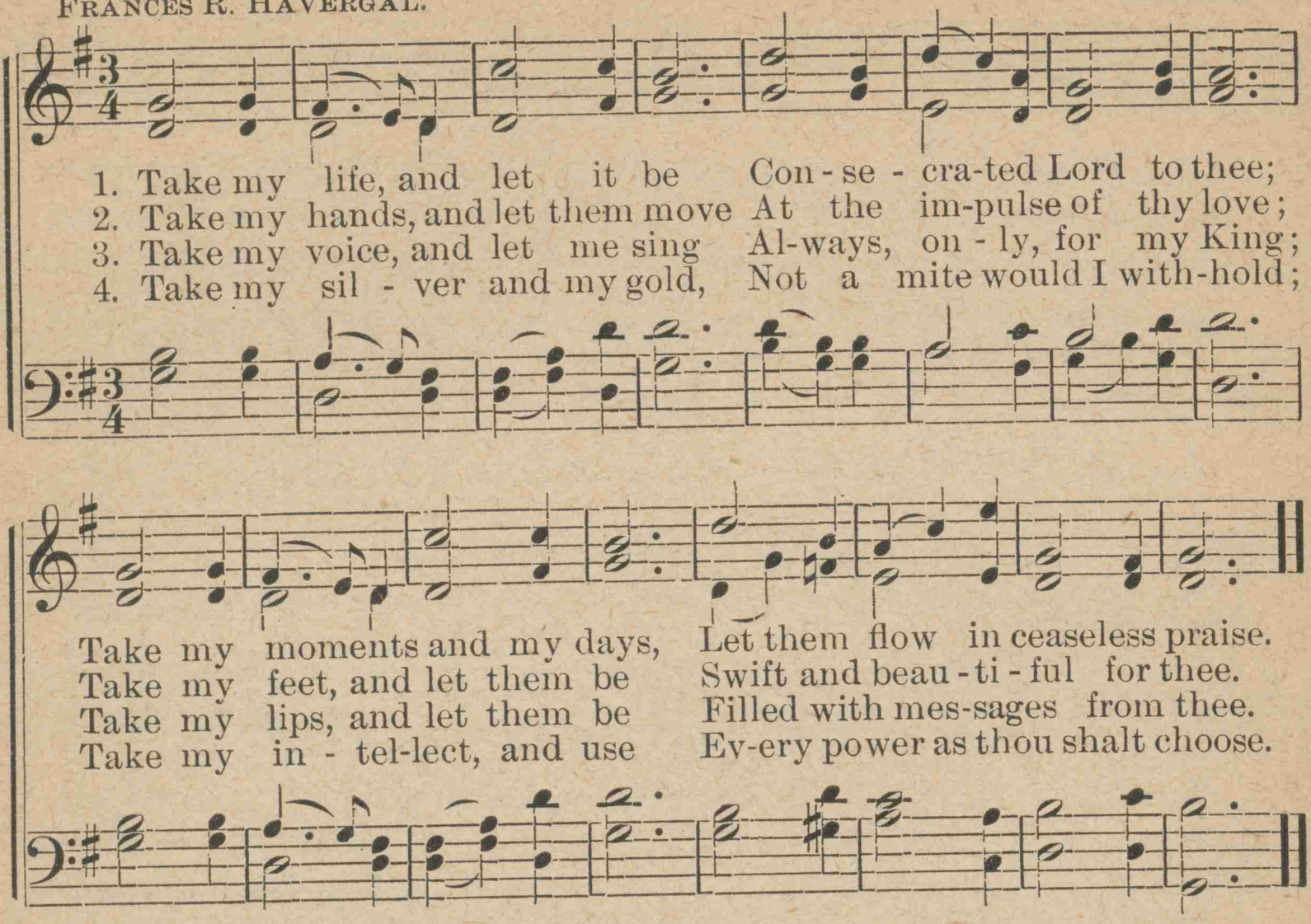


lu-jah! A-men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.



175 Take my Life, and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. MOZART.

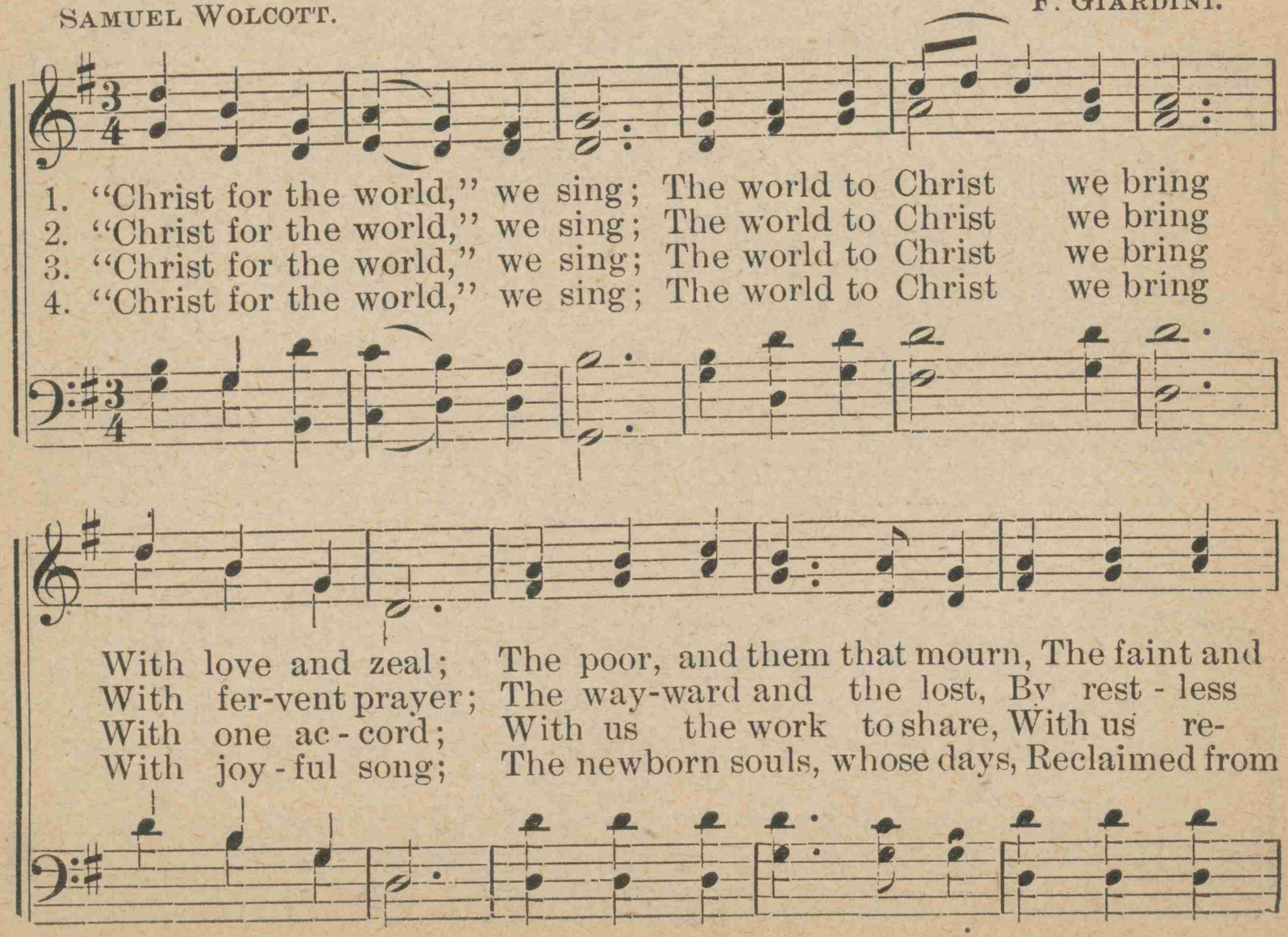


5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.
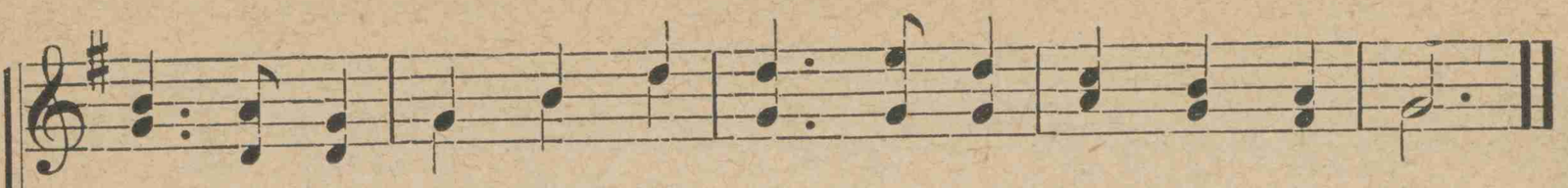
6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

176 Christ for the World.
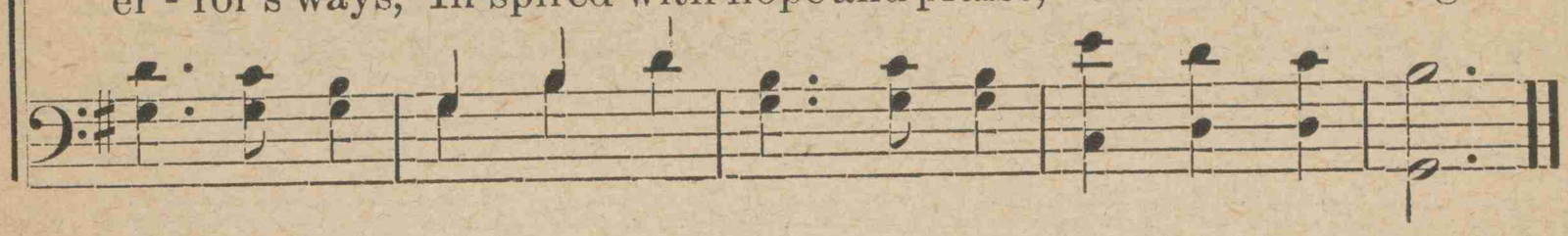
SAMUEL WOLCOTT. F. GIARDINI.



Christ for the World.

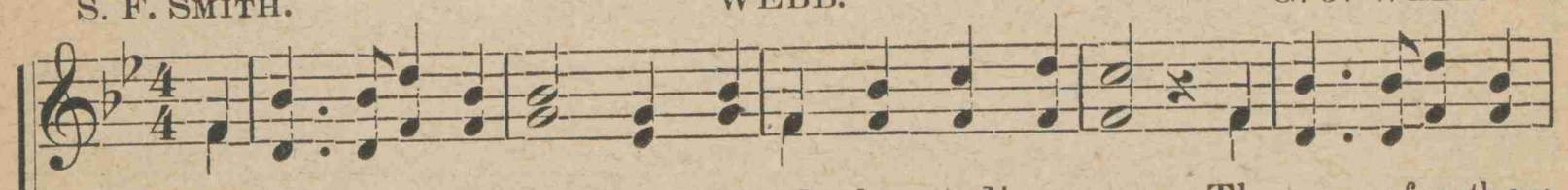


o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
pas-sion tossed, Redeemed, at count - less cost, From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear For Christ our Lord.
er - ror's ways, In-spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.
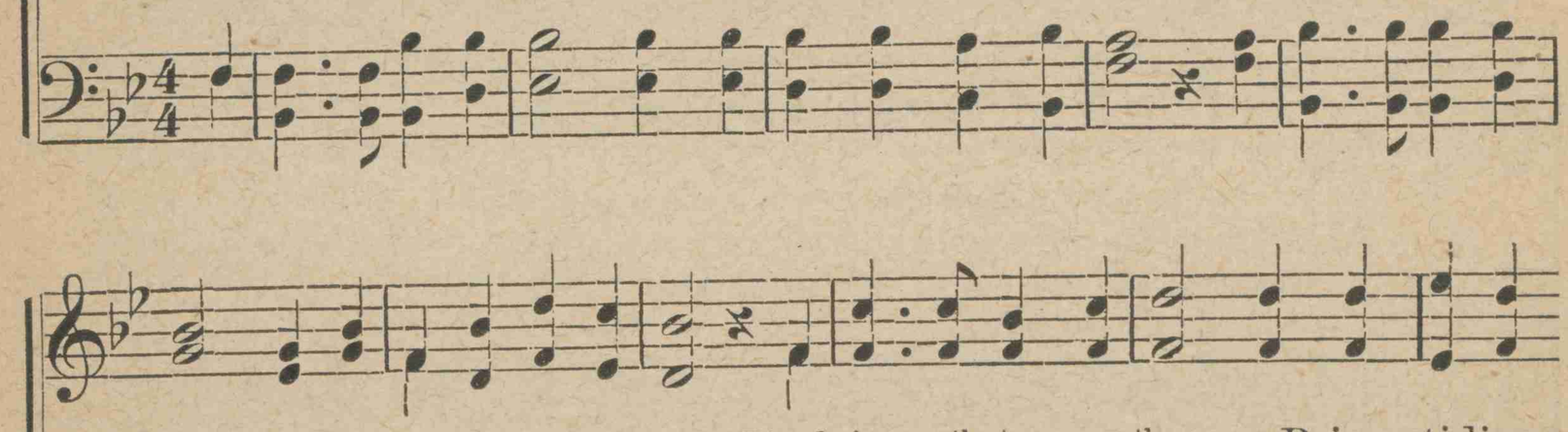


177 The Morning Light is Breaking.
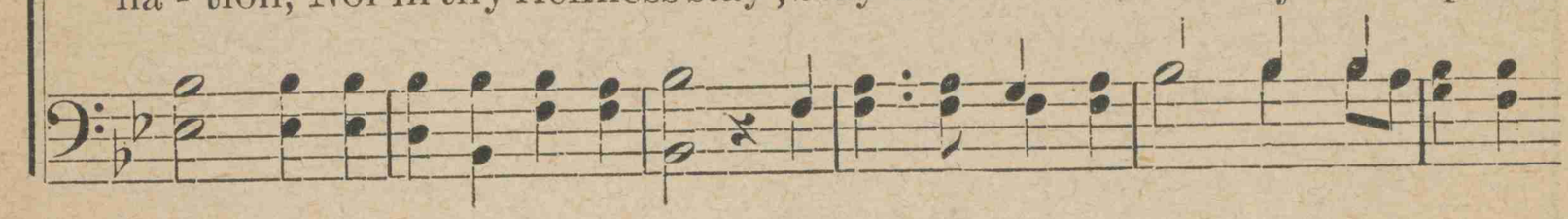
S. F. SMITH. WEBB. G. J. WEBB.



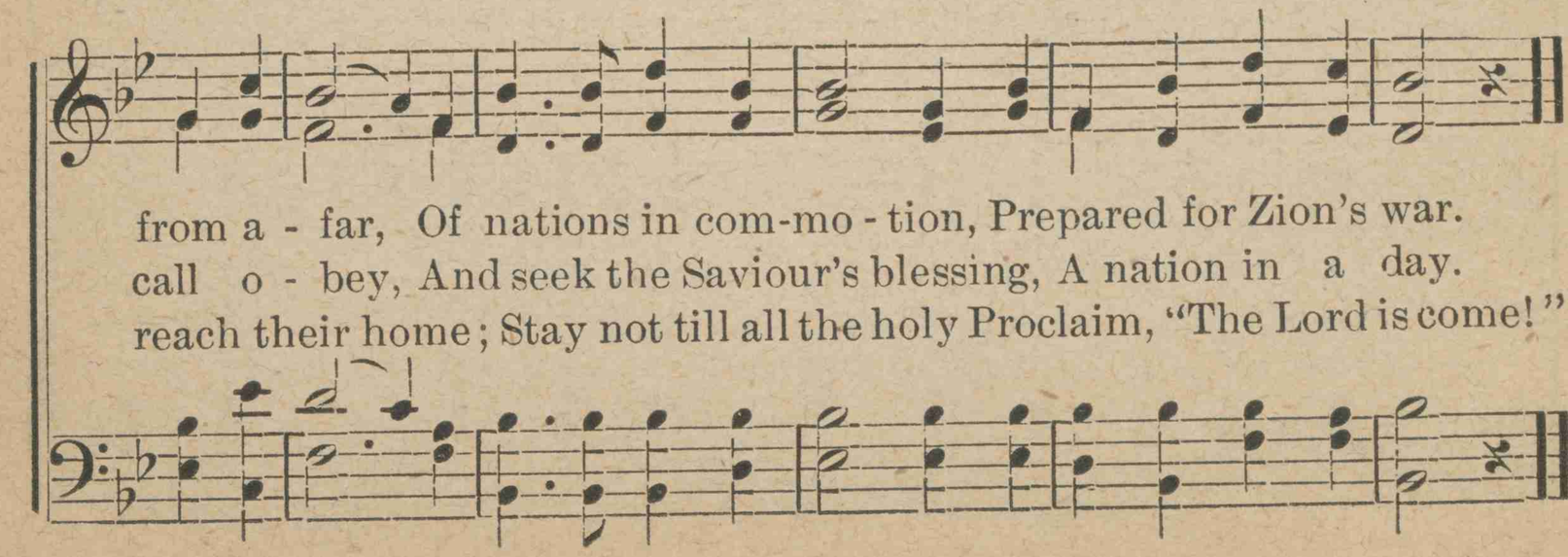
1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
2. See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest riv - er of salvation, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to every



wa - king To pen-itential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings
cend - ing In gratitude above; While sinners, now confessing, The gos - pel
na - tion, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low-ly Triumphant

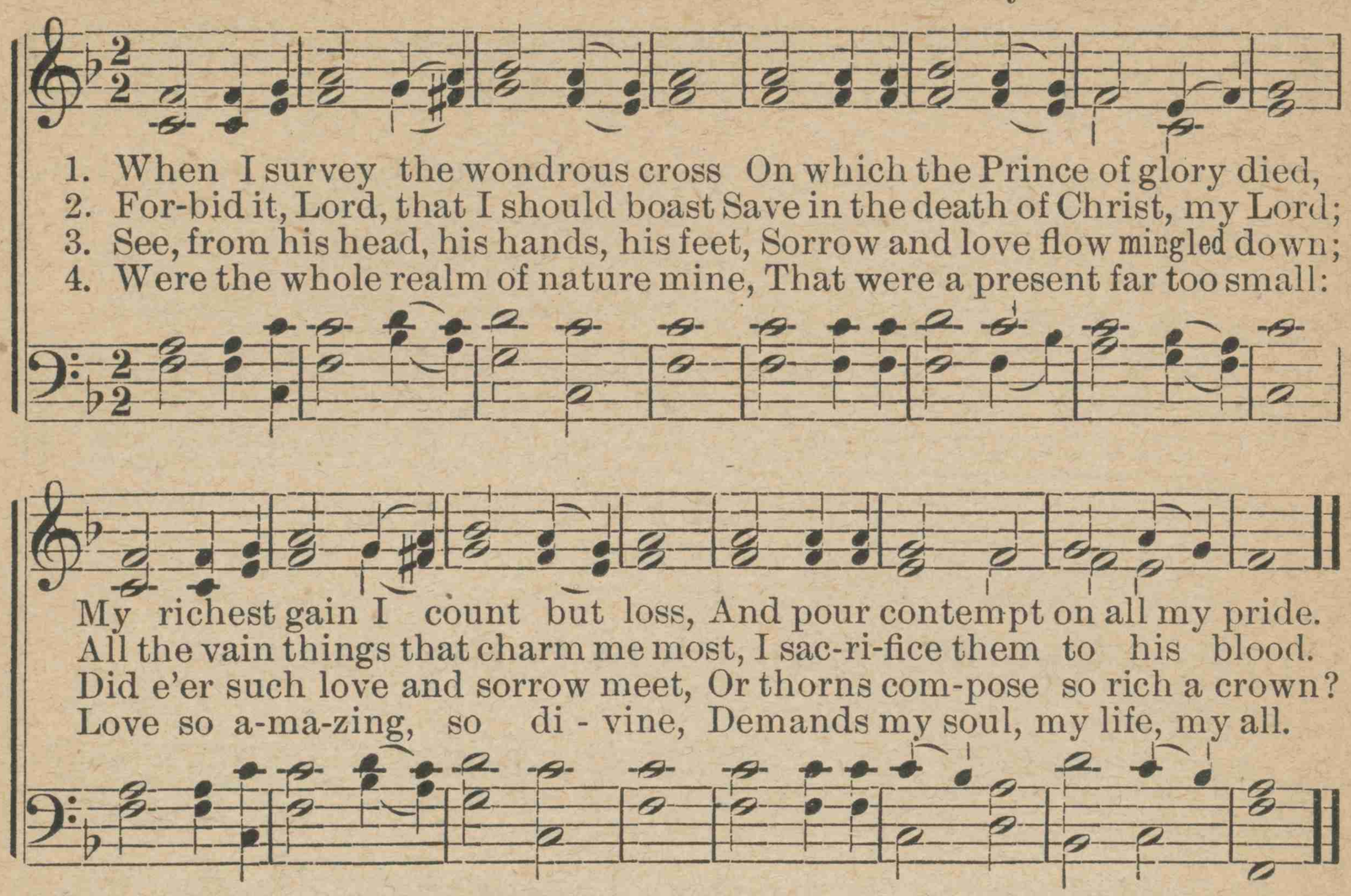


from a - far, Of nations in com-mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.
call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.
reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"



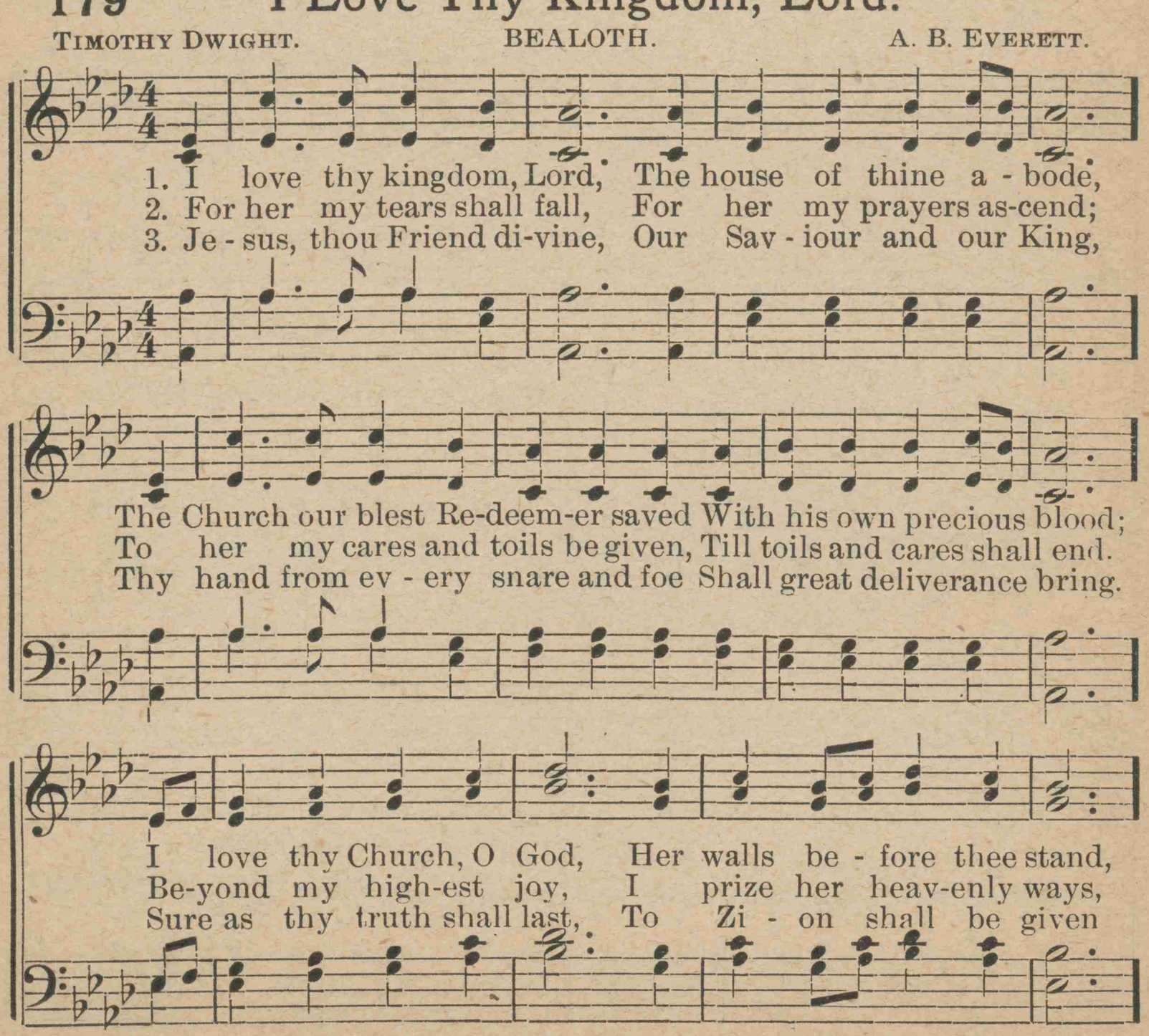
178 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. HAMBURG. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

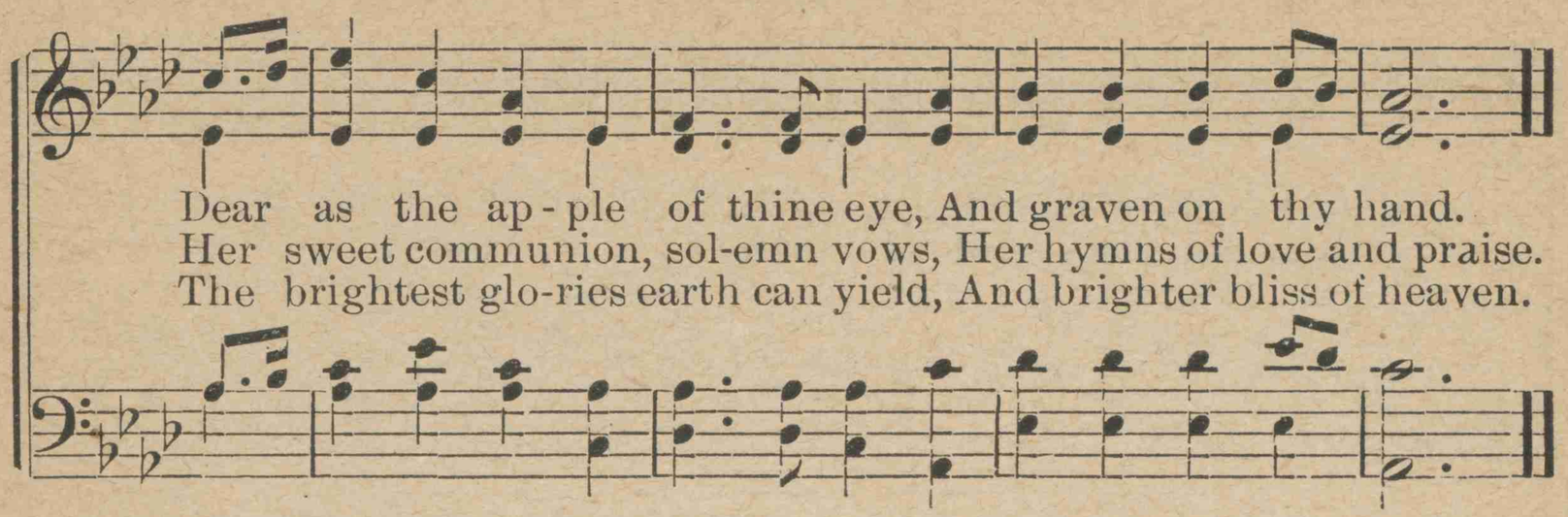


179 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. BEALOTH. A. B. EVERETT.

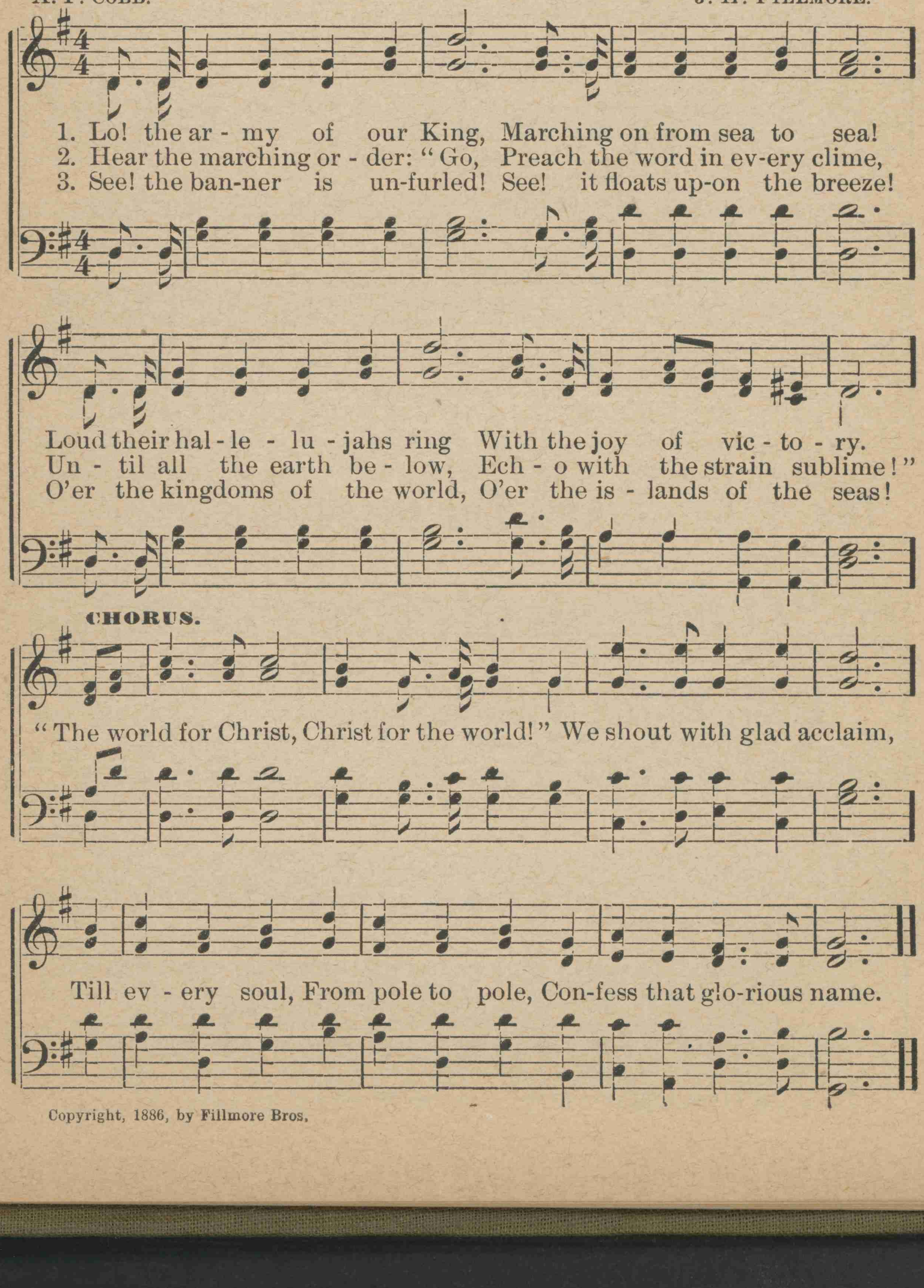


I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



180 The World for Christ.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.



Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

181 Heralds of Light.

P. H. WIMBORNE. Arr. by J. H. F.

1. Her - alds of light, go ye forth mid the darkness, Mes-sengers
2. Bear ye the word of our God to all peo - ple, O'er all the
3. Go ye, and preach ye the word to all na - tions, Go ye, and

sweet, on your blest mis-sion go, News of sal - va - tion pro-
lands make his gos - pel to shine, Bid ye his truth ev - ery
lo! I am with you al - way; He, the A - ris - en, the

claim to the lost ones Com-forts dispense to the dwellers in woe.
dark mind il - lu - mine, Fill all the world with his praises di-vine.
Rul - er as-cend-ed, He gives command, and we gladly o - bey.

Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros.

182 Cast Thy Bread.

MRS. PHŒBE J. HANAFORD. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
2. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Why, oh, why still doubting stand;

God has said that thou shalt gather Rich rewards some future day.
God shall send a bounteous harvest If thou sowest with liberal hand.

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

Cast Thy Bread.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, Wildly tho the billows roll;
Give then free - ly of thy substance, O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;

They but aid - thee as thou toilest, Truth to spread from pole to pole.
Cast thy bread and toil with patience, Thou shalt la - bor not in vain

183 Lord of the Nations.

GEO. BENNETT. F. FLEMMING.

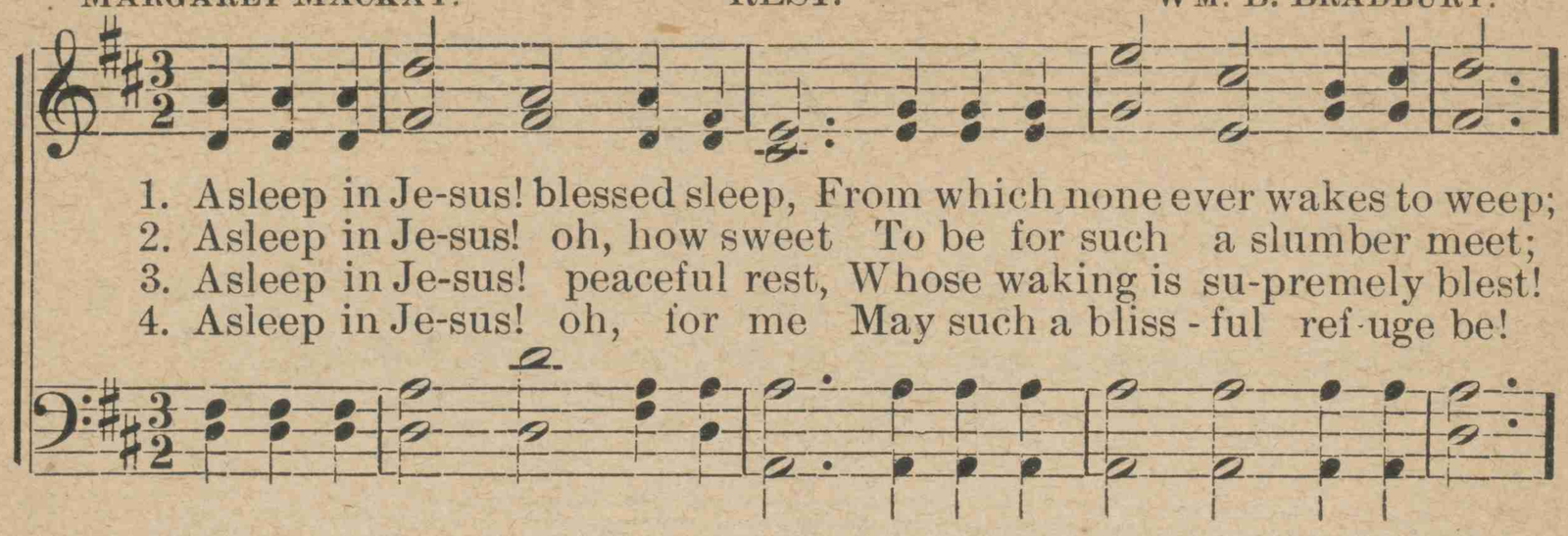
1. Lord of the na-tions, Whom the angels wor-ship, Bow we be-
2. Breathe we in hom-age, Prayer to thee, our Fa - ther, Prayer fervent,
3. We would a - dore thee, Tuneful voi-ces blend-ing, In the full

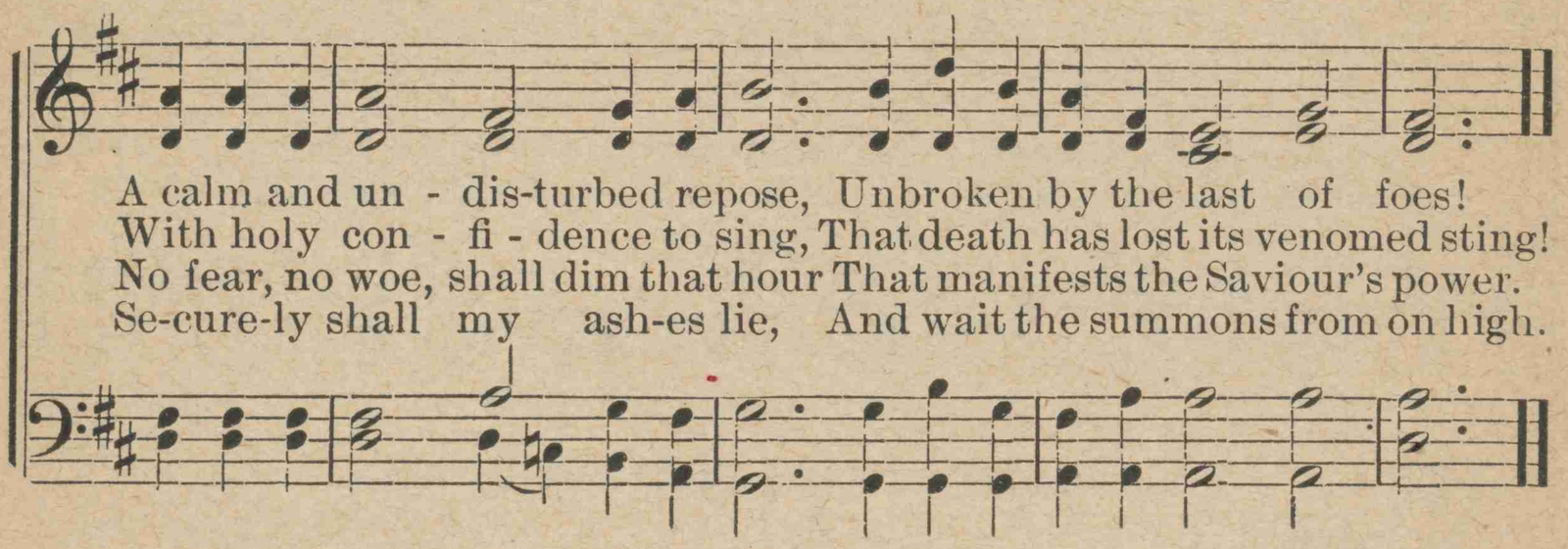
fore thee, In thy ho - ly tem - ple, Veil - ing our fa - ces,
faithful, Lifting hearts to heav-en, Where the bright angels,
an-them, Or the joy-ful cho-rale, Giv - ing thee glo - ry,

Bringing hearts re - pent - ant, Crav - ing thy bless - ing.
Ho - ly, ho - ly cry - ing, Ev - er do praise thee.
Lord of earth and heav - en, Prais - ing thy great name

184 Asleep in Jesus!

MARGARET MACKAY. REST. WM. B. BRADBURY.



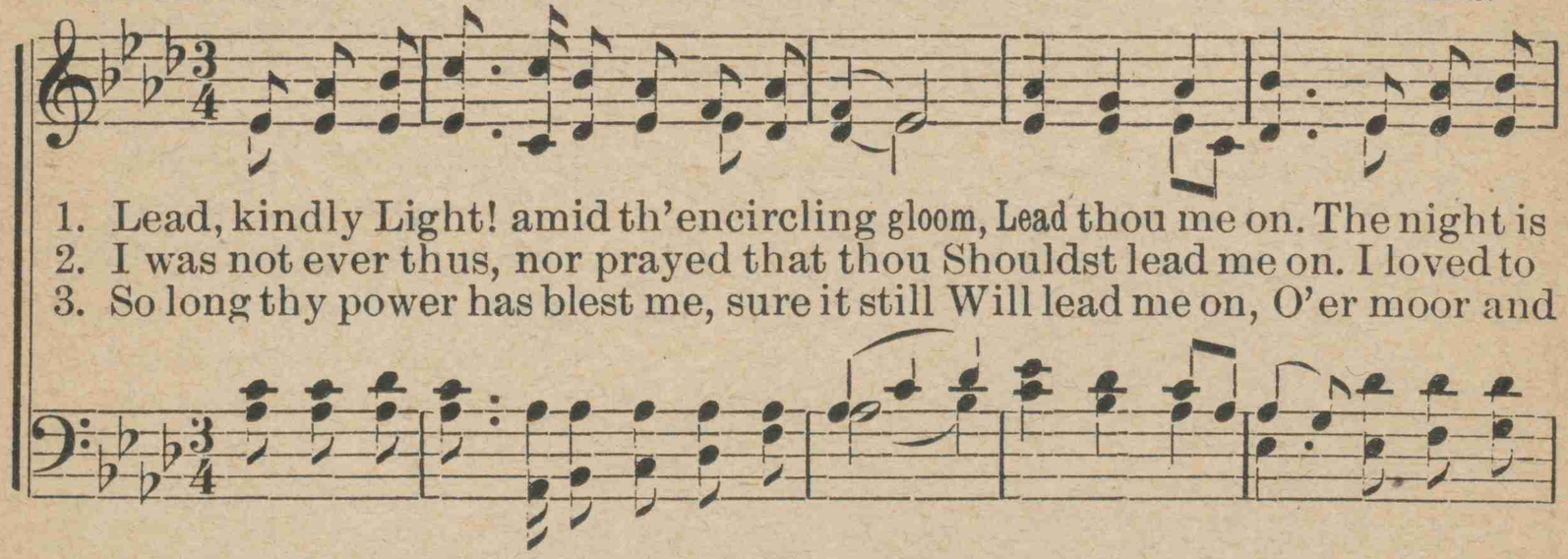


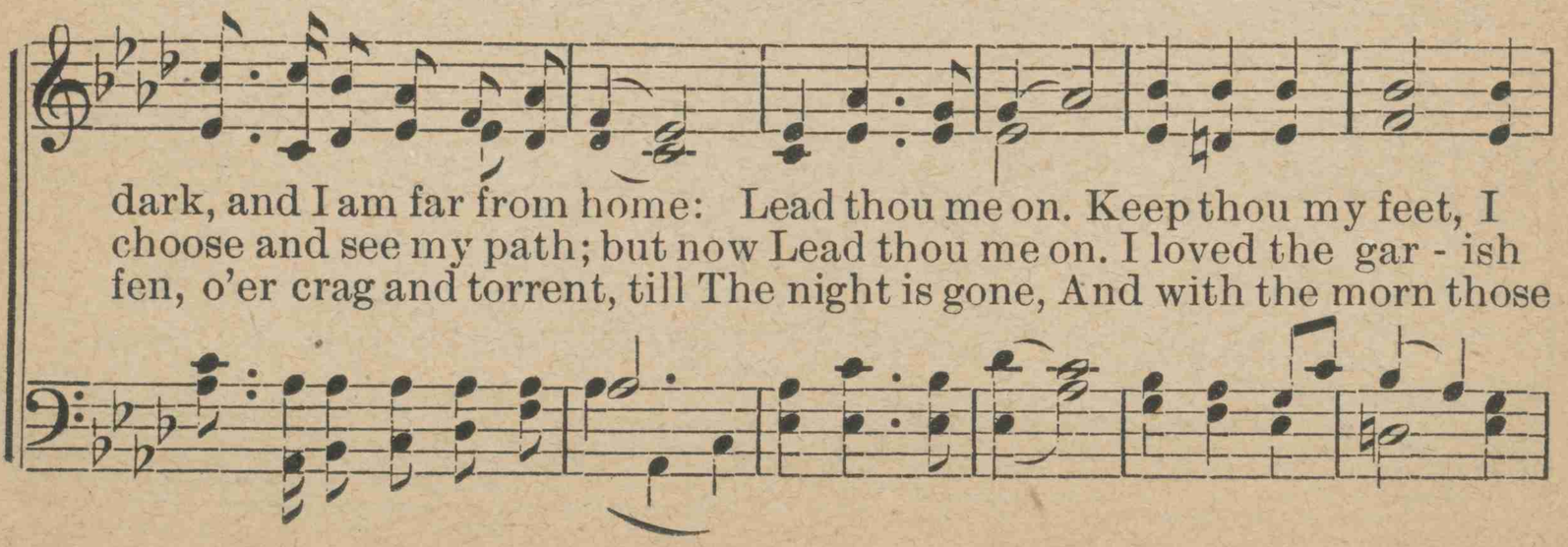
5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
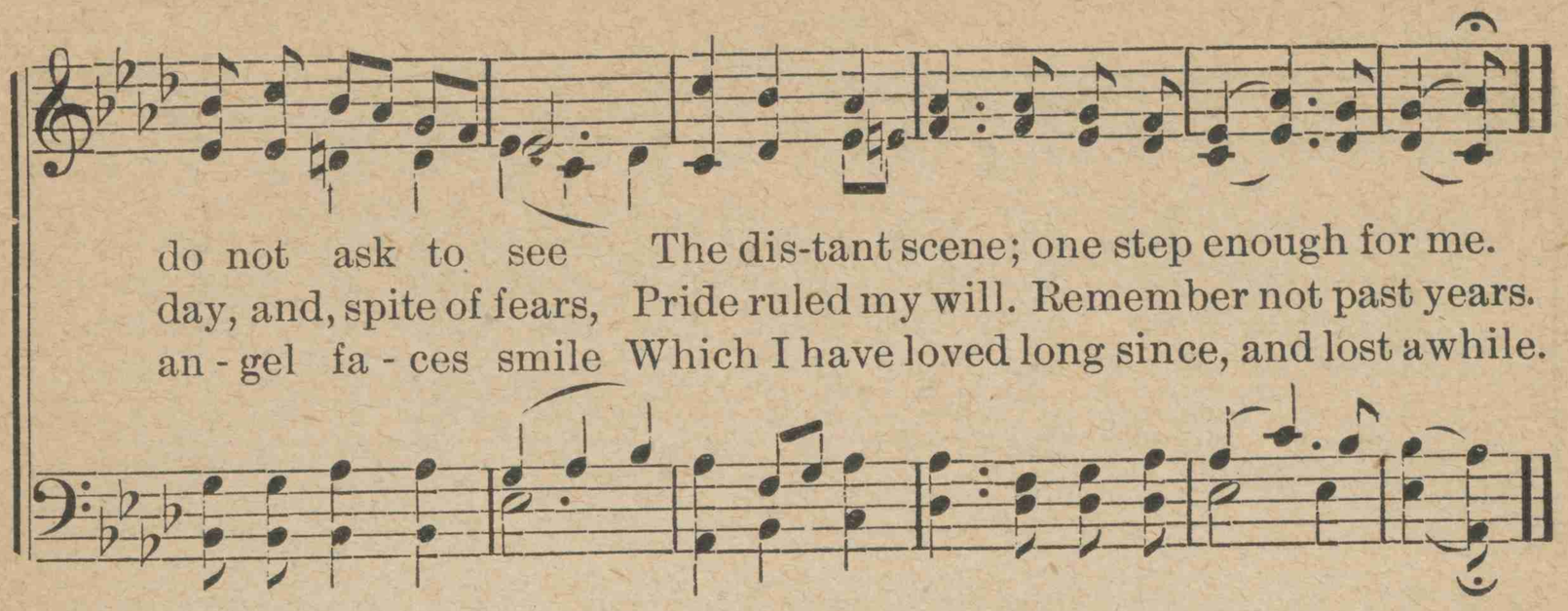
185 Lead, Kindly Light!

J. H. NEWMAN. LUX BENIGNA. J. B. DYKES.



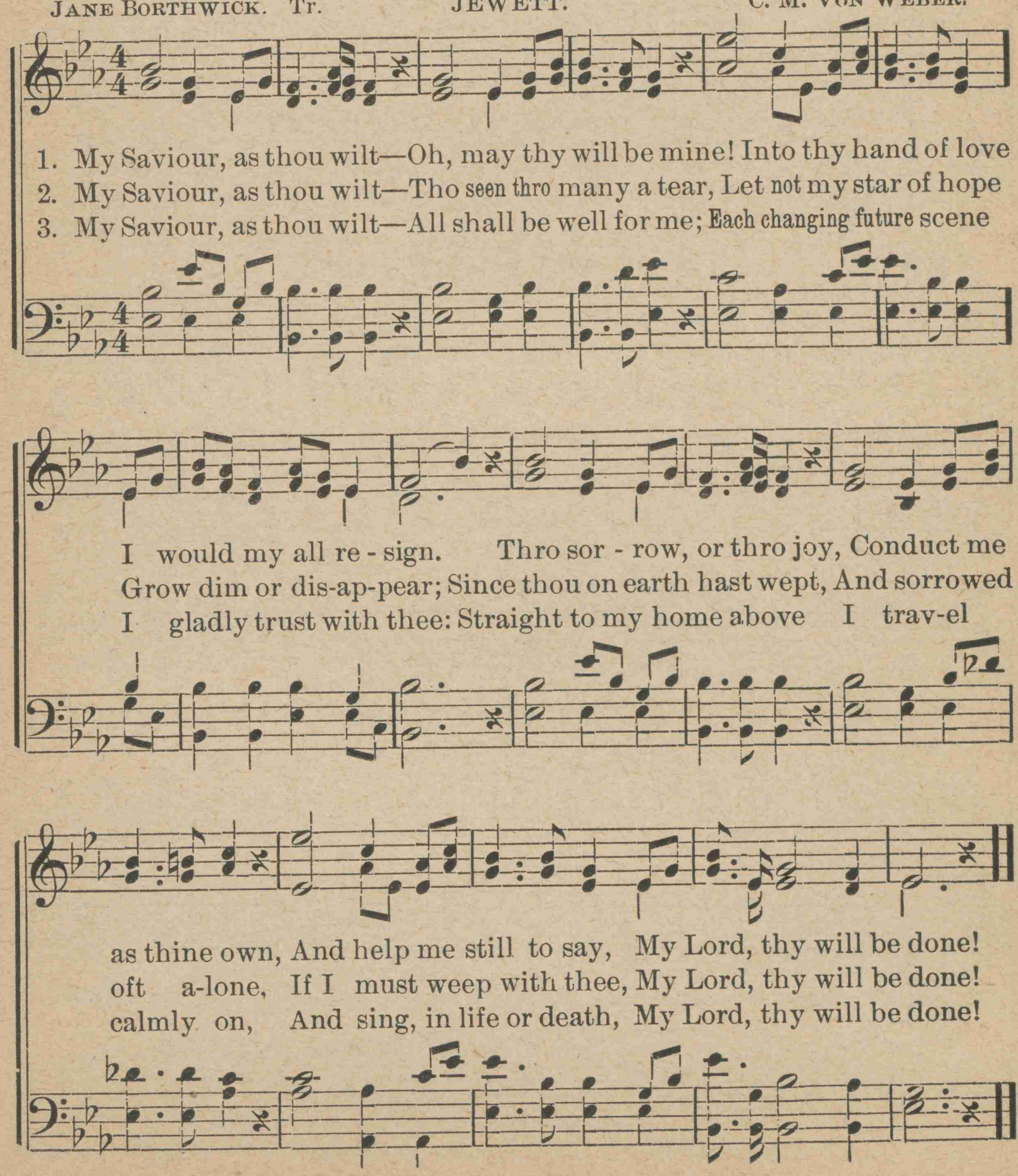


Lead, Kindly Light!



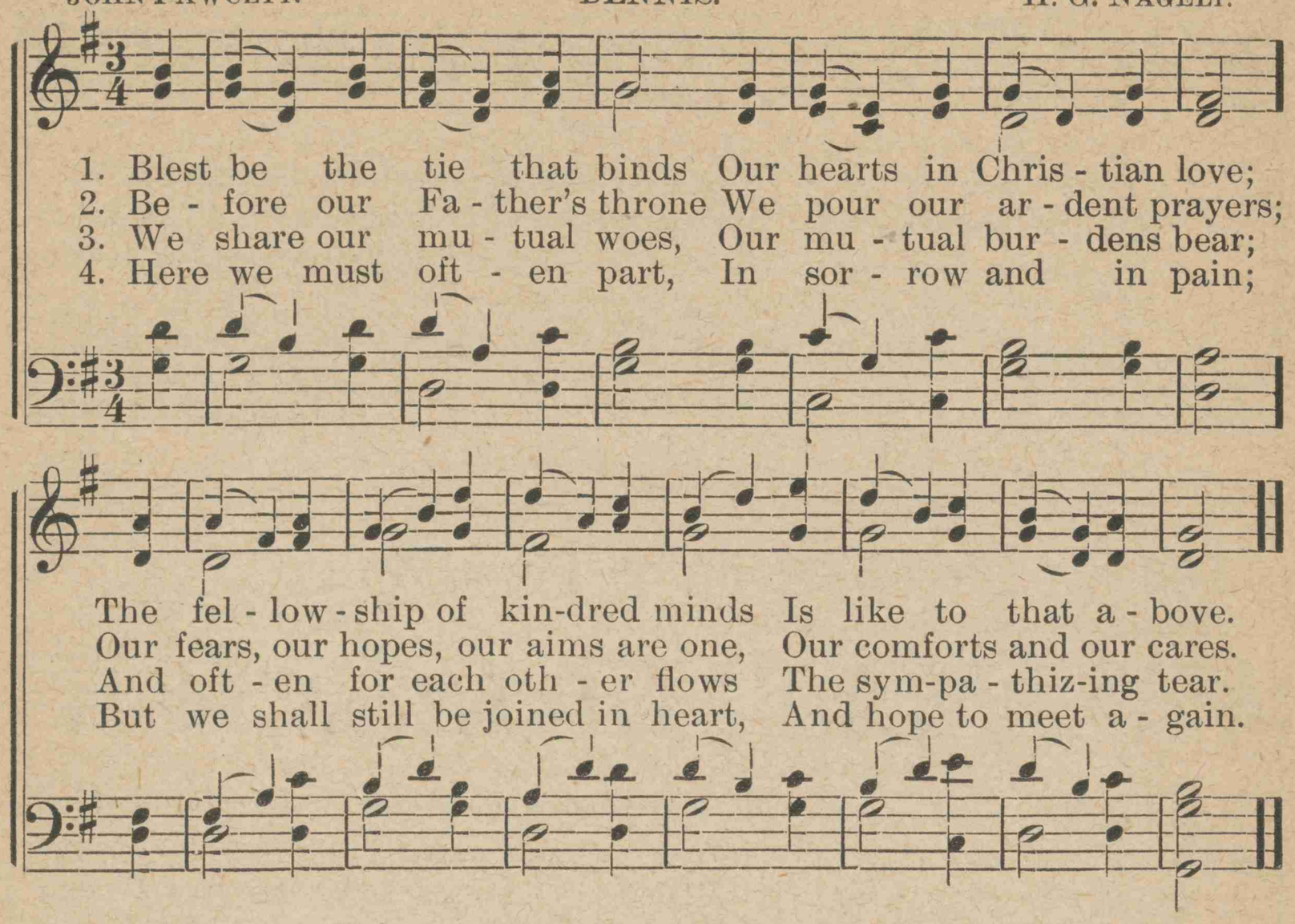
186 My Saviour, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK. Tr. JEWETT. C. M. VON WEBER.



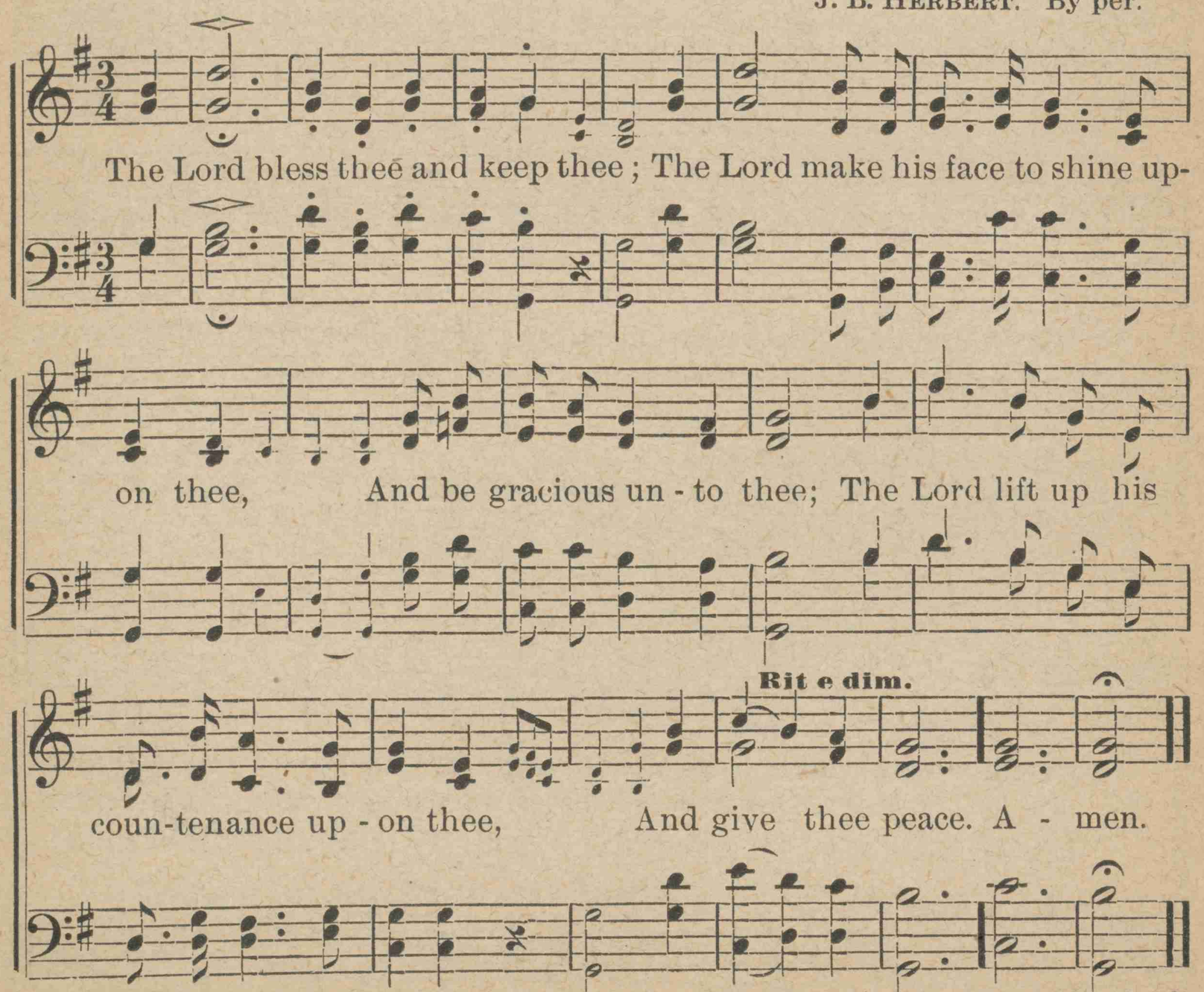
187 Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. DENNIS. H. G. NAGELI.



188 The Lord Bless Thee.

J. B. HERBERT. By per.



The "Amen" may be omitted or the long meter Doxology may be sung in its stead.

189 Oh, Sound the Jubilee.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the
2. Oh, the might-y God has spo - ken, For the children whom he
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je-ho-vah pass - es

wave, And a path-way thro the sea, And a path-way thro the sea.
loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
by, And his glo - ry we will see, And his glo - ry we will see.

f.

And a na-tion is in mo-tion For a land without a slave! Oh,
Up, O Ja-cob! heed the token, When the fiery pillar moves! Oh,
For he o-pens and he clos - es With a pow-er great and high, Oh,
D. S. *For the yoke of Rum is bro-ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! Oh,*

Fine. CHORUS.

sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee! Ju - bi-lee! ju -bi - lee!
sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
sound the ju - bi - lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!

D. S.

Ju - bi-lee! come! Sound the silver trumpet, Call the children home.

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros. From "The Battle Cry."

190 Something to be Done.

M. D. CHELLIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a bat - tle to be fought, A vic - tory to be gained;
2. There's an en - e - my a - broad, So sub - tile and so strong,
3. We're re - cruiting for the ranks, For years and years to come,

There's a coun - try to be saved, A host from sin re-claimed.
That the con - flict must be fierce, The struggle must be long.
That our num-ber may not fail Ere tri-umph shall be won.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's something to be done, Something to be done, Let us then no longer

waste the precious moments as they fly! Oh, there's something to be done, there's

something to be done! There are precious souls to save, There's something to be done.

Copyright, 1896, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

191 Hear Your Country's Call.

Unknown. Arr. from ABT.

1. Hear your coun-try's call, Free-men, one and all! Hear your
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we
3. Hail, our Fath - er - land! Here thy chil - dren stand All re-

coun - try's ear - nest cry; See your na - tive land, Asks your
gath - er brave and strong! Faith-ful here we stand To re-
solved, u - ni - ted, true, In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to

CHORUS.

succoring hand, Sons of freedom, draw ye nigh. Lift our country's flag on
deem our land From intemperance, sin and wrong.
faint or pause, Is the vow we here re-new. Lift our country's flag, our

high, 'Tis the em-blem of the free;
country's flag on high; 'Tis the emblem of, the em-blem of the free;

Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic - to - ry.

192 The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos-es, What is that which the
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand, Be- tween their loved home and foul war's desolation; Blest with victory and

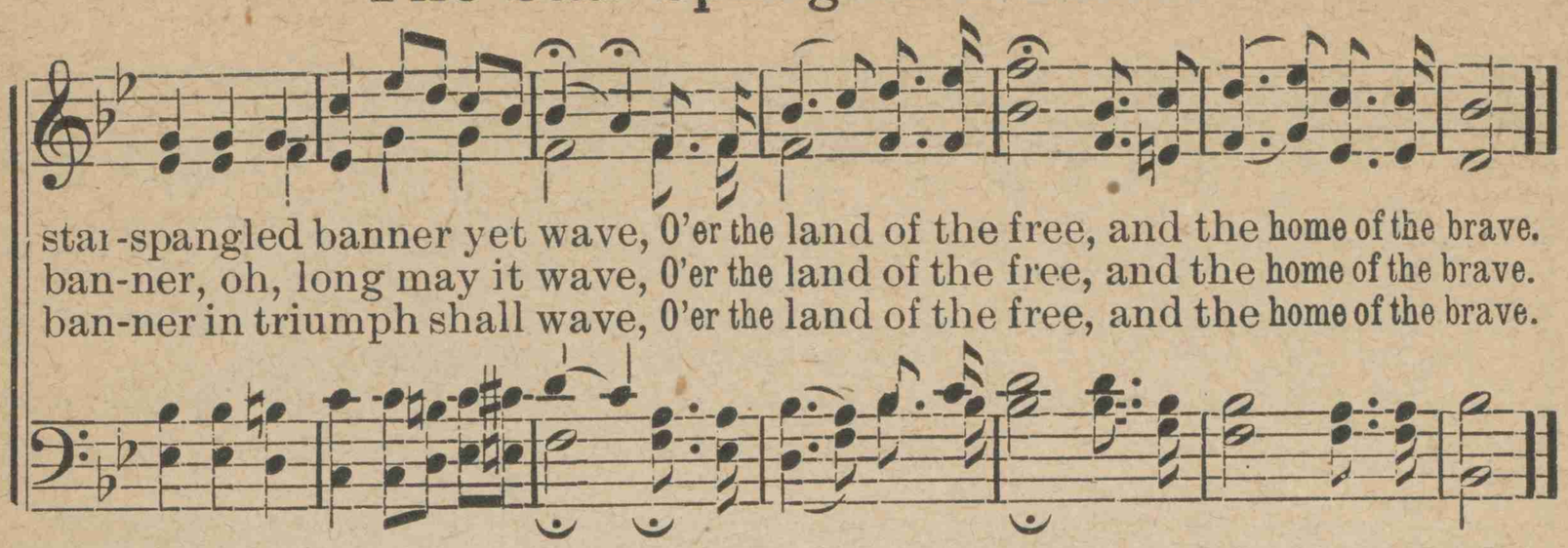
stars, thro the per - il - ous night, O'er the ramparts we watched were so
breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the power that hath made and pre-

gal - lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
served us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is

CHORUS.

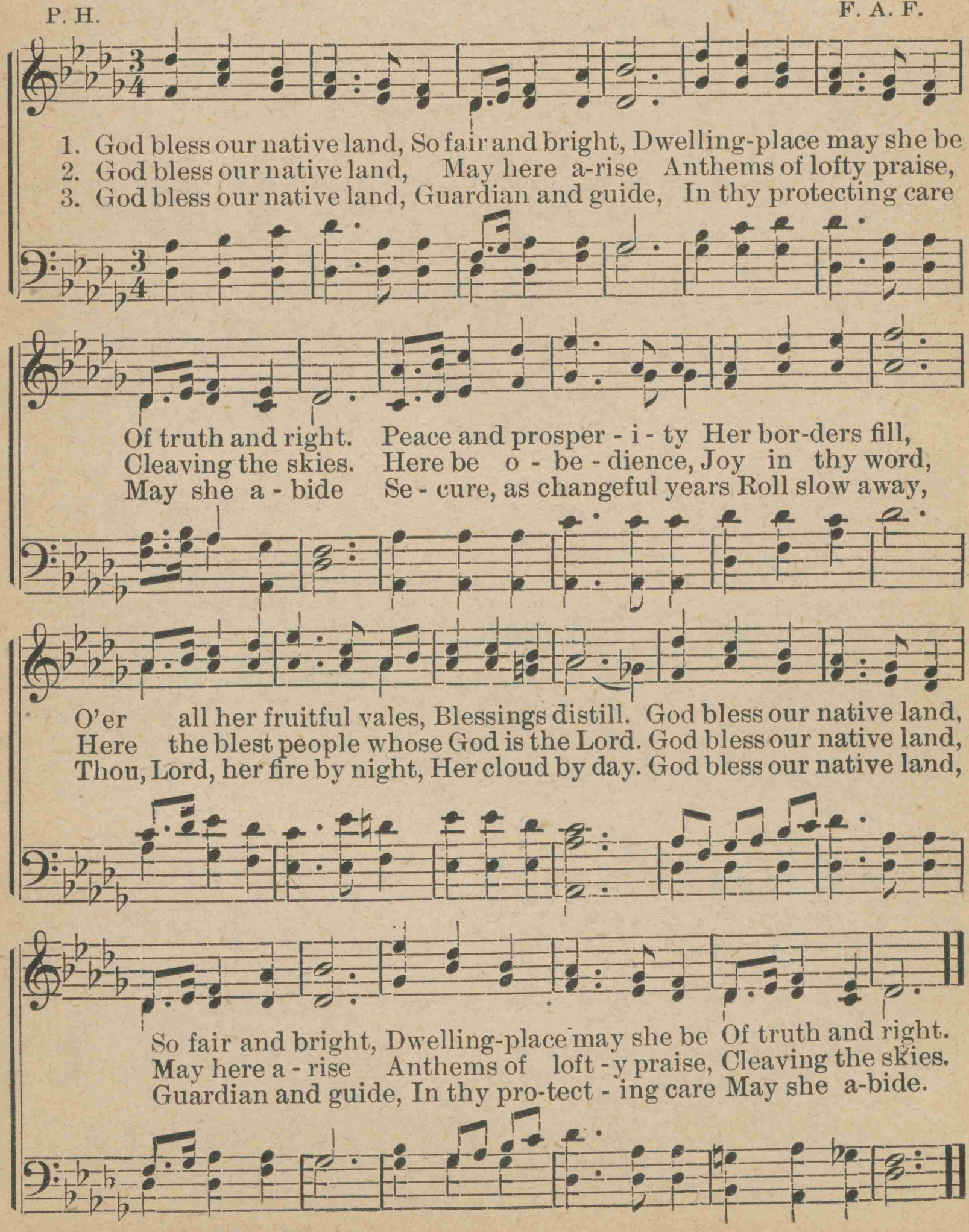
air, Gave proof thro the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that
beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled
just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.



193 God Bless Our Native Land.

P. H. F. A. F.



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194 Ship of State.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. On the western billows, See them launch, Bold their lit-tle
See the hardy seamen launch,
2. Years have swept their cycles, Storms have come, Still her prow tri-
Storms have come, great storms have come,
3. Je - sus be thy pi - lot, Ship beloved, God thy great Com-
Ship beloved, oh, ship beloved,

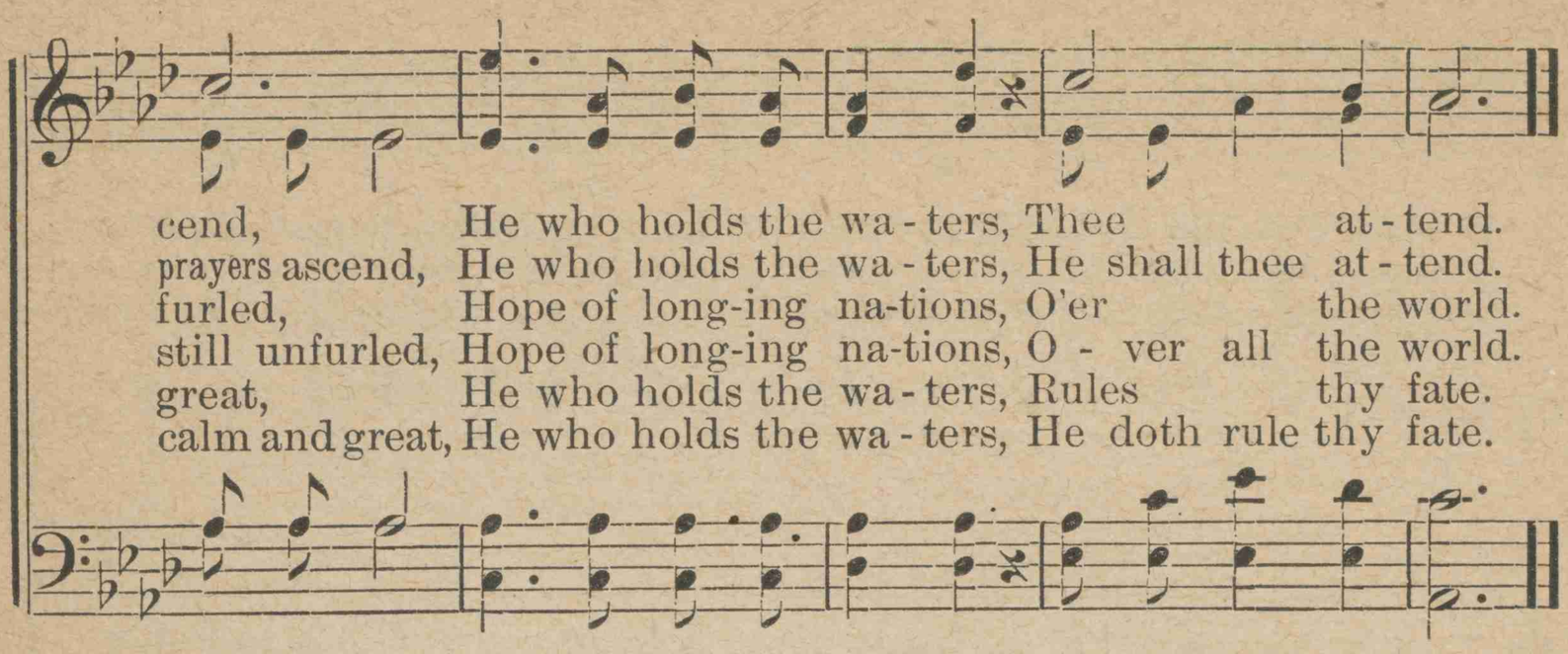
ves - sel, Stout and stanch; Ship of state,
Little vessel, stout and stanch, Ship of state, oh, ship of state,
umphant, Cuts the foam; En - sign bright,
Cuts the foam, still cuts the foam, Ensign bright, proud ensign bright,
mand-er, Ship be-loved; Then so free,
Ship beloved, oh, ship beloved, Then so free, so grand and free,

Ship of state, Free - dom hangs on
Ship of state, oh, ship of state, Freedom hangs, yes, freedom hangs on
Stars of light, Col - ors fore - most
Stars of light, thou stars of light, Colors fore-most, col-ors fore-most
O'er the sea, Bear thy mil - lions
O'er the sea, the rolling sea, Bear thy millions, joy-ful mil-lions

thy un-cer-tain fate, Ride thou forth, Colum-bia, Prayers as-
Prayers ascend, yes,
in the cause of right, Pride of val-iant freemen, Still un-
Still unfurled, aye,
to bright des-ti-ny, Ride thou forth, Colum-bia, Calm and
Calm and great, so

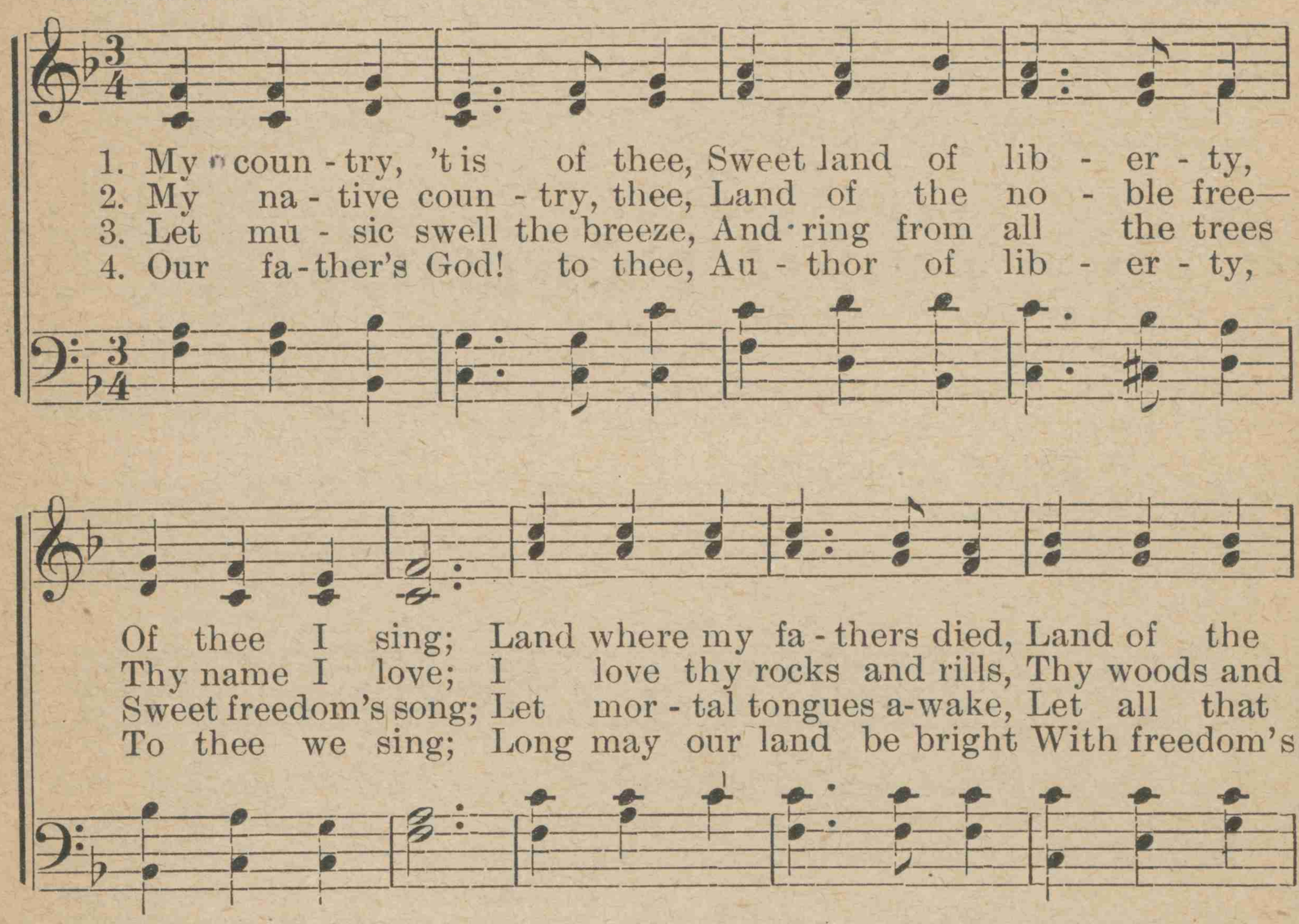
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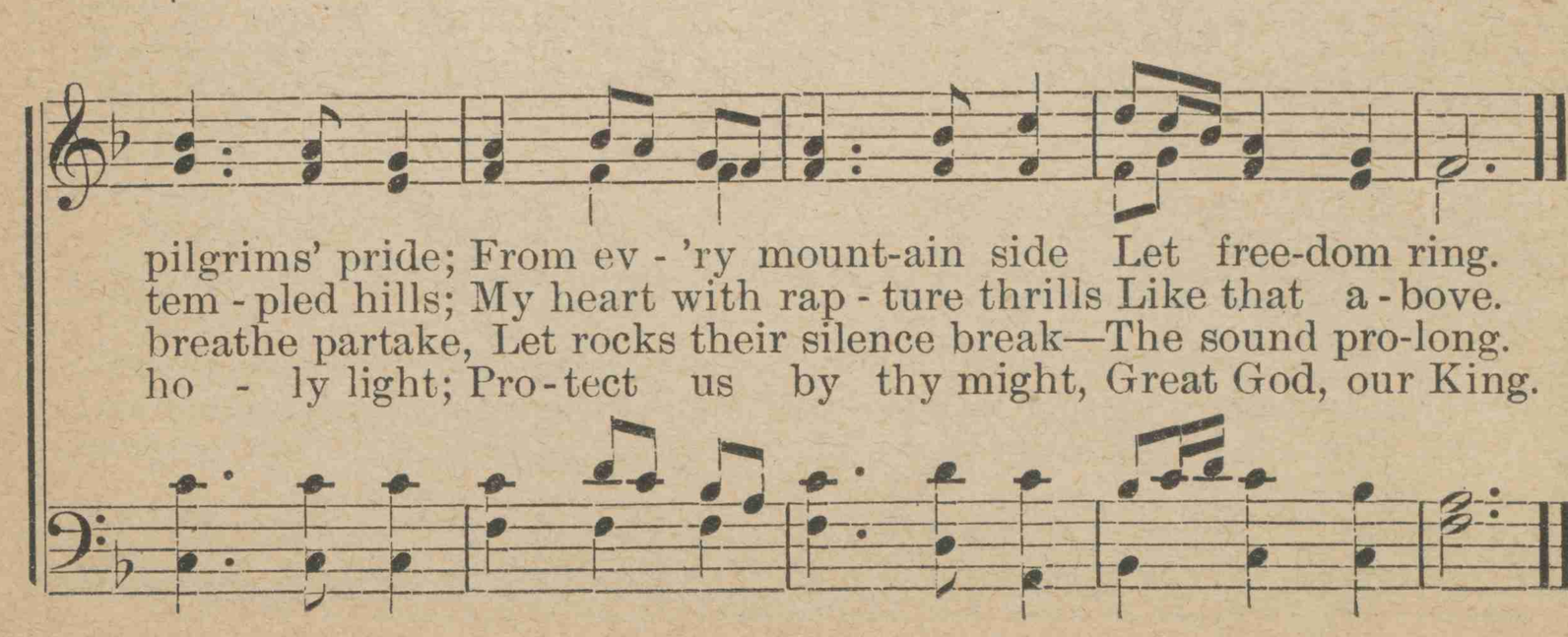
Ship of State.



195 My Country, 'T is of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.





Hail, Columbia.

Maestoso.

1. Hail! Col - um - bia, happy land, 𝄾 Hail! ye heroes, heaven-born band,
2. Sons of pa-triot sons of yore, Preserve your rights, defend your shore
3. Sound a - loud the trump of fame, 𝄾 Let our Washington's loved name

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Let no rude foe with impious hand, Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Ring thro the world with loud applause, Ring thro the world with loud applause,

And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your valor won.
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
Let ev-ery clime to freedom dear, 𝄾 List - en with a joy - ful ear.

Let In - de-pend-ence be our boast, 𝄾 Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
While offering peace, sin-cere and just, In heaven we place our stead-fast trust,
With wonderous skill, with matchless power, He governed in the fear-ful hour

𝄾 Ev - er grateful for the prize, 𝄾 Let its al - tar reach the skies.
That truth and justice will prevail, And ev-ery scheme of discord fail.
Of hor - rid war, and ruled with ease Our happy land in time of peace.

Hail, Columbia.

CHORUS.

Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Rally-ing round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

197 To Thee, Our God, We Fly.

W. W. How. DR. RIMBAULT.

1. To thee, our God, we fly, For mer-cy and for grace; Oh,
2. A - rise, O Lord of hosts; Be jeal-ous for thy name, And
3. The powers ordained by thee, With heavenly wisdom bless; May
4. The Church of thy dear Son Inflame with love's pure fire, Bind

hear our low-ly cry And hide not thou thy face. O Lord, stretch
drive from out our coasts The sins that put to shame. O Lord, stretch
they thy servants be, And rule in righteous-ness. O Lord, stretch
her once more in one, And life and truth in - spire. O Lord, stretch

forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our na - tive land.

1. O Co-lumbia! the gem of the ocean, The home of the
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the
3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our

brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion,
land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation,
nation's sweet hymn; May the wreaths they have won never wither,

A world of-fers homage to thee. Thy mandates make
Co - lum-bia, rode safe thro the storm; With her garlands of
Nor the stars of their glo-ry grow dim! May the serv - ice u-

heroes assemble, When lib - er-ty's form stands in view,
victory around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
ni-ted, ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the
With her flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the
The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the

Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

red, white and blue.
red, white and blue.
red, white and blue.

When borne by the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
There cheers for the red, white and blue,

Thy banners make
With her flag proudly
The Ar - my and

tyr-an - ny tremble,
waving be-fore her,
Na-vy for - ev - er,

When borne by the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

199 Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. I. PLEYEL.

1. Na-tive Land, our country bright, Land where shines the gospel's light.
2. Na-tive Land, thy shores we love, Plains so fair, and hills a - bove,
3. Na-tive Land, as years shall roll, Yield thee still to his con - trol,

Land where dwells the noble free, Na-tive Land, we sing of thee.
Truth thy rock, and God thy King, Na-tive Land, of thee we sing.
Guid-ed by his high be - hest, Na-tive Land, be great and blest.

200 Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

P. H. J. H. F.

Calore.

1. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, Float afar o'er the land and the sea, Proudly wave in col-ors bright, Thou star-ry standard of the no - ble free; Thou beam - est the glory of
2. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, O'er the free thou for- Float a - far O'er the free ev - er shalt wave; Fall, ye crowns, ye thrones decay; 'Twas o'er land and sea, Proudly wave colors bright, Thou for ev - er wave, Fall, ye crowns, thrones decay; 'Twas God to thee thy hues e-ter-nal gave; Float on, oh, thou banner of stand - ard of the noble free; Thou glory of Co- God thy hues e - ternal gave; Float on, thou banner fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the light of the lands beyond the foam; freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou symbol of justice, o'er the world. lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands be yond the foam. wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym - bol o'er the world.

Con fuoco.

Oh, flag so free, We stand for
Oh, flag beauti-ful flag, so free, floating so free, We stand, bravely we stand for

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Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

thee, When strike the bolts of war, and flash the sabres bright,
thee, bravely for thee,

Thou beam - est the glory of fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the
Float on, oh, thou banner of freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou
Thou glo-ry of Co - lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands
Float on, thou ban - ner wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym-

light of the lands beyond the foam; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
sym - bol of justice, o'er the world; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
be - yond the foam;
bol o'er the world;

p Coda for last verse.

truth and right. beau-ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty,
truth and right. Oh, flag . . . of lib - er - ty, float on, Oh,

Rit.

beauti-ful flag of lib - er - ty, Beauti-ful flag of lib - er - ty.
flag . . of lib - er - ty,

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